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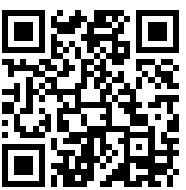

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RUMBLING WINGS

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BOOKS BY

ARTHUR C. PARKER

(GAWASO WANNEH)

THE INDIAN HOW BOOK

SKUNNY WUNDY

(AND OTHER INDIAN TALES)

RUMBLING WINGS

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RUMBLING WINGS BEGAN HIS TALE

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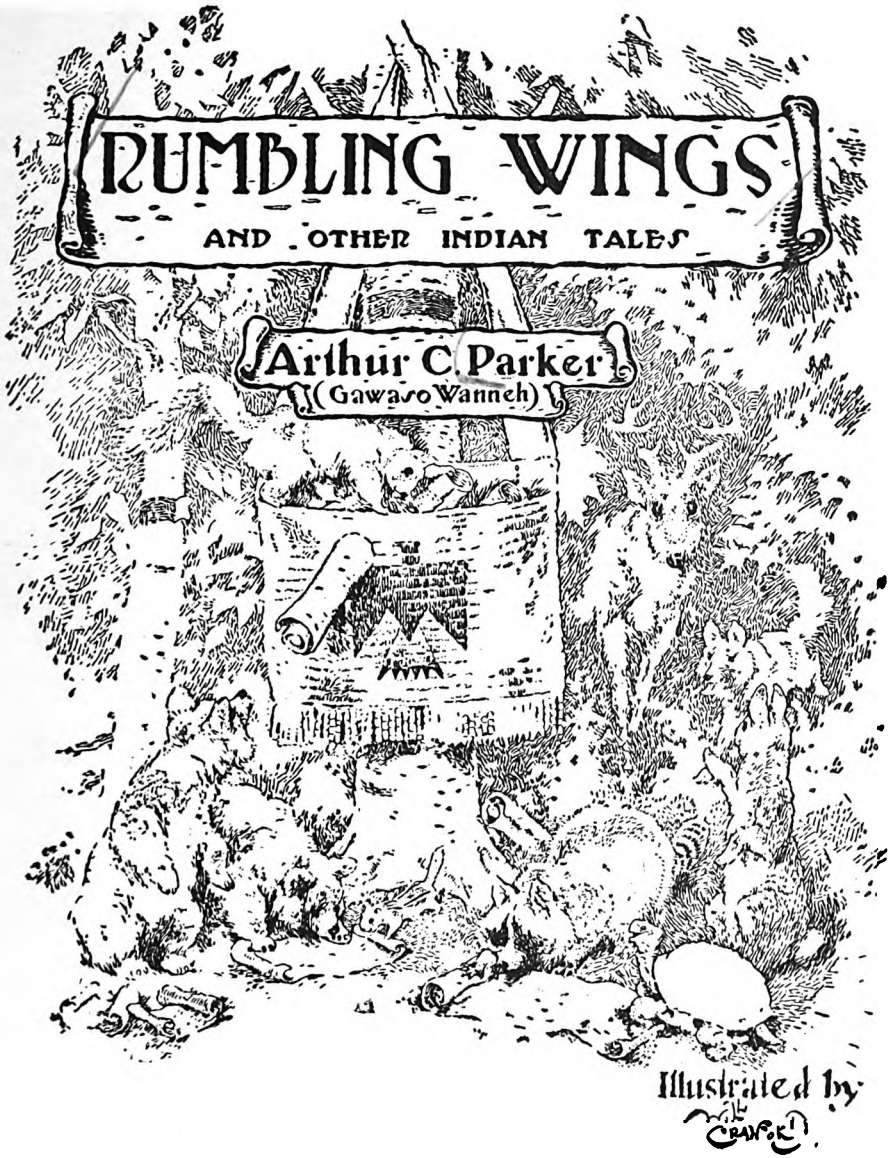

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
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FIRST EDITION

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TO

The Scouts of Old Fort Orange who hailed me as Grand Councilor of the Lodge of Hahnowa, the Turtle, and who listened to my tales of the ancient days of the Nunda Waga Tribe when the world was fresh from the kind hand of the Master of Life, this collection of RUMBLING WINGS STORIES is affectionately dedicated by

THE CHIEF

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TALKING LEAVES MAKES A BOW

RUMBLING WINGS to me is a very real character. Under another name I knew him well, long years ago. He told me much about old Indian days, and from what he said I first learned how to understand the Indian people about me.

My boyhood days were spent amongst the Seneca-Iroquois, the people whom I here call the Nunda Waga. Then came the call to other realms, and then schools far from the reservation's border. Yet each year I slipped back for a month or longer and listened to the wisdom of the tribal sages, the medicine men, and the chiefs. Indeed, as time went on, I met many of the famous Indian chiefs and other leaders of many vanishing tribes. From these I heard hundreds of ancient tales, and, what was equally important, I learned how Indian tales are constructed. I found that, although there were indeed myths and legends that did not change, there was also fiction that a story-teller weaves as he goes.

After many years of study in the tepee and the lodge wherein the "feel" of Indian things came like a sixth sense, I began to see that Indian material might have literary value. Thus in this book of *Rumbling Wings* I have woven as the old-time story-teller might have done, and I have endeavored to do it in the story-book language of this age, yet retaining the distinctive pattern of old.

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Many of the tales here recounted have undergone little change, yet others are constructed from fragments picked up here and there. The collection is presented not as a work for the scientist but for the youth of the race. After all, it is a story that is wanted. If hidden meanings are found and quaint philosophy is revealed, well and good. If not, the story is still there.

From these tales much may be learned concerning the mighty League of the Iroquois—the Men of Men—and of the customs and beliefs of the Nunda Waga nation. The broken league lives on, and the Nunda Wagas still have three reservations in the western edge of the Empire State. The faithful-to-the-old-ways still keep up their customs, their dances, and their strange fraternities. Soon, however, all will be gone and only shadowy memories will linger. Before it is too late to interpret a living people, this book is presented with the double hope that those who read *Rumbling Wings* will not only find entertainment but also a new understanding of the hearts of America's first Americans.

ARTHUR C. PARKER.
(*Gawaso Wanneh.*)

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RUMBLING WINGS

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I: In the LODGE of RUMBLING WINGS

THE ancient land of Nunda Waga[1] lay fair upon the river Jen-ne-see.[2] It stretched eastward through a country of forested hills, deep valleys, and shining lakes that glimmered in the sun. Westward, in the land of the Twisted Tongues, was the mighty river Swirling Water that flowed down from the O-ni-a-ga-ra[3]—a thundering cataract of matchless splendor—and to the north of all this land was a beautiful inland sea called Skan-ya-tar-io.[4]

In this wonderland of the Nunda Waga nation dwelt Skunny Wundy, the valiant lad of Onagee Town, upon the lake of Can-an-dai-gua, hard by the Mountain of the Serpent. Wonderful and fair was all this green dominion, save for an evil enchant-

[1]As this is a true description of the land, you shall have the secret meaning of these strange words. Nunda Waga means People-of-the-Great-Hill. This hill is the Mountain of the Serpent.

[2]The Jen-ne-see is the far-famed and beautiful Genesee, a river of deep gorges, three foaming falls, then a wide and smiling valley, and three more falls that splash into another gorge that carries the water to the beautiful lake to the north.

[3]As a keen mind might guess, the O-ni-a-ga-ra is none other than the Niagara, loved in ancient times, and feared as well for its beauty and suggestion of irresistible power.

[4]Skan-ya-tar-io is the shining lake now called Ontario by those who know not the language that Skunny Wundy spoke.

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ment cast by subtle wizards and giants with garments of stone. To overcome the evil magic, the good magicians labored earnestly, and were aided by the gentle wood elves known as jungies, as well as by powerful spirits that dwelt in the woods.

It is told of old that Skunny Wundy had four uncles, each of a different nation, but his favorite was the genial Rumbling Wings, Sachem of the Nunda Waga and story-teller of Onagee. As for the father of this lad, he was Sun Cloud and he had departed to the far east where there were rumors of strange happenings and mighty canoes. It might be that the secret of overcoming the wizards and giants could be found among the magicians of the Dawn Country by the salt sea, and so Sun Cloud had gone forth on a secret mission, taking messengers with him and promising to send back a sign of his safety.

When this happened, Skunny Wundy was ordered to leave the long lodge of his mother Silver Sky, the matron of the Water Slapper clan, and to abide in the lodge of Rumbling Wings to learn wisdom. The time had come, so the wise men said, when he must learn how to care for his nation, and, to give him cause for thought, they painted the figure of a beaver upon his breast, for the beaver was the clan totem, or sign, which he must honor.

It must be related to those who would know the wisdom and the secrets of Nunda Waga that the mighty League of the Men of Men, of whom the Nunda Waga people formed the greater part, lived in towns and villages and had vast fields of corn, squashes, beans, and other plantation produce, which

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made them the envy of wilder and weaker nations. The Nunda Waga, moreover, did not live in conical skin tepees like the wanderers of the plains who chased the shaggy buffaloes upon the grassy prairies, but dwelt in big one-story houses made of posts and poles covered with bark. Some of these houses were two hundred feet long. Inside, for the length of the great halls, there were bed-benches with curtains that could be dropped, and the rafters were hung with dried meat and numerous braids of corn. Fires were built on the earthen floors, and the smoke went up through vents in the roof. Such was the long lodge wherein dwelt the valorous Rumbling Wings.

Now the men of Onagee were famous hunters of the finest of furs, and great heaps of valuable pelts were piled in their stores. Likewise, here at Onagee lived the Master of Oatgora, who took tribute of wampum from alien tribes down by the sea. Wampum was money in the land of Nunda Waga, and its value was greater than gold. So prospered the people of this most favored town, and hither came traders from far distant lands, bringing pearls, curiously wrought stones, arrowheads of jasper, agate, and quartz, in barter for the maize, the pelts, and the wampum which lay in the bins of Onagee.

Now, moreover, let all hear who would know of the days of old, there were mighty magicians in the land of Nunda Waga, and there were giants who wore coats of unbreakable rock. Evil sorcerers flocked through the dark forests, vowing as their ancestors did in ancient days, to cast a spell on any town wherein was born a lad named Skunny Wundy, for

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this was a mighty name, and the lad who bore it was destined to slay all giants and kill all wizards, though great be their power. Danger, therefore, lay in store for an innocent lad, and his nation must suffer the spells of those who wove evil magic.

Listen, once more, for I must tell you of Rumbling Wings and the bargain he made. It is said by the wise, who found the birchen scrolls upon which were written strange tales, that Skunny Wundy made a compact with his uncle, the old story-teller, agreeing to live in the lodge of the sachems, *provided* Rumbling Wings would tell him a story—a marvelous story—whenever he asked for that boon.

"Most truly, my lad, I will tell you a tale," said Rumbling Wings, "but you must obey all things that I say."

"With my heart full of truth," replied Skunny Wundy, "I will fasten your words to my hands and my feet. They will do and will go what and where'er you command—*providing* I may play whenever I like with Ruddy Rux."

Now Ruddy Rux was a boy with red hair who lived in the lodge of the Turtles. He had been taken captive afar by the shores of the sea, and when brought to Onagee Town he could speak not a word of the Nunda Waga tongue, but only point to his breast and say, "Er-ik, Erik," by which some thought this was his name. But, as Ruddy is *red* and Rux means *a boy*, in the tongue of the Nunda Waga, so this was the name that was bestowed; and the magicians cautioned the lads of Onagee Town to let him alone, lest evil befall them. No wonder, for a white skin and

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light hair were things that never before had been seen.

Upon the demand of Skunny Wundy, to be the companion of Ruddy Rux, old Rumbling Wings smiled and replied, "Be a true friend, my lad, and share your delights with the young stranger. Teach him our tongue, teach him our arts—but beware of Gone Goose the medicine man. He has no love for Ruddy Rux."

"What may I do to make Gone Goose fear the magic I own?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Only one thing," replied Rumbling Wings. "Go to the town of Oh-noh-o-o, far up the waters of the Jen-ne-see, and westward over the hills. There dwell in the hut by the bog. Gone Goose will follow to see the mud wallow where witches prance over the scum. Conquer those witches, and Gone Goose will fear you, and great power you will gain."

Thereupon Skunny Wundy departed up the river to find the town of Oh-noh-o-o, and the adventure he had is told in a tale called "Hummocks of Sedge."

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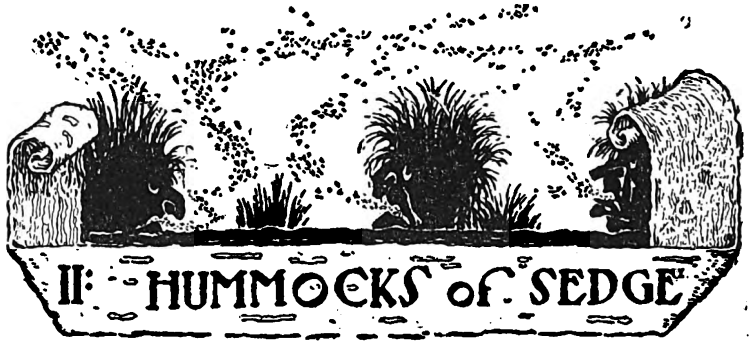

II: HUMMOCKS of SEDGE

"That oil is going to make the whole world run faster!" Rumbling Wings.

GRAY witches lived by the side of the swamp, and they danced on the glaze of the ooze. Oft on warm nights the gaunt folk of the stricken village of Oh-noh-o-o heard queer sounds in the bog—groans, gurgles, shrieks, and ghastly wails of the monsters that floundered there in the muck. Terror filled the hearts of the village folk, and they shook and they shuddered and they sighed—all save the boy with red hair in his scalp lock: he only laughed.

And, as the ancients said, so I repeat, he laughed at the witches, and loudly proclaimed that he was not afraid of the ghosts or the dark, but would slay any monster who yearned for a fight.

"Be careful," cautioned his elders; "boast not too loudly."

But he did, and you shall hear how he slew the gray witches with a pot of oil and a cattail torch. You shall know that his name was Skunny Wundy,

[1]This is the legend of the famous Cuba oil spring, from whence came "Seneca oil."

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GRAY WITCHES GREW OUT OF THE OOZE OF THE SLOUGH

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and you shall know that he lived in a tumbledown hut by the side of the bog.

A certain night came when Skunny Wundy crawled out of his bunk and climbed to the roof of the lodge where he could see the stars come out and the canoe-shaped new moon sail up from under the rim of the sky. And when it did he could hear the great owls hoot their ominous sounds. But owls with their *ohs* and their *ahs* had no terror for Skunny Wundy. He was watching another and more mysterious thing.

Up from the ooze of the swamp came a white, steamy mist. It floated and waved, and then began to twist from the scum until it became a full score of writhing shapes with big heads, ponderous noses, and long, wicked arms. Thus did Skunny Wundy discover how the gray witches grew out of the ooze of the slough; and only he knew, which was a marvel forsooth.

With the eye of a nighthawk Skunny Wundy watched, for something strange happened now. The gray witches opened their mouths and let loose their throats. Out came their evil song, by which all the land of Oh-noh-o-o had been enchanted. It was a high-pitched song, thin but vibrant, and it was much like the sound of "Zee-see-ee!" Much watching revealed a new secret; the song which came from the throats of the witches came upon wings, which carried the music far and wide over the countryside, up and down and wherever there were ears to hear and faces to bite. This was the real secret—*the flying notes of the witches could bite!*

Skunny Wundy opened his eyes very wide, for now

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he knew that the things that stung him in the dark were these same flying notes. Now did he know the kind of beast that thrust in its needlelike nose and left a lump that itched and burned like sinful fire. Skunny Wundy crawled back to his bed, clambering through the smoke hole and painting his face with the juice of the pennyroyal, for the witches' notes hated the smell. He covered himself with his buffalo-skin robe, and with his discovery filling his brain, he went to sleep, and entered that land wherein dreams float about, seeking someone to make joyful or vexed.

Skunny Wundy caught a dream, a vision of something odd, for he saw a queer man who lived in a spring. Now this spring poured out a liquid that was not water. It trickled like water, but nobody could drink it. Then, as he looked, he saw a bear, and then the queer little man calling out, "Flame is my name. In me is a wing. Discover this spring!"

The night lifted and the sun came up, bringing morning. Outside in the grass the bobwhites were chirping their greeting, the corn pounders sounded, and breakfast time came. Up jumped Skunny Wundy, hungry for his corn porridge and sassafras tea. The older people were talking, and they were saying that all the people of Oh-noh-o-o were ill with a sickness made by witches, for they grew hot, and then they grew cold, and they shook as if winter had come, even though the sun were shining a blistering heat.

Along came Gone Goose, the medicine man with a moon on his hat. "It is the witches," groaned he. "Those witches make people sick because they will

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not give good clothes and fine food to medicine men, who know all the charms for luck."

"Let us frighten the witches by singing wild songs," suggested War Eagle, his teeth chattering with the plague.

"Nobody can scare those witches—it's hopeless," snorted Gone Goose.

"A real medicine man with good medicine and good wit in his head could scare those witches, I know," piped up Skunny Wundy.

"The plague makes an impudent boy even more foolish," sneered the medicine man, his chaps turning green.

"You are wrong as usual, big medicine man," replied Skunny Wundy. "In truth, it is wisdom that makes this impudent boy even wiser than warriors. I am willing to fight all the witches, every one of them."

"Huh!" laughed the medicine man. "You're funny; you cannot fight those witches, for arrows go through them—stones, spears, and clubs do the same."

"I will find a way," affirmed Skunny Wundy. "It is not for Gone Goose to say me nay."

"Chinny Diddle!" laughed the medicine man.

"Well, you will see before this day goes away," replied Skunny Wundy as politely as he could.

When breakfast was over Skunny Wundy began to think. He knew that he must have help if he were to go to the place which he saw in his dream, so he washed his face and he washed his neck, and put on a look that was meek. He now sought out Gone Goose, to make inquiries of him.

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"Greetings this beautiful morning, Ancient-Bodied-One. Full of magical power art thou, and the world should listen to thy words. Very handsome do you look this day!" So said Skunny Wundy.

Gone Goose smiled wide. "Greetings, very observing child," he replied. "What might this polite young warrior wish to know?"

"O wisest of men," began Skunny Wundy (and he knew that his praise was a fib), "tell me where one may find a spring of water that is not water but runs like water, but will burn."

"Way off, way off!" answered Gone Goose.

"How far off, noble chieftain?" inquired Skunny Wundy.

"Around the marsh, on the other side, past the bog holes, there is a spring in which swims a bear—a fat she-bear—and when she leaps in, her fat leaps off and the pool oozes oil. But beware, for in the spring lives Flame, the hunchback gnome."

"What makes the she-bear fat?" inquired Skunny Wundy.

"Eating boys that ask questions," grumped Gone Goose.

"Ha-hah!" laughed Skunny Wundy. "I am not afraid, for I should think——"

"Don't care what you think!" snapped the medicine man. "Thinking gets folk into trouble. You are too young to think!"

"Make one other guess," laughed Skunny Wundy. "You know something, and I know something, and now I even know something more. So I can't help but do some thinking, for a wise man has talked to me."

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"Chinny Diddle," quoth Gone Goose, rubbing his chin and walking away.

When the sun had passed the line of mid-blue, Skunny Wundy took a stout strap and a good idea with him and went around the marsh, on the other side, past the bog holes, and over the swale. Here he found the stub of an elm, and there he hid that he might see what manner of world lay before him.

He saw the spring, and he saw a bear poised ready for a plunge. Oh, fat was the bear—so fat that her sides stuck out like a sack filled with corn. Into the pool with a plop and a flop she leaped, and as she did, oil flowed from her skin until it ran out like water through a meal sifter. After that she grew thinner and more beautiful, for she was a she-bear and proud of her form.

Skunny Wundy now stepped out from his place of hiding and greeted the lady bear with polite words, which pleased her so much that she licked his face (which didn't please him).

"May I ask you a question, Matron Bear?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"As many as fills your queer-looking head," laughed the she-bear.

"What makes you have such a lovely figure, Lady Bear?" asked he.

"Eating medicine men," oofed the bear.

"Don't you eat boys?"

"No, there is not enough meat on them."

"Who is the gnome that lives in the spring?"

"How'd you know a gnome lived in the spring? Why, his name is Flame, and he comes at my call."

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"Please call him, for I want to have a talk with him."

"Yes, you talk with him while I take a nap," yawned the bear, and at that she pointed her paw at the spring and said, "Oof," in a peculiar manner, at which out popped Flame, the hunchback gnome, full of wisdom and mighty magic. At that Bear rolled over by the spring and dreamed of eating medicine men that tormented boys.

"Greetings, friend Flame," said Skunny Wundy. "There is a thing I would like to know."

"Speak, my brother, speak. I will help if my brother will but let me." So spoke the gnome.

"Tell me how to scare the witches of the bog," whispered Skunny Wundy, not wishing to wake up the she-bear.

"Marvels of delight!" exclaimed Flame. "I have been hoping for that question since the world began. Of a truth, I'll tell, and I'll tell, forsooth. Dip the oily scum from this pool, jug it or jar it, then lug it and spill it, spread it wherever witches appear."

"I knew you would tell me!" chirruped Skunny Wundy. "I dreamed it."

"Splendid," smiled the gnome. "Now, just for that I will tell you that it is good for aches and sprains, sores and pains, in neck or back, on skin or shin."

"Anything else?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Oh, yes," replied the gnome. "To frighten the witches and make them depart, leaving only signs behind to remind men of their nature, simply dip cattail bobs in the oil you find, make torches, and chase the witches around the swamp. You will see a

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marvelous thing happen if you do as I say, not forgetting to use the magical word 'orenda' when you run with the torch."

"I am filled with wisdom and secrets, and thank you, my friend," said Skunny Wundy, taking a pot of oil and a staff. "Now I depart."

In this manner did the lad of Oh-noh-o-o discover the magical spring, and with a pot of the fluid he took the trail home, reaching there safely, much to the amazement of the medicine man.

"What mighty thing have you found?" asked Gone Goose, so astonished that he nearly fell over.

"You will see right now," shouted Skunny Wundy.

Thereupon he emptied his pot of magical fluid into the swamp, and began to sound his mysterious war cry. He then soaked his torch in the liquid he had brought and lighted it in the lodge fire. Then he called out his defiance again.

"I dare all the witches to come forth from the ooze!" called he. "I am ready to fight—to fight alone!"

At that the witches bobbed out of the bog and began to run after Skunny Wundy. Thereupon he turned around with his flaming torch and gave chase to them, shrieking his most magical war whoop, and watching the while, his pot of fluid spread thinly over the water.

The power of his flame made the witches dizzy, and though they twisted and turned and tried to sing back a magical song, all the flying notes that came out of their throats fell dead into the pool. Their knees grew weak, their bodies trembled, and the power from the torch smote them like lightning.

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Down into the mire sank the gray witches, their hair standing on end, and only the tops of their heads sticking out. Though they bubbled and gurgled, at length they drowned, though some took longer than others, and bubble and sizzle even now.

So, then, the secret is out, and you will find these heads in every swamp, and their long hair still stands up straight in fright. In summer it is green like grass, and in winter it is gray, but, green or gray, it stands up straight because the witches are still afraid of Skunny Wundy, his torch, and his pot of magical fluid. Even now they will bubble and gurgle when stepped upon, for they fear that Skunny Wundy is walking around.

One last thing, and this is what Skunny Wundy said to Gone Goose, "I have found out something," said he.

"What have you found out that I do not know?"

"I've found out that she-bears do not eat boys."

"Well, what do they eat?"

"Medicine men," replied Skunny Wundy. "The fat woman bear told me so. Ho-hoh!"

"Chinny Diddle!" roared the medicine man. "I'll keep away from she-bears, you can be sure."

After that Skunny Wundy traveled all over the world with a pot of oil, and he became a great medicine man himself, for he had medicine for sore shins, blisters and bumps, lame backs, and joints that squeaked. Long his tribe kept the secret of the magic pool, but in time many others came for the green scum, and it was far famed.

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Then spoke the story-teller, saying, "Who can guess what the green scum is, and the liquid that is not water but flows like water?"

"I can guess," replied Ruddy Rux. "It is rock oil, and I believe there is much magic in it."

"Yes," replied Rumbling Wings, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "Yes, there is much magic in it, and, some day, a boy like you is going to do great things with that oil."

"I use it even now on my moccasins," replied Ruddy Rux. "It makes me run faster."

"That's just it," answered Rumbling Wings with a prophetic look in his eyes, "*that oil is going to make the whole world run faster!*"

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"The treasure you seek is where it is, and when you find it, it is where it always has been." Rumbling Wings.

SKUNNY WUNDY listened; his ears were wide open. He heard someone singing the Pigeon Dance song down by the river Jen-ne-see. Keeping time to the merry song was a steady THUMP, *thump*, THUMP, *thump*. Now what could that "THUMP, *thump*" be? Skunny Wundy made up his mind to find out lickety-quick.

Skunny Wundy was behind a big red boulder, and the song with its "THUMP, *thump*" was somewhere else. Where? Maybe it was in a clump of bushes under the hill where the old bark house stood. Maybe! But—oh, *but*—there was a snakes' den between the boulder and the bushes! What could Skunny Wundy do to get by that den and the ring of serpents that hissed and ran out their tongues?

What could *he* do? He knew well enough and smiled as he patted the bag at his side. In it was—guess what? Give you three guesses.

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Well, you didn't guess, O Nephew, so I'll go on with the story. He had a bag—a bag filled with jumpety-umpers, green ones. So he smiled as he loaded that bag on his back and strode straight for the darksome cavern of the wriggly-no-legs. Sure enough, there they lay, full forty-four hissing-beady-eyes with forked tongues and wicked thoughts.

"Kway, O-sais-tas!" shouted the lad to the wrigglers.

"Kasiss, kasiss, siss!" responded the forty-four, grinning.

"Hungry to-day?"

More hisses and some wriggles, this time.

"Thought so," came the knowing reply, and Skunny Wundy opened his bag, and out jumped forty-four green frogs, and, kickery! how they jumped when they saw those beady-eyed hissers. Away went the snakes after the frogs, so Skunny Wundy walked straight for the clump of white oaks where the THUMP, *thump* was sounding.

Skunny Wundy now kept very quiet as he peered through the thicket. Who should he see but a medicine man painted yellow, singing the Pigeon Dance song and thumping a turtle-shell rattle! It was a fine rattle and was painted red on the under side, so Skunny Wundy knew that it wasn't a False Face rattle, but a Feather Dance rattle. The old folk are that particular that a bit of paint makes a lot of difference. Why, they even get mad when they see red wampum, and want to fight, but when they see white wampum they feel so peaceful that they drink sassafras tea together.

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And so Skunny Wundy kept looking, just like a bear, and when he saw that there was no wicked magic or mosquitoes around the bark lodge, he walked up, singing a funny tune.

"Greetings, my friend of ancient body and a terrible tune," said he.

"Greetings, my young friend with a green body and a terrible lot of impudence," quoth the medicine man.

"Oh, my friend so full of wisdom and discordant notes, tell me, oh, tell me where I must go to find a turtle-shell rattle like unto thy thumpety-thumper?" asked Skunny Wundy, bowing low and smiling politely.

"I do not know your name," came the answer, "but I should say that a green body, like unto thyself, might find a turtle-shell rattle where a turtle-shell rattle happens to be. However, if you mean that you wish to know how to make one, ask a turtle and seek the answer. Now depart, for I must practice the seventh stanza of my song. I expect to charm pigeons."

"Alas, poor man," sighed Skunny Wundy, "*I* have the only pigeon song that ever worked, and all your singing will but scare the fluffy-uffers to distant forests where the enemy will fatten on their flesh. Good-bye."

"Come back here," cried the medicine man painted yellow.

"Not so," answered Skunny Wundy. "I go to ask a turtle how to make a rattle of his shell, and when I get that rattle, keep awake, for I may thump it upon thy wooden head." And away he went, leaving Gone

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Goose, the wicked medicine man, blinking and winking and rubbing his nose.

Skunny Wundy had seen at a glance that the rattle he wanted was made by taking the turtle out of its shell, stretching its neck out long and filling it with a round stick for a handle, sewing up the turtle's skin where the legs come out, and filling the shell with a handful of cherry stones. That's all there was to that, but, of course, Skunny Wundy had to be polite and pretend he wanted wisdom. And now for the turtle.

Down by the river was a swamp where turtles dwelt. That was the place to go, and so Skunny Wundy went there. He saw a queer turtle and thought it might make a good thumper rattle. So he put it in his fringed side pocket and went back to his boulder and commenced to pluck a plump partridge he had hidden there. Soon it was dressed and encased in a layer of clay. Soon it was in the midst of a roaring fire and being cooked. Partridge cooked that way is three times better than raw partridge, so far as eating is concerned. Anybody knows that!

Skunny Wundy now went to sleep on the pebbly beach, just as Raccoon did long ago when Fox stole his roasting geese. But our Skunny Wundy slept with both ears wide open, and listening, for he was very cautious. Mighty good thing, too. Ugh!

Along came old Gone Goose, the medicine man painted yellow. Umm, umm, he smelled something good to eat. Umm, umm, it was roasting partridge with spice leaves inside—umm, umm, ummee!

Rolling his eyes this way and that, Gone Goose

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very slyly pucked out the partridge and then retired behind another boulder to eat it, dropping his valuable rattle at one side as he munched the fine bird. He almost laughed at putting this over on Skunny Wundy, but his mouth was too full to laugh, and meanwhile Skunny Wundy actually *snored* (terrible, wasn't it?). Then something like a loop flew through the air.

Gone Goose tried to get up but couldn't. A lasso had tightened about his knees, holding him so that he could not stand.

"My bait was very good, I notice," chuckled Skunny Wundy.

"Le'me go, le'me go," whined Gone Goose.

"Of course I will," answered Skunny Wundy, "but behold, *I have found a turtle-shell rattle where a turtle-shell rattle happens to be*, just as you told me. Thank you for dropping it when you sat in my snare. I'll keep it to pay for my partridge, for, of course, *you* wouldn't steal. Oh, no, not *you!* Thank you so much, Gone Goose."

"Le'me go, or I'll call Wind Boy to fix you for your tricks," threatened the medicine man painted yellow, making a wry face.

"All right, ancient-pumpkin-covered-with-warts," came the reply. "I *will* let you go if you *do* call Wind Boy. He's the very fellow I wish to meet."

"Oh, I'll call him all right enough," growled Gone Goose, glad to be released, and then he slunk away to his lodge, walking straight into the den of the beady-eyed hissers. There they were, forty-four of them, and all full of frogs and hisses. Ho-hoh!

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All forty-four jumped right at Gone Goose, and how he did yell! "Skunny Wundy, come help me!" he shouted.

Skunny Wundy took a few steps and saw the pitiful fright of Gone Goose, so he just whistled a magic tune and all the monsters went to sleep.

"You see what a *good* tune can do!" said Skunny Wundy. Then, shaking his rattle high, he walked back to the river and awaited the coming of Wind Boy. Skunny Wundy had a reason for wanting to meet him. Ho-hoh, it was a good reason, too. Tell you some time. Na-hoh!

AND THAT NIGHT—

And that night, when Skunny Wundy came home, he saw a fox chasing a rabbit across the green at the edge of the woods. Lucky he was good Warrior-Rabbit, for he didn't get caught, at which Hunter-Fox made a wry face and scurried around for a grouse.

So, swinging his rattle and charms, Skunny Wundy made straight for his home lodge and for the fireside of Rumbling Wings. After eating his fill of hominy and turkey, he turned to his uncle, saying, "Uncle, tell me about foxes and rabbits."

"Seen any?" questioned the old story-teller.

"Yes, Uncle, I saw a fox chase a rabbit and miss it."

"Well," replied Rumbling Wings, looking into his story bag, "that reminds me of the time a slippery fellow named Red Fox made fun of Warrior-Rabbit. Want to hear about it?"

"I do most respectfully sure, Uncle," grinned Skunny Wundy.

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"Then whistle like a scared rabbit and I'll start. All right! Now listen to the tale I will tell, and bite not your elbow even once while I expound. Verily, this is the tale of 'How Red Fox Made Fun of Stubby White Tail.'"

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"When you are angry at your victim, don't forget that there are hunters after your own skin." Rumbling Wings.

RABBIT was hopping along as fine as you please and chewing a leaf of mustard. He felt very contented and capery and so ran in his hippety style, leaping and hopping all around seven stumps and a patch of squirrel grass. He was feeling especially good that day and never dreamed of a quarrel.

Along came Red Fox, all out of sorts and feeling mean. For one thing, he had stalked a grouse and hadn't caught it. It flew away. Now, Red Fox was hungry; yes, he was *very* hungry. He swore in his mad mind that his next victim should suffer all kinds of torment.

It was then that Red Fox saw Rabbit chewing his mustard leaf and hopping all around. "The miserable hopper!" thought Red Fox. "What business has anyone to be happy when I am so hungry?"

Then he burst right out with a mean sort of bark, "Hello, you old hippety-hopper!"

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Rabbit only rolled his eyes and wrinkled his nose as he chewed.

"Kway there, you know-nothing no-account!" growled Red Fox.

Rabbit only wriggled his tail and chewed more on his leaf.

"Kway there, you pop-eyed sunfish," growled Red Fox, showing his teeth, hoping to get Rabbit angry.

Rabbit hitched forward a bit and stood up, twisting his ears.

"Kway there, you toad-eyed tree frog," Red Fox snorted. "You've got to answer me now." If he could *only* make Rabbit mad or ask him a question he could not answer, it would be an excuse to eat him.

"Kway there, sunny weather," replied Rabbit, wrinkling his nose. "Of course, I'll answer anything you ask me, *if you'll answer me.*"

"I've got you now!" sniffed Red Fox. "You just tell me what makes your eyes so big?" (He didn't think poor Rabbit knew.)

"Looking for big bears to kill for supper," replied Rabbit.

"Well, then, what makes your nose wriggle so? Tell me that."

"Smelling along for big bears to eat. That's the way I find 'em."

"This time, tell me what makes your ears so long?"

"Listening for panthers. I just must kill one a day."

"So, now, you tell me why your foolish tail is so stubby."

"Oh, that's easy; so I won't lash it around and kill too many foxes."

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"Is that so? Huh! Answer me why your feet have fur on the bottom."

"Decent people don't go barefooted all the time. You ought to know that," laughed Rabbit, not even frowning.

"Is that so?" growled Red Fox, getting madder. "Tell me, then, why your homely mouth wriggles all the time? It makes me sick."

"Oh, I just do that when I chew up elk bones."

"Huh! Why, then, are your shoulders so close together?"

"Shh!" answered Rabbit. "The little girls all like me. I always have two with me—one on each side—and they crowd me so that my shoulders get pushed together. Aren't you jealous of me?"

Fox was now furious. He wanted to make Rabbit so angry he could not answer a question, and then Fox would pounce on him and give him a good shaking, for that was his way when his victims failed to reply.

"Say, you whiskered nose," called out Rabbit. "It's my turn to ask questions."

"Go ahead," growled Red Fox. "I am going to eat you soon, anyway."

"What makes your nose so long?"

"Looking for foolish rabbits."

"What makes your fur so red?"

"The blood of my victims."

"What makes your feet black?"

"That's nothing to you," growled Fox, as furious as could be, because once he had been burned black by the other animals for getting into mischief. Oh,

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Fox never likes to have anyone mention his black marks on ears, feet, and tail!

"You didn't answer my question, so I win the question contest," laughed Rabbit. "Oh, Fox, you are stumped!"

"I got black—I got black—I got black——" stammered Red Fox. "Grr—I got black because—*I am going to eat you now.* Yip, yip!" and on he dashed right at Rabbit, but Rabbit jumped high into the air and over Red Fox's head. Then he leaped into a hollow log that had a hole in the bottom. Rabbit had another hole there, and it went into the ground.

Red Fox now began to claw away at the earth under the log. He dug and he dug until his head was far out of sight. Every once in a while Rabbit would squeal to make believe he was frightened. Red Fox would then dig all the faster.

Creeping up from behind was a red hunter with a drawn arrow. Fox was digging, and the red hunter was aiming.

"Whing!" went the feathered arrow. "Whush!" went the arrow as it sank into Red Fox's heart.

The red hunter ran up. A little boy was with him.

"Pick up Red Fox and look him over and then tell me what you observe," said the red hunter.

"Red Fox is shot through the heart. He was digging for a rabbit," answered the boy.

"That's right," answer the red hunter. "More than that, Red Fox was mad at Rabbit because he couldn't get at him."

"What makes you say that?" inquired the boy.

"Because," replied the red hunter, "if he had not

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been angry he would have heard us coming up behind him. Just you remember this: when you are angry with your victim, don't forget that there are hunters after your own skin."

Down in the hole under the log Rabbit laughed as the hunter skinned the Red Fox.

"I didn't get mad one bit," he chuckled. "They didn't get me, neither Red Fox nor Red Hunter."

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"The simplest thing has more magic in it than any wizard can dream." Rumbling Wings.

I AM going to make a rattle of you," said Skunny Wundy, the next day, when he took the talking turtle out of his side pocket. "Gone Goose thinks I cannot make a rattle, but I will show him I can make one that will beat his."

The queer turtle looked up with a wan smile and then spoke: "O chief of magicians, it may be that you think I am in your power, but you are in mine. You think you can make a rattle of me, but I can make a great magician of you."

"How so?" inquired Skunny Wundy, becoming interested.

"Just this," came the answer. "You do not know who I am, but I know that whoso beats Wind Boy skipping stones will find the magic turtle-shell rattle at his very feet, and whoso finds the magic turtle rattle will have control of all the Wind Boys in the world."

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"Wouldn't your shell make a good rattle?" inquired Skunny Wundy.

"It would make a wonderful rattle," came the truthful answer, "but you just put me away and see what will happen."

"And you won't try to get away?"

"I'll stick to you all the way and back," said Turtle.

"I just wonder," thought Skunny Wundy. "Won't work any bad magic on me, will you?"

"No, just good magic."

"Believe you—shake hands," said Skunny Wundy, rubbing Turtle's chest with a ginseng berry for good luck. Then he put Turtle back in his fringed side pocket and tied it shut.

Over in the clump of white oaks by the old bark lodge, Gone Goose was conjuring. He was uttering frightful spells so that Wind Boy would come along and make Skunny Wundy so scared that he would go away and quit pestering nice fat medicine men who sang pigeon songs and thumped their rattles.

Pretty soon there was a rush of wind, a regular "*Whee-eee-eee!*"

"What do you want, Gone Goose?" inquired Wind Boy as he whistled through the air and sat on a branch over the medicine man's head.

"I want you to skip stones with Skunny Wundy and beat him so I can get my turtle-shell rattle back," moaned Gone Goose, half scared out of his wits himself.

"What do I get for the deed?" inquired Wind Boy.

"I'll give you my yellow jacket."

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"Don't want it."

"I will give you my red moccasins with tinklers on."

"Don't want 'em."

"I will give you my new bonnet with yellow feathers."

"Don't want it."

"Then what do you want?"

"Want your magic flute; I can *blow* that," answered Wind Boy.

"Oh, all right, you can have it. How'd you know I had one?"

"Didn't—just guessed it," whistled Wind Boy, smiling.

"Go 'long now, and make that Skunny Wundy wish he was never born," commanded Gone Goose.

"Yes, and if I don't make him wish that, I am all set to lose something I don't want to lose," whistled Wind Boy.

Pretty soon Skunny Wundy heard something blowing on the rock. His hair stood right on end, for there was Wind Boy blowing a spooky, scary wind right at him.

"Go 'way," said Skunny Wundy, making believe he was scared.

"I have come to play with you," puffed Wind Boy, still blowing his frightening wind.

"What'll we play?"

"Well, let's skip stones."

"What's the rules of that game? Never played it," said Skunny Wundy.

"Easy game, we just skip stones across the river, and the one who skips the most times wins."

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"What will be the prizes?" cautiously inquired Skunny Wundy.

"Well, if you win, you get my magic rattle, and you have only to shake it to call the Wind Boys to aid you whenever you get into a scrape. If I win, then I will have to scalp you. Too bad, but that's the way I do things. Course, it hurts for a while, but you get terribly dead afterward, and you don't mind it then."

"All right," answered Skunny Wundy. "How will I know you will honestly skip stones with me?"

"What do you want for a pledge?"

"I want your magic flute," said Skunny Wundy.

"Oh, all right. How'd you know I had one?"

"Didn't know it—only guessed," smiled Skunny Wundy.

"Well, then, I want your turtle rattle," said Wind Boy.

"Oh, all right, you can have it. I'll bet Gone Goose told you I had his rattle."

"Uh-huh," answered Wind Boy.

So they traded promises and made ready to skip stones. Each wandered down the river bank looking for nice flat stones. Suddenly something knocked against Skunny Wundy's side. It was his side pocket twisting about.

"Say, say!" came a soft voice.

"What do you want?" whispered Skunny Wundy.

"Use me to skip," said the Turtle in the bag. "I will go all the way and come back. I am the magic skipper, and I'll help you beat Wind Boy. I don't like him much, either."

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"Sure you are better than a stone?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Just look at me and see. I have made myself look just like a flat stone."

Skunny Wundy opened his bag, and sure enough, Turtle had become changed into the slickest skipping stone that anybody ever did see.

"Hurry up, let's skip!" said Wind Boy.

"I'm ready," shouted Skunny Wundy.

"Here I go," whistled Wind Boy. "If I skip less than fifty-eight times you can have my new moccasins."

"Don't want 'em," said Skunny Wundy. "I want your magic turtle rattle. You've got mine; now I want yours."

Wind Boy circled his skipping stone in his long forefinger and supple thumb. He swung his arm and then threw. Whee, flippety-flip, flippety-flip, skip, skip, skip. Away went the stone, fifty-eight times over the water before it finally sank.

Wind Boy was highly pleased. "Come, come!" he whistled. "See if you can beat that. If you do more than a dozen, I'll give you a new hat before I scalp you."

"Don't want a new hat; I want your magic turtle rattle," persisted Skunny Wundy, taking his turtle stone out of his fringed pocket.

Grasping his skipper, Skunny Wundy began to whistle a funny tune—just the sort of a tune to make Wind Boy furious. "Oh, what a baby game!" he boasted. "If I skip less than fifty-nine skips you

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can have my grandfather's old buffalo robe that the moths ate up."

Skunny Wundy gave his skipper a gentle toss, as easy and don't-carey as can be. Away it went, and Wind Boy's eyes began to pop right out as he counted, "Fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, FIFTY-NINE, SIXTY——" Oh, oh, what was happening? Wind Boy had a lump in his throat, and his mouth went dry as he continued, "Two hundred and one, *two hundred and two*——" and then Skunny Wundy's skipper went so far it was *clear out of sight!*

"I beat!" laughed Skunny Wundy. "Give me my magic rattle that gives me power over all the Wind Boys in the World. You can bet I am going to have some fun now. Ho-hoh!"

"Oh, oh!" moaned Wind Boy. "I didn't know you were a magician."

"I'm not, you puffer," said Skunny Wundy. "I'm just Skunny Wundy."

"Ugh!" grunted Wind Boy, becoming very small, which made his eyes pop out all the more. "Do me one favor?"

"Just name it," replied Skunny Wundy.

"Make your skipper come back! *Now* I've got you!" and Wind Boy puffed up again and his eyes grew beady.

Skunny Wundy now whistled the funny tune again, at which Wind Boy's eyes got red with rage. "Come, come, little skipper stone, and skip right back into my hand!" sang Skunny Wundy. "Just show silly Wind Boy and that funny fat medicine man who is

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peeking out at me from the bushes that you *will* come back."

Skippety-skip, flippety-flip came something over the water and right into Skunny Wundy's hand.

"I'm done for," wailed Wind Boy. "Here's your magic rattle." And down dropped the magic turtle-shell rattle that gave Skunny Wundy control of all the Wind Boys in the world.

"Oh, oh, what will become of me now?" wailed Gone Goose as he slunk back to his bark lodge. "Skunny Wundy's got my magic flute, too. Oh, oh! I'm just a Gone Goose now!"

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"The salt of wisdom finds no welcome on a foolish man's tongue."
Rumbling Wings.

DOWN the deeply trodden trail to Little Beard's town trudged Skunny Wundy, boy chief of Onagee. He intended to visit Long Hatchet, a joking dwarf with a deep chest and roaring bass voice.

When Skunny Wundy reached the Jen-ne-see he thought that he would pause at the trail house and eat his lunch. He knew that he would find some cooking pots there and plenty of dry wood. All these conveniences and even food were kept in trail houses for travelers, who in turn replenished the store for other wayfarers. When he reached the curve in the trail, Skunny Wundy smelled smoke. "Ah, I shall have company at the lodge house!" he thought.

With a cautious tread he moved toward the frail bark shelter, and when he came in sight of it he found it wrapped in a sheet of flames and blazing merrily away. Now, it must be confessed that Skunny Wundy liked to see a good fire and often ran to observe them.

[1]This is the legend of Cuylerville, back from the Genesee, where a chief named Little Beard once lived.

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Running into the dense smoke, he rushed to the door of the lodge house and looked in. There was a man inside, writhing and twisting at the leather thongs that bound him fast.

The flames leaped toward the unfortunate, and as they burned his arms he cried, "My totems, rescue me!"

"I'm coming," yelled Skunny Wundy.

"Keep away," cried the man. "You have done me enough harm, you Wizard of Oatskara. You will never find my bags of O-ji-ka-da."

"I am not a wizard," called out Skunny Wundy.

"Then come quick," gasped the man.

Skunny Wundy dashed into the cabin, and with a quick twist of his white flint knife cut the thongs and freed the captive. He then guided the victim out of the flames and took him down to the spring, where he bathed his blisters.

"I owe much to you, my friend," said the man. "My name is Water Boiler, and I am a trader. I make Ojikada and sell it far and wide. Wizards hate it and so set upon me to steal my store, but it is safe, very safe."

"Why do wizards hate Ojikada?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Because it tames them," answered the man. "When they get Ojikada in their mouths it makes them as tame as smoked fishes."

"Well, what would the wizards have done with your store?" persisted Skunny Wundy.

"Used it to lure the deer to their traps," answered the man. "Now, listen," he went on. "I wish to give

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you half of my store. You can use it for keeping meat all winter, or you can use it to lure deer to your hands. I found a spring on a hill, and I knew that it was magic water. I boiled it and made a white powder. It is Ojikada."

Going to a flat rock, Water Boiler lifted it up and drew forth his store of Ojikada. "Take half," he said.

Skunny Wundy shouldered the bag, and taking Water Boiler to the trail, he led him to Little Beard's Town and lodged him in the house of the chief.

"I come to tell of the raid of the Wizards of Oatskara," said Water Boiler. "They lurk about your town because here are springs that seep up through wonderful stores of Ojikada. They seek to destroy all you who guard the land of the springs of Ojikada."

"I know those wizards," answered Little Beard. "To-morrow they will send a spy to see where our war bundles and charms are hidden."

By this Skunny Wundy knew that he had a day for play. He had just one plan, and it was to try some of that Ojikada, so he wandered down to the grass lands by the Jen-ne-see. He placed a handful of the white powder on a piece of bark and then waited. There was a movement in the tall grass, and out into the opening trotted a fine buck with branching antlers.

With a sniff, the deer followed the scent to the white powder. He gave a little call as he began to lick it up, eying Skunny Wundy and licking off the dust that clung to his nose.

"Kway, Sken-on-da," whispered Skunny Wundy, calling the deer by name.

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"Whumph!" answered the deer. "What can I do for you?"

"Just be my friend," replied the young chief.

"Then you are not a hunter?"

"No, I like all the animals too well to shoot them."

"We have souls, the same as you have," replied the deer. "We don't like to be hurried away to the sky world above. As long as you are not a hunter, what would you like to have me do for another handful of that Ojikada?"

"Take me over the river and back," answered the boy.

"That's dangerous business," replied the deer. "I'll do it if you will hang on when my feet are off the bottom and then let go before I land on the other shore. We can't help but fight anyone that hangs on to us when our feet are on the ground."

So for an hour or two the boy and the deer swam the waters of the river, having a splendid time. After that the two wandered through the grass lands and talked more about hunting. When the strange friends had become well acquainted, Skunny Wundy told the deer exactly how to escape the hunters when they came with murderous weapons to kill. So that's how the deer all run to their hiding places when fun hunters roam the woods to kill for sport.

After a while Skunny Wundy wandered back to the bank of the river. There was a smothered sound, and before him he saw a queer-looking man with a head that looked like a round bag, tied shut and turned upside down. It was the spy of the Wizards of Oatskara!

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"Now I have you in my power," roared the spy of the Wizards.

"What is that?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"I have come to find out how many warriors protect Little Beard's Town," growled the spy. "It's you who will tell me."

"Why, of course I will. I'll tell you all about it," replied Skunny Wundy.

"Then how many?"

"Oh, about one, I guess."

"One?"

"Yes, about one."

"Who? Little Beard?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Me!"

"You!" and the spy gasped as he looked at the boy.

"Haw, haw," roared the spy. "You can't fight!"

"Haw, haw," mocked Skunny Wundy. "Guess you had better sing your good-bye war song. I am certainly going to thrash you."

"Well, well," grinned the wizardly spy, "I do hate to kill pollywogs. But you're going to kill me—oh, yes, I forgot. What are you going to do to do it?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Skunny Wundy. "My clothes and my tomahawk are on the other side of the river. We will go over, ferried by swimming deer. See, there are two in that deep hole."

"If that is your last wish, I'll do it," smirked the spy.

Cautiously down the river bank slid the two,

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Skunny Wundy making directly for the friendly deer, while the spy flopped down the slippery clay and almost fell on the other deer.

Away went the animals, swimming like mad, so frightened was one and so speedy the other. Skunny Wundy was sure of himself from long practice, but not so the awkward enemy. It was a trick he had never tried before. Still, it mattered little, thought he, for soon he would throw Skunny Wundy to the crows for fodder.

Soon the animals neared the opposite bank, and Skunny Wundy released his hold just before the friendly deer found his feet. Not so with the Wizard, who hung on with a death grip and was dragged into the shallow water. Finding a footing, the deer then turned with a snort and dug his antlers into the very face of the spy, wounding him badly.

Skunny Wundy now dragged his opponent ashore and tied up his head in a pelt, secured his hands, and threw him into his canoe, hidden under a drooping branch. Then he paddled across the stream again, and up a small creek to the lodge of Long Hatchet.

"I have a captive for you," he cried.

Long Hatchet came down to the landing place and inspected the victim, whose head was still wrapped in an old skin.

"Take him away," yelled the dwarf in frightful tones. "He's too small to eat. We giants want a thousand such as he." And Long Hatchet roared in a deep hollow tone, winking the while.

"All right," answered Skunny Wundy very fiercely. "I'll send him home to grow fatter."

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THE DEER TURNED WITH A SNORT

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"Take him away," roared Long Hatchet again.

So Skunny Wundy led the Wizard back to the river where he filled his mouth with a handful of the Ojikada powder. "This will tame you forever," he cried. "With it I have tamed many fierce beasts, and they scour the forest as my watchers. Go home and call your warriors, for my wolves are hungry for Oatskara meat. Hasten, for the giants of Little Beard's Town are waiting for you!"

Skunny Wundy now took off the pelt and bade his victim depart, again filling his mouth with Ojikada, to tame him even more. Making a very wry face, the spy departed, running at top speed to the waiting band of Wizards from Oatskara.

"Back, back!" he shrieked. "The land of Nunda Waga is guarded by a terrible giant named Skunny Wundy, and he is right here at Little Beard's Town!"

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VII: TINKLE TOES and the WIZARDLY SPY

"Though mighty and strong, the weapons of the evil always strike back upon the heads of those who wield them." Rumbling Wings.

ALL was not safe, even though the first spy of the Wizards had been frightened away. There was a companion spy who might return at any moment. The second of evils is always the worse, for it has with it the experience of the first.

Skunny Wundy knew this and so hastened to the long lodge of Long Hatchet, the pleasant-faced dwarf of Little Beard's Town. The young chief needed advice and the aid of a powerful new charm.

"Greetings, Long Hatchet," began Skunny Wundy as he entered the lodge. "The spy of the Wizards ran howling down the trail, but his comrade may soon return."

"That's all right, let him come!" exclaimed Long Hatchet, puffing at an enormous pipe with a long stem. "You can fight him."

"Most truly, I can," answered Skunny Wundy, "but the trouble is I need a new charm to help me."

"If that is all," answered the dwarf, "let us play a

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game of platter-dice, and if you win I will give you the lucky charm that you need."

"But if I don't win—what then?"

"Then you will give me a charm."

"Then I would be weaker than ever," answered the young chief. "I need charms and can't afford to give one away."

"Well, the old rule is that a great charm of magical fame must not be given away except as the gift of a game," responded Long Hatchet. "Shall we play?"

"Bring on the bowl and the game buttons," answered Skunny Wundy.

"Whoever wins will gain a charm," began Long Hatchet, as the game bowl was brought forth. "I wish to give you a wonderful charm which will help you as much as anything I can think of."

"And I hope to win it as your gift," replied Skunny Wundy. "If I lose, you will gain a charm as a gift from me that will make you happy indeed."

"Well, I hope to be happy," answered the dwarf.

The bowl of deer-bone buttons was tossed and tossed three times by each contestant. Each time Skunny Wundy lost badly, the dwarf scoring high.

"You win!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy. "Now for the second game."

The two played again, each intent upon doing his best. The game was close, and Skunny Wundy won this time by a single count.

"You win!" exclaimed the dwarf. "I would like to hope that you win again, but according to custom I must play to win."

Once more the two threw up the buttons, the dwarf

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being lucky enough to stand high at the last of his throws. It was now Skunny Wundy's turn. He lifted the wooden bowl and tossed the buttons high, and down they came. The two looked in for the results.

"Seems that I didn't win," said Skunny Wundy mournfully.

"I don't know about that," answered the dwarf. "Do you know what a tie game means?"

"It means that neither won and that we mustn't play again until to-morrow."

"Well, it might mean that, but in this case it means that I win your gift to me, fair and square," chuckled the dwarf.

"All right," answered Skunny Wundy, taking off his cap. "My gift to you is this humming-bird feather. Put it in your cap and think the word 'Haya-no-weh,' and you will be the swiftest of all runners and be able to escape any foe. It is mighty magic, and it's yours, my good friend."

"Thank you," smiled the dwarf. "I am sorry to have you part with it, because you might need it to escape the terrible spy of the Oatskaras."

"Well, I wouldn't run, anyway," asserted Skunny Wundy.

"No, I know that you wouldn't. You will have to fight now, face to face. Of course, since we tied our game, I must give you a present, too," went on Long Hatchet.

"Oh, do I get the present also?"

"Just the same as if you had beaten me all to cattail down!"

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"Oh, I'd like to see your present. Is it a big club?"

"No, it's just a little conical bone that you can blow through," answered the dwarf, pulling at a little bone cone fastened to his legging fringe. "One blow through this brings an invisible friend. Just you try it when the second spy of the Wizards of Oatskara comes."

Skunny Wundy looked at the gift and saw that it was made from the toe bone of a deer, worked down into a hollow cone. "Don't worry," he began. "I'll use it and thank you for it."

"I believe that you will," answered the dwarf. "Now listen and be glad. That cone is called a *jingler*. Shake it and you will hear a faint tinkle."

Skunny Wundy shook it near his ear and heard the tinkle.

"Now, then," went on the dwarf, "that jingler when blown calls an invisible helper called Tinkle Toes. You can't see him, but you can hear his voice. When you are in danger, he will come, and when the little jinglers on his moccasin flaps tinkle, you will know that something is going to happen."

"Good!" exclaimed the young chief. "Now I shall fight the spy, no matter what his magic may be!"

That afternoon, Skunny Wundy took up his journey back to Onagee, hoping all the while to have a chance to call upon his new friend Tinkle Toes. The chance came sooner than he had expected.

It was just as he passed the ruins of the old trail house that Skunny Wundy saw an ugly form crouching in the bushes. According to custon, he who speaks first has the first power, so he called out, "Let the

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spy beware, for Skunny Wundy comes with terrible weapons!"

"Waugh!" growled the spy. "So you are Skunny Wundy! Huh! You're no giant at all—just a mere boy. Ha-hah!"

Skunny Wundy ran down to meet his foe. "O gosling feathers!" he exclaimed. "So *you* are the second spy of the Wizards of Oatskara. You are no wizard at all—just a poor beggar. Too bad!"

"Here we fight face to face, and to-night, when the moon rises upon the dance of our war party, the bones of Skunny Wundy will be picked like a turkey's—and raw!" So howled the spy.

Each fighter now backed into his corner to conjure up his magical helpers. Skunny Wundy blew on his tiny jingler, and the spy of the Wizards took a beating heart from his pouch and swallowed it at one gulp of his cavernous maw.

"Our fight is one with clubs, and mine is the biggest in all the world. With it I have slain thousands. Waugh!"

"My club is tiny—just big enough to crack a hickory nut," replied Skunny Wundy. "Still, it has a lot of power. I have killed giants with it. Ho-hoh!"

The two now rushed at each other, and as they did, Skunny Wundy heard the hurrying tinkle of his invisible friend. Tinkle Toes had come as had been promised!

The spy raised his mighty club, swinging it high in the air. Then he waved it in a great circle before bringing it down. So powerful was it that the breeze

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it created made the trees sway as if swept by a hurricane. And, it was right here that the strange thing happened.

The wizardly spy suddenly roared, for an unseen force had gripped his arm and drawn it back. Back, back it went until the club dropped out of his hand. "Owraah!" he roared.

"Too bad you are so weak," laughed Skunny Wundy, as he heard the tinkle again.

Then something even stranger happened. The club was lifted right in the air and began to wave in front of the spy. He backed up with a gasp of horror and then started to run as fast as his shaking knees would allow. Away went Skunny Wundy after him.

"Back, back," roared the spy as he burst into the camp of the Wizards. "Skunny Wundy is after us now!"

The Wizards of Oatskara leaped to their feet as they saw their bravest spy chased by the boy chief, waving a tiny club.

"Wuff, wuff!" all of them roared, their eyes rolling wildly. And no wonder they rolled, for there right in the air was a mighty war club, waving and circling and pressing toward them.

Their knees began to tremble and their tongues hung out. "We are beaten," they all roared together.

"Just so!" replied Skunny Wundy.

Then down came that terrible club, *thud, thud!*

Even Skunny Wundy's eyes rolled now, for the club hit every solitary, sinful wizard and mashed him to the earth with a puff, and all the Wizards of

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Oatskara perished like overripe puff balls that had been stepped on, and the air was full of dust.

"Good work, wasn't it?" said a voice as the sound of tinkling toes betrayed the presence of Tinkle Toes.

"Great work, I shall tell the men of Onagee!" responded Skunny Wundy. "How did you do it?"

"Easy enough," laughed Tinkle Toes. "It all comes from knowing a secret."

"I'd like to know that secret!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy.

"Listen, then. Know you that the weapons of evil minds always strike back?"

"That's what Rumbling Wings always says," affirmed the young chief.

"It's all true," replied Tinkle Toes, dancing in a circle, and tinkling the jinglers on his fringe. "Every bad thing in the world will be destroyed by its own club, never fear."

"Then *you* didn't have anything to do with it?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Oh, yes, I did, and so did you, and that's the wonderful part," sang out Tinkle Toes. "I knew the secret, and so did you, and we both *believed* it. Believing is the biggest part." And at that Tinkle Toes danced away and spoke no more.

When Rumbling Wings told all the people what Skunny Wundy had done and how the Wizards had been destroyed, the town of Onagee was happy, and all the good cooks made a fine dinner and invited Skunny Wundy to the feast, bidding Long Hatchet and the tribesmen of Little Beard's Town to share in the good meat and drink.

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So now you know why Indian boys step on brown puffballs and laugh at the mention of wizards. Na-hoh!

AND THAT NIGHT—

And that night, after the feast of good things, Skunny Wundy crept to the lodge of Rumbling Wings, happy but tired, but not too tired to wonder about something.

"Uncle," said he, "I have been wondering about stories."

"Stories?" asked Rumbling Wings. "Why, stories are tales of things that have happened or what someone imagines has happened."

"I mean who first made up stories?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Well," replied the story-teller, "who can tell? I only know what old legends say."

"Then tell me one of the legends!" exclaimed the eager boy.

"Most truly I will," replied Rumbling Wings, "but first you must promise that you will never, never eat your soup from a bowl that has no bottom."

"I promise," affirmed Skunny Wundy, whereupon the story-teller wove the ancient tale of "How Crow Boy Discovered Grandfather Story-teller."

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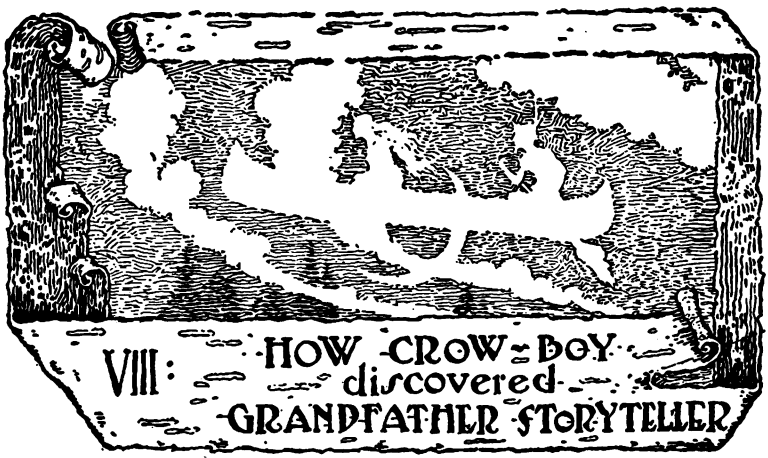

"*Whoso finds the canoe named the* Mate Call *and paddles it away sails straight to the maiden who launched it.*" Rumbling Wings.

GAWK-KAW was a lonely orphan boy whom nobody loved. His home was wherever the villagers of Crow Town would let him stay for a few days, but many times he slept all alone in the dark forest. Sometimes he slept in a cluster of sticks at the top of a tree, sometimes he slept in a cornfield, and at other times he slumbered in a hollow stump.

Crow Boy, as he was called by the villagers, was always kind and ready to do a favor, but when anyone spoke to him he was so bashful that he would run away and hide. When cornered by a neighbor and asked a pleasant question, he would not even reply. When a kindly old matron would come upon him in the woods and give him good advice, he would color blood red and stammer, "Don't b'lieve it!" And never more did he ever reply.

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"If you would only talk a little and tell us what you want, we would give you the things that you need," said one grandmother, "but you are as dumb as a stone, oh-hoh!" she added.

"Don't b'lieve it!" came the reply.

"The reason why you have no friends," said another old woman, "is because you never wash yourself. You are terribly dirty, oh-hoh!"

"Don't b'lieve it!" was the only answer.

"It is told by the elders who are wise," counseled Wise Wolf, the tribal philosopher, "that boys should be clean and reply with politeness to grandmothers, uncles, and older brothers, and everyone else."

"Don't b'lieve it," replied Crow Boy in defiance, looking at the philosopher with frightened eyes.

So what could one do but let Crow Boy wander friendless? It seemed entirely hopeless to try to win his confidence or to make him talk.

As he grew older he was more shy than ever, and the village girls all made fun of him. Likewise the boys tormented him and called him "dirty-all-over-Crow-Boy." Finally, it came to be understood that he was just a nuisance to be endured. Thus gradually everybody began to call him "he-that-never-will-amount-to-anything."

In his heart Crow Boy was very kind, and often in the early morning he would bring game and eggs, or even an armful of corn, to some sick child's cabin, but no one ever knew that he did it.

When the village boys of his own age were taken on their first hunt Crow Boy was left behind, the butt of ridicule. When the young hunters came back with

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game, poor Crow Boy was tormented until he could stand it no longer. Thus, he made up his mind to go far away and find a lonely place where there were only animals and birds, and live with them.

Long before dawn one autumn morning, Crow Boy wandered down to the river and sat on the round rock where canoes were landed. His feet dangled in the cool water, and he wondered how he would cross the stream, never having learned to swim. Suddenly he saw a wonderful white canoe concealed in the bushes to his left. He slid from the rock and examined it. It was shining, white, and clean. Crow Boy's hand looked like a lump of mud beside it. Crow Boy pushed it into the water and was surprised to note how light the craft really was. It was like a handful of feathers.

Into the water he slipped, leaping into the canoe and pushing off with a paddle that had a blade like a great bird's wing. Up the river he went, paddling with great swiftness into the mists of the early morning. He felt a new thrill, a great surging joy, a strange new desire for adventure. What was before him now?

A great cloud bank now settled down upon the river and swallowed up the landscape. Crow Boy only knew that he was paddling with arms that were moved by a will that was not his own. He couldn't help but paddle, and so he couldn't help where he went.

After a while the cloud began to fade away into a fine mist, and Crow Boy looked down at the river, but, to his amazement, there was not a drop of water beneath him. He looked with eyes bulging from his

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head, but, sure enough, there was only a fine mist below. After a while the whole air was clear, and Crow Boy looked down again. Paddle, paddle, paddle, went he, but he was paddling right through the air, and there below him was a deep, tangled forest full of bears! Crow Boy's heart beat very fast for fear of falling down among the bears, and as his heart beat fast, so his paddle moved just as fast.

Far ahead of Crow Boy was a great cliff that towered way into the sky. Here the river branched into two forks. Which one should he take in his journey? He did not know. Paddle, paddle, paddle, went Crow Boy's paddle in the air, and the canoe moved over the river, over the forest, and over the river again. But instead of following one of the branch streams, he began to near the cliff that towered so high. Nearer he came to it until his canoe rested on top and moved no more.

Crow Boy leaped out of his magic canoe and stood upon the cliff. He looked out over the great valley, and could just see the tops of the mighty trees below. So high was he that he could see almost all of the world. Great joy filled his heart, for this was just the place he wanted, a place far from all tormentors. He resolved to build two little bowers of bark from the big elms that grew in the woodland back from the edge of the cliff—one for his canoe and one for himself.

By nightfall he had finished his work, and as the moon came out he made a little fire upon the cliff's edge to welcome the grandmother of night, the moon. As he sat there looking at the moon, dangling his

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feet over the precipice, he was frightened by the sound of a voice.

"Kway, Grandson," it said. "Give me some tobacco."

Crow Boy looked all around, up and down, but he could not see a single soul. Who could be speaking? His bashful tongue now found itself, and for the first time in his life he asked a question.

"Why should I give you some tobacco?" he asked.

There was no answer, and so Crow Boy began to make a bow in order to prepare for a hunt the next day, for he was very hungry. While he whittled away with his flint knife he thought he heard a sound. It was like some great monster breathing somewhere below him. He strained his ears and after a while heard the mysterious voice again. "Kway, Grandson," it said. "Give me some tobacco."

This time Crow Boy asked no questions. He drew out his medicine pouch, took a handful of tobacco, and threw it over the cliff. He knew that tobacco was a charm that always satisfied troublesome spirits.

The voice spoke again. "Now I am satisfied," he said. "Now, Grandson, I will tell you an ancient story."

Wondering what he should hear, Crow Boy made ready to listen. A story came—a wonder story that seemed to issue from the very rock upon which he sat. Crow Boy's eyes grew large, for never before had he heard a rock talk to anyone. Besides, the story was a good one.

The story came to an end. There was a pause, and

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the voice sounded again. "It shall be a custom hereafter to present me with a small gift when I tell a story," said the voice.

Crow Boy took a few bone beads from his necklace and placed them on the rock as a gift.

The voice sounded again. "My name is for you to discover. If you have liked my tale you may guess it."

"Is it Buzzard?" Crow Boy began to question.

"No, not Buzzard."

"Is it Blue Jay?"

"No not Blue Jay."

"Is it Bald Eagle?"

"No, not Bald Eagle."

"Is it Deep Chasm?"

"No, not Deep Chasm."

"Is it Grandfather?" asked Crow Boy, thinking he had a clue.

"No, not Grandfather alone, but more."

"Is it Grandfather Rock?"

"No, not Grandfather Rock."

Crow Boy thought again and then made up his mind that he had found the secret.

"Is it Grandfather Story-teller?" he asked.

"Yes, Grandfather Story-teller," came the answer. "To all the children of the forest this shall be my name, and I shall be known as Hegéota, Grandfather Story-teller."

"Thank you, Grandfather Story-teller," said Crow Boy.

"Truly welcome, Grandson," said the voice. "Hereafter it shall be the custom when I announce

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my intention to tell a story for you to say Nyouh, as a signal that I shall proceed. When I am talking, and pause to find that you are listening, or when you are interested, you shall say, 'Haah.' You must listen and ask no questions until I have finished and said, 'Da-ney-hoh,' which means 'I have finished.' Then shall you say 'Nyah-weh, I thank you,' and give me a tiny present to say that you are satisfied."

"It shall be so forever after," answered Crow Boy.

The moon went down, and Crow Boy crawled into his cabin and slept with peaceful dreams. Morning came and with it a healthy hunger. Crow Boy went out to shoot his breakfast and soon had some birds roasting over his fire.

He had an odd way of preparing his game, for he first skinned all the birds that he shot, and, drying the skins with care, placed them in a birch-bark box that he had made. He had never seen game skinned that way before; the hunters of his tribe always pulled the feathers out and threw them away, but Crow Boy found a way to have pretty bird skins.

The next night Crow Boy sat on the cliff and looked toward the sinking sun. He wondered if Grandfather Story-teller would really speak again. While waiting for darkness he chipped out some tiny arrows and made them so small that he could use them in a blow gun. Suddenly, as he worked, he heard the voice again.

"Kway, Grandson, give me some tobacco!"

The boy threw a handful of tobacco over the cliff.

"Hear now, all youths and maids," said the voice, "Hear now, my grandson, I am about to relate a story of old times!"

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"Nyouh!" answered Crow Boy, not forgetting the word.

Long into the night Grandfather Story-teller told his tales. He told how the chipmunk gained his stripes, why the bear has no tail, why turtles make good soup, why the beaver and turtle are not good friends, why wood ducks have red eyes, and how the blue bird became blue—all these and more. Daylight had nearly come when the voice finished, for Crow Boy had kept on saying, "Haah." Finally Grandfather Story-teller called out "Da-ney-hoh!" and Crow Boy answered, "Nyah-weh," and gave the rock some little arrows, an awl of bird bone, and a pinch of snuff.

The next day Crow Boy hunted far to the east, where he found a village of pleasant people living in bark houses. Nobody seemed to scold him or make tormenting remarks. So he became bolder and spoke of his adventures, winning many friends and finding homes where there were good things to eat. He found some hunters who offered to teach him how to hunt deer, elk, moose, and bear. They were genial fellows, and so Crow Boy invited them to come to his own camp on the rock. Here he allowed them to listen to the Grandfather stories, and all were greatly pleased, but the rock would only speak when Crow Boy was there.

One thing must not be forgotten in this tale of Crow Boy; it is that, as each story was told, he carved a little trinket or placed aside some reminder of the tale until he had a whole bag full of "story reminders." Some were feathers, some were animal teeth, some were carved images of turtles, fish, and animals, and

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some were nuts, carved with faces, while others were strings of beads of various colors, made from bird bones and the stems of quills.

When Crow Boy found out how real hunters dressed, he desired to make a suit of buckskin for himself. He tanned a big skin and made it very soft and yellow. He cut it out with a knife of flint and sewed it with sinew from a deer's back. He made his hunting shirt and his leggings and his moccasins, and finally a nice round hat of weasel skins in the crown of which he placed an eagle's plume. He lacked one thing to make his new outfit perfect; it was an embroidered pouch such as warriors and hunters carry as a pocket. He could not make one, for this was a girl's work.

Crow Boy now began to think of the houses in the village where he had eaten fine food, and he sought to remember where he had seen skillful women. He did not think long, for he remembered one lodge where there were two girls, one of whom was as beautiful as any maid he had ever seen.

Crow Boy brushed his hair and washed his face. Then he went to the town and sought out the lodge of the two beautiful girls. He had no trouble in finding it, for dinner was on the fire, and its fragrant odors lured him to the right spot. In he went, and after eating, he said to the mother of the maidens, "Might it be so that there is in this house a skillful hand that for a payment of some bird feathers would make for me an embroidered pouch such as it is the custom of hunters and warriors like me to wear?"

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The younger daughter came forward with a pleasant smile, saying, "O good stranger, your desire was known to me when first I knew of you. I have made a pouch for you and ask no payment. It is my gift to you." Then she handed him the most elegant pouch the world has ever seen, so exquisite was the workmanship of her fingers—such clean and shapely fingers, too, with nails trimmed and polished.

The mother then spoke as she saw Crow Boy and her daughter linked by the handing of the pouch. "I perceive that my future son-in-law has entered my door. A mother's desire is satisfied."

Soon thereafter the younger woman brought a basket of bread to Crow Boy and said, "This is my proposal of marriage. I would wed you, Crow Boy."

The bashful suitor ate the bread and thought how bold was he to storm a maiden's heart and win her quickly. When he ate the bread it meant that he would marry soon, and as quickly as a medicine man could be called the two were united as man and wife. Everyone smiled except the older sister, who was very jealous.

That night the bride said, "My husband, we must now go far away. My older sister will kill us if we stay here, for her heart is angry because you married me, for she, too, loved you."

Crow Boy arose and taking his bride by the hand led her into the darkness and said, "Follow me." With a trustful heart she followed until they came to Crow Boy's camp on the edge of the cliff

As they sat down to rest, the rock demanded to-

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bacco and received it. It then began to relate wonder tales far into the night and called the couple who listened, "My grandchildren."

Said the bride, "This indeed is my Grandfather Story-teller. In the morning, if you look from another ledge of rock, you will see his great face on the cliff below looking out at the world and seeing everything. What he has seen he tells, and what he tells you must remember. What you remember must be retold."

"All that has been said by Grandfather Story-teller I have kept by trophies that remind me of the tales," answered Crow Boy. "I shall not forget."

"Then," replied his bride, "I present you with another pouch, and into this you must put all the reminders of these tales, for we shall stay here all winter and listen. Then you will be a wise man—the wisest in the world."

And so it was that Crow Boy and Mrs. Crow Boy lived on the cliff, way up in the sky, and listened to much wisdom. The story bag was filled by spring, and in it were reminders of every true event of adventure, of magic, and of mystery that Grandfather Story-teller had witnessed in his long watch over the valley-world below.

Springtime came and with it a restlessness that called for journeying on. "We must now go north," said the happy bride. "Back to your village we shall go, and you shall be known as a great man, and all shall listen to you and marvel."

Crow Boy was very sad as he answered with a heavy heart, "Alas, my loved one, in my own country I am an outcast and am called by unpleasant names."

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The bride laughed a long musical laugh and said, "Nevertheless, we shall go north!"

Taking all their peltries, their trinkets and treasures the couple seated themselves in the white canoe, which Crow Boy had kept carefully covered.

"This is my canoe," said the bride. "It is called the *Mate Call.* I sent it on to you, and it brought you to me. It is a magic canoe and flies through the air. When anyone gets in this canoe it takes him directly to his mate." And much more she told him.

Grasping the paddle that was shaped like a wing, Crow Boy began his voyage. Up into the air they went, and far out over the valley. Long they traveled, and at length began to descend to the river. Down the stream they floated in the springtime waters until they came to Crow Boy's home village.

Together the two walked up the path to the long lodges of the tribe. Into the Chief's lodge they went, and found a mighty gathering of people, all talking at once. When the couple entered, all paused and the Chief asked, "Who is it that is pleased to enter my dwelling? Be seated and have food, then tell your story."

Crow Boy ate his fill and then proclaimed, "I am he whom you were accustomed to call, 'He-that-will-never-amount-to-anything.' I have married and I have in my pouch all the wonder tales of the world. He who listens to me shall become wise."

That night and many nights thereafter Crow Boy told his stories and received so many gifts that he became rich and powerful. A great lodge was built for him, and here men and women, boys and girls, youths

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and maidens from many distant countries came to listen to Crow Boy.

It was his custom to plunge his hand into his bag and take out the first trophy that he touched. He would then say, "Ho-hoh, here is another!" and then he would tell his wisdom to all who listened.

Crow Boy's little bride was very proud of her new home, she was very proud of her husband, and she was very proud of herself for having used her magic to win him.

One morning she said "So you were afraid to return with me for fear you would be called unpleasant names. Just listen to what this messenger from the council has to say," and a runner from the great tribal council came forward and stood before Crow Boy.

"You have been elected our great leader," said the messenger, presenting a birch-bark scroll with the edict of the council written upon it and sealed with a long string of wampum. "You now are to be hailed as Crow Chief, and your wisdom we shall follow."

Crow Boy's wife was very happy, and when the messenger had departed, she whispered to her chief, "My husband, I told them to do this and worked my magic upon them."

Crow Chief felt very pompous, and as he looked at his wife he said, "I will not say, 'Don't b'lieve it!'"

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IX:~ The MAGIC-FINGER

"An enemy's threat points his victim toward safety." Rumbling Wings.

RUMBLING WINGS, the old story-teller, and the most famous one, too, had just finished a long description of the tribe of Stone Giants. Mighty were they, but they could not turn their heads without cracking off their necks, and the only spot where they could be shot was on the bottom of their feet.

"The Stone Giant men are terrible to meet," said Rumbling Wings, "but, oh, my nephew, keep away from the women Giants, for they are crosser than forty sick bears!"

"I am thinking two ways about that matter," answered Skunny Wundy. "First, I hope I never meet one of those cross ladies, and second, I hope like sixty-six strawberries that I do."

Now it happened that, in the course of events, Skunny Wundy *did* meet a Stone Giantess, and this is what my story is about. Now, listen!

All the people in Onagee were starving. Onagee was

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Skunny Wundy's village—wonderful place. After a while the people got tired of starving, because their bones rattled so much, so Chief Hunger Hawk said in a big voice, "Who is the biggest hunter in all Onagee?"

Of course, Skunny Wundy was a bashful lad, but he spoke up and said, "O Chief Hunger Hawk, *I* am the greatest hunter in all Onagee."

"Then bring us some game—a lot of game," said the chief.

Skunny Wundy took his bows, his arrows, his hatchet, and his knife. Then, without even saying Oneh,[1] he departed.

"The trouble with those hunters of Onagee," thought Skunny Wundy, "is that they never hunt in the forbidden North where the big game is found. The North, the North, I go North!" And so he went North to a place where there were great rocks that towered high, where there were deep chasms and mysterious holes far in the earth.

Now, Skunny Wundy, being a wise lad, hid in a black hole to see whether or not enemy or game passed that way. Soon he saw two Stone Giantesses strolling by, peering here and peeking there. He noticed that they had sighted a herd of deer concealed in a clump of pines. Over the Stone women bent, stiffly, of course, and began picking up the deer like so many mice. Then did Skunny Wundy know why game was so scarce. The giants were devouring it, and had so frightened all the animals that they cowered in the thicket, afraid to wander to the south.

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[1]Good-bye.

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Skunny Wundy felt very safe in his dark crevice, but soon one Giantess began to sniff. "There is a boy-man near!" she roared.

Taking her medicine pouch from her stiff-as-stone neck, she thrust in her hand and drew forth a human finger which she placed in the palm of her stony hand. "Where is he, where is he, where is he?" she inquired, and as she spoke, the finger bent over and pointed right at the hole where Skunny Wundy lay hidden. At this she screamed, "Ghaah, ghaah!" and walked toward the hole.

Hoping against all reason, the brave boy now dashed from his hiding place and climbed the tallest tree in the pine grove, seeking like a squirrel to escape among its branches.

"Ghaah!" exclaimed the Giantess. "Finger, show me where he has gone!" The finger now stood up, pointing right at Skunny Wundy. The Giantess walked to the tree but dared not look up for fear of cracking her stony neck. So she began to thump the tree to break it or to shake down her victim like a hickory nut.

Skunny Wundy saw that all would be lost if he stayed up the tree, so he quickly slid down, and in passing the hand of the Giantess, he grabbed the magic finger and jumped into the river.

Quickly he swam to the other side, as was his custom when in peril.

"Ghaah!" roared the Giantess. "My charm has gone but I shall soon recover it." Then her eye of white flint discovered the boy's bows and arrows and his hatchet lying at the foot of the tree. She

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picked these up and licked them, tasting for blood, for, once she got the taste, she could follow Skunny Wundy to the end of the earth. "Ghaah!" she grunted. "He is across the river. I shall step over and get him!"

Into the stream she stepped, but so deep was it that she sank far down. Skunny Wundy also jumped into the stream, and, aided by the magic finger, recrossed without passing too near the Giantess's struggling claws.

Once on the other side he called out, "Kway, what are you doing over there? Come where I am and fight me. Don't run away!" He then picked up his weapons, now filled with powerful magic from the touch of the Giantess's tongue.

"Ghaah!" she roared. "I thought you were on this side."

"No," yelled Skunny Wundy, "I am just where I was before." He then took one of his enchanted arrows and shot at the second Giantess, who, after munching a half-dozen deers, came toward him. The arrow went right through her coat and hit her heart, which was made of ice, and as the ice melted, she rolled over and died, merging into the rock until she became a part of it. And she is there yet, the wise old folk say.

The first Giantess was now very angry and plunged into the stream, crying, "Ghaah, I will get you now!"

Now our hero didn't intend that any Giantess should pinch him into pulp like a beetle that is biting one's finger, so he plunged into the stream and crossed over, too.

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"Ghaah!" shrieked the Giantess when she espied him on the far side of the stream. "How did you get there? I thought you were on this side."

"I am right where I was before," shouted Skunny Wundy, holding on to his magic finger and running wildly into the forest, which frightened the deer, the elk, and the bears so that they fled southward before him. Long he ran, the magic finger pointing back where the Giantess was, and forward to a safe refuge. In this manner our friend Skunny Wundy reached the river opposite his home town, and, passing under the water, he reached the rocky bank, where before him the frightened animals had fled.

Fixing one of his magic arrows, he shot toward a group of deer grazing in fancied safety. *Zoong*, went the arrow, and passed through seven deer, sped on, and struck a rock which immediately split open and caused a great stream of water to gush forth.

Soon Skunny Wundy saw the pursuing Giantess coming toward him with great strides. She reached the cliffs and looked over at Skunny Wundy.

"Ghaah!" she panted. "Give me the finger and I will not eat you. Give me the finger and I will depart for the Far North, and game shall be plenty again."

"Give her the finger," yelled Hunger Hawk.

"All right," replied Skunny Wundy, seeking to obey the orders of his chief. "Here, Stone Coat woman," he called out. "I will pass the finger over on my fishing pole," and he stuck out the pole.

The Giantess leaned far out over the cliff to take her treasure, when Skunny Wundy drew back the pole with a quick jerk. At this the Giantess plunged

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forward off the cliff and down into the river, where she struck her head on a rock and broke it open like the frozen egg of a goose.

After that Skunny Wundy supplied the village with game and caused all hunters and warriors to salute him as Mighty Hunter.

So you will observe, my nephew, that wisdom lingers in these old tales, and that they who listen will grow wise and powerful, even as Skunny Wundy. Such is the length of my tale. It is done.

And it happened one night that Rumbling Wings was making a necklace of bear claws. With great care he was grinding off the roots and polishing the tips. When he had completed this work he drilled holes on the bases so that he could put a cord through, and so put them around his neck. As he was rolling up little spheres of the pelt so as to spread the claws apart and make a neat, long necklace, Skunny Wundy watched him out of the corner of his eye. Not forgetting Tipper, the dog, who thumped his tail, we must mention that Snitcher, the tame crow, was roosting on a cross-beam overhead. And now then:

"Might I ask, O venerable Uncle Rumbling Wings," began Skunny Wundy, "if it is not the hour and moment when you promised to tell me a story?"

"Most truly, my promising young nephew," replied the uncle. "The story hour is here and I shall, therefore, tell you about a youth named Patter Round, who desired above all things to hunt bears. He had no dog, he had no magical charms, and he had

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no name as a warrior, yet he did have a small bow and a wooden-tipped arrow. And so comes the story, which you shall hear if you promise never to put bumblebees inside of your shirt. I start, and the name of my tale is "Boy, Bees, Bear, and Some Honey."

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"All the world likes to hear happy laughter from a heart without guile." Rumbling Wings.

ONCE under the everlasting sun, O Nephew, there was a boy named Patter Round. He was a runner, a very fine runner, and beat all the boys in the town of Che-gaa-goe (the land of big crows). He could run, but he could smile better, and he could grin, but he could laugh best, and his joyous laughter won him many friends, for it is true that all the world loves to hear happy laughter from a heart without guile.

It was the moon of falling leaves, and the harvest was over. The hunters were making ready, and some had brought in pelts and sacks of good meat. The time for companies of hunters to go forth into the deep woods had come, and all the young men were eager, mending their arrows, polishing their bows, and gathering up lucky charms. And so it was not strange that Patter Round begged to go along.

Callous and careless was the speech of the uncouth chief of hunters when he said, "So you want to go!

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Ho-hoh! Why, even a baby bear would scare you out of your nine years of growth, and we should have to tie you on a baby cradle again—*if the baby bear didn't eat you all up at one gulp. Ho-hoh!*" And he roared at his own joke on poor little Patter Round.

"Huh!" exclaimed Patter Round. "There isn't a bear anywhere who could scare me. I could tame the fiercest of 'em and sit down with 'em and make 'em eat out of my hand, they'd be so scared of me. Ho-hoh yourself!"

"Oh, oh, so I see, well, well, the young brave is full of brave words. Nevertheless, mighty one, I advise you not to sit down with any of those clawsome wuf-wuffers; you might wonder where you went."

"Mercy me!" exclaimed his mother, clasping her hands.

And then all the hunters went away, leaving Patter Round behind with his trusty bow and his disappointment. Now, you must never tell, but Patter Round went behind a corn crib and cried so hard that a lot of corn rattled right off the ears and the crows came around to eat it.

"Gaw-gaw," said one crow, trying to be friendly.

"Kat-ta Wound," said another, calling the boy by name.

"You speaking to me?" asked Patter Round.

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, what have you to say for yourselves, stealing all my grandfather's corn?"

"Never mind the corn," answered the crow. "If you want to go hunting, go hunting; don't squawk so much about it."

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"Yes, that's a bright idea," replied Patter Round, "but I haven't a single charm."

"Well, here's one."

"What—that black tail feather?"

"Sure enough, a black tail feather is better than a white wing feather."

"Stick it in your hair and be off," replied the crow. "I am known as Gawkaw Gowa, the chief of crows, and I wish you luck."

And now, O Nephew, what do you think happened? Guess. You are right: Patter Round stuck the feather in his hair and ran away, as fast as his nimble feet would carry him. My, how he ran! He ran and he ran and he ran until he was far away from Che-gaa-goe and became lost in a big woods. After a while he had wandered so far that there were no more trees, by which fact he guessed that he was out of the woods. Ho-hoh! He was now in a clearing with one solitary broken stub in it. You believe that, don't you? Course you do!

And now comes the most wonderful part of this tale, you'll agree. I know it, because I found it drawn on birch bark and hidden in a hollow tree, and I have it here to show you when I finish this story.

Patter Round trotted along with his arrow fixed and ready to shoot the moment he saw a mountain lion, an elk, or a terrible vulture. He looked with sharp eyes, right and left and down and up. Looking up he discovered Tapping Bird, knocking on the old stub. He looked and he aimed, and then he made up his mind not to shoot the bird until he discovered why it was laughing at him.

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Ho-hoh! He walked around the tree to see, when, lickety snickers! there right in front of his nose was a bear! It looked so big that he knew that it could eat a whale, feet and all, if it had any. This frightened Patter Round so terribly that he let out one wild whoop and jumped right off the ground, tossing his bow and arrow into the air. The bear roared with a roar that made one think of a young thunderstorm, but he roared because he had been frightened too by the boy's strange action.

Now, there was one thing that Patter Round could do to perfection: it was run. No measly bear was going to catch him—no, Nephew, not so! Away he ran for the nearest tree, which happened to be by the big lake called Miche-gan. But the bear had an idea that he could sprint a bit too, so he also ran, leaping and bounding and oof, oofing.

Up the tree went the boy, and right after him went the bear. A long, flexible limb reached out over the lake, and in the lake was a neat canoe. Patter Round decided to crawl out on the limb and plop down into the convenient canoe. That was his idea—but wait.

Out on the long limb he crawled, looking woefully at the bear, which was hard after him. Oh, oh! So, away dived Patter Round, hoping to land in the canoe and give it a quick shove into the water. Alas for his high hopes! He landed right in the cold, chilly water instead. (More oh, ohs!)

Then, following suit, like a faithful playmate, down splashed the bear and swam right after Patter Round. Now, if the boy was a good swimmer, the bear was a better one. With a splash-splash, and a dash-dash,

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the bear caught poor Patter Round right by the hand and grunted, "Uggety oof, woof gurr gurr," which in the ancient language of the bears of the land of Way-off means, "What's the matter with you? Come along with me!" And, leading the brave young man back to the stub of the tree, the bear pointed to a hole near its top.

Patter Round didn't quite know what to make of this queer turn of events. It was quite plain the bear did not intend to eat him, and yet he kept grunting, "Seddy-kony, seddy-kony," which in the language of the bears of Wayoff means, "Good to eat, good to eat." What did that bear want to eat? Patter Round looked at the hole in the tree and saw some honey-bees come out.

Up the stub climbed the bear, grunting pleasantly, "Knock-a-hole, knock-a-hole!" So Patter Round seized an ax and fell to belaboring the hollow stub until a great cavity appeared.

Then, whiz, buzz, uzz, zing! Out came a great swarm of bees, each one so angry that his stinger was red hot. Oh, mournful news, boy and bear were stung so many times that they nearly lost their sweet tempers. And yet the bees went on singing their chant of displeasure until a piece of honeycomb fell off its fastening, when they all flew away. Well, we'll pass by what they both said, and we won't record what they both felt, for we hope you will never know how painful both things were.

"I feel all stung," remarked Patter Round.

"Nay, nay," quoth the bear. "You are not stung; you are just itching to get some of this fine honey."

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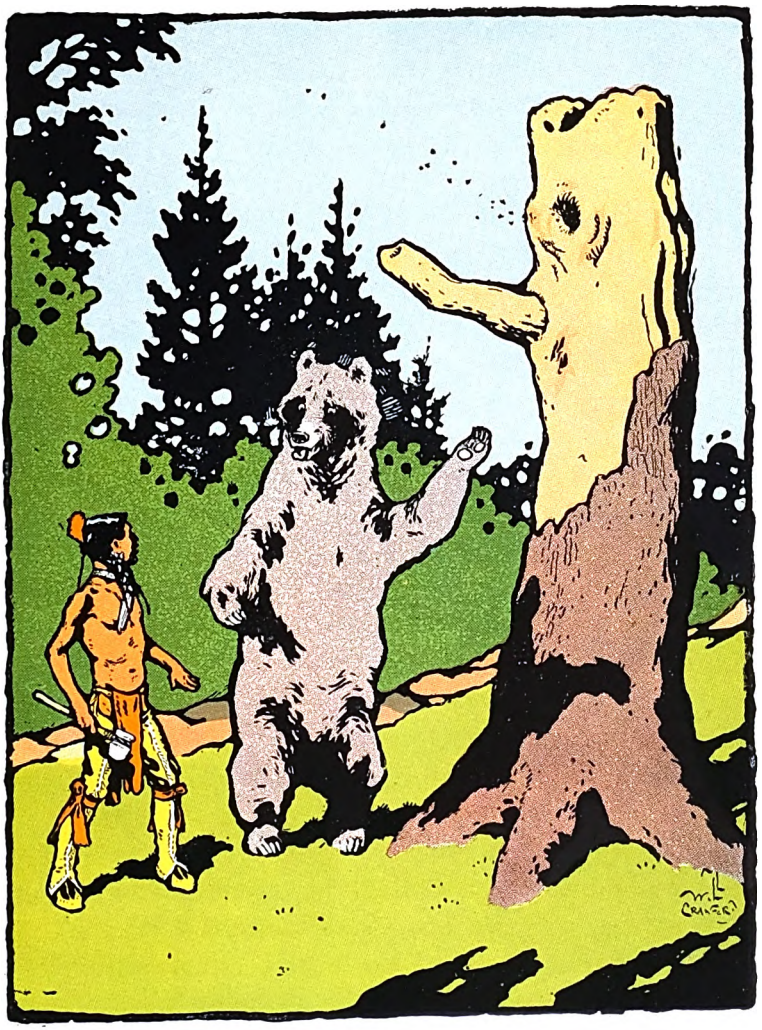

THE BEAR POINTED TO A HOLE NEAR ITS TOP

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So saying, he hopped into the hollow and lifted out a whole basket of excellent comb.

"Say, you're a fine fellow after all," remarked Patter Round.

"I was all the while," smiled the bear. "The minute I saw you, I said to myself, 'There is a friend for me.'"

"Well, to be honest, I didn't think that about you, Brother Bear," confessed Patter Round.

So they both sat down on the soft ground, the basket between them, and between munches of honey they told each other all about themselves.

"They told me that bears would eat boys," ventured Patter Round.

"We never do that if we can get anything else that tastes good," replied the bear. "But, alas, on the other hand, boys and men eat bear meat."

"Terrible, isn't it?" exclaimed Patter Round.

"Yes," replied the bear, a tear trickling down his nose and mingling with the honey. "It is terrible, but that is the way of the world. Everything eats everything else, and if everything didn't eat there wouldn't be anything at all to eat, not even honey."

"Well, let's be happy while we remain uneaten," suggested Patter Round, and after a while he went home, but he never did tell a soul what fun he had had. He just drew some pictures and hid them away so a story-teller could weave a tale of the old days. Na-hoh!

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"There is always a path back to light when all seems dark."
Rumbling Wings.

ONE day, so long ago that nobody can guess when (except your old uncle), Skunny Wundy and Waynie Aanie were playing near Oatka, a pretty creek that was full of crawfish. The creek had a kittle hole at one side of the stream bed that was dry. When the creek was full of water it ran into the kittle hole and through a long tunnel and came out under the high waterfall. Oh, yes, the creek had a waterfall, because I have seen it with my own eyes.

That waterfall had something else wonderful. It had a shelf under the fall, that stuck out so that one could walk right under the water and not get very wet, because the water poured over so far. Once upon a time I walked on that shelf and looked through the waterfall. Then I knew just how Skunny Wundy must have felt when the Giants chased him.

Giants? Oh, yes, I almost forgot that this is what the story is about.

[1]This is a legend of the beautiful falls on Oatka Creek near LeRoy, Genesee County, N. Y.

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Now I'll ja-goh[1].

Now in that creek was a deep pool where Skunny Wundy liked to swim. He could even dive in it and swim a long ways under water. Of course, the crawfish used to bite his toes once in a while, so he fell to tying coon tails to his ankles to scare the crawfish. (You know they are scared of 'coons.)

While Skunny Wundy was swimming and diving, Waynie Aanie was playing with Yakada, her little doll, made of corn husk. Yakada had a good-for-nothing husband called Skudgie, and he had a feather in his hair, but one of his legs was torn off. Tipper, the dog, tore it off, the bad pup.

Waynie Aanie had made a nice little wigwam out of hemlock boughs when she heard something tramping. Then something groaned with an awful noise, and when she sprang up to see what had happened, a big Stone Giant threw a net right over her and did her up in a ball. He lifted her high to the top of the tallest tree and hung her there. But, in so doing, Waynie Aanie lost her doll. It fell down and knocked its poor head on a sharp stone and lay very still.

Waynie Aanie now watched and saw another Giant going right after Skunny Wundy. He was crowding Skunny Wundy right against the edge of the falls, but poor Skunny Wundy had no bow nor arrow, and not even a magic charm with him. The Giant rolled its eyes and roared: "I'll eat you now; and your plum sister up in the tree."

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[1]Ja-goh means "go ahead." Learn that Indian word, it's a good one. Skunny Wundy used it very often.

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Skunny Wundy looked the Giant squarely in the eyes and began to sing his war song, which went something like this:

"Shining Sun, Moon and Stars behold,
The bravery of a warrior bold,
Tho' Giants assail, I will not fail,
For bravest of warriors am I!"

Down stooped a great Stone Giant ready to pick up Skunny Wundy and eat him raw. Waynie Aanie screamed with fright, for she saw the whole thing. "Get me back my doll, Skunny Wundy," she wailed. She knew that if the Giant wanted to eat Skunny Wundy it might want to eat her doll, too.

Skunny Wundy said never a word, but just as the Giant's fingers came down, he jumped right into the falls and disappeared.

"Whush, whush, whush!" snorted the Giant.

That "whushing" caused the other Giant to run to the spot, and together the two growled about where Skunny Wundy had gone. Finally, they stepped down over the falls and looked for him in the plunge basin below, but not a sign of Skunny Wundy did they see. They were very hungry and soon began to look up at Waynie Aanie.

"Let's eat our plum," whispered one Giant so loud that you could have heard him way over the mountain. "Let's pluck our plum and eat her."

"No, let's go above the falls and look over; maybe we can see Skunny Wundy floating down stream. It's he that we wish to eat," said the other Giant.

"That's so!" sneezed the other Giant, and so loud

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was his sneeze that the green hickory nuts all rattled down.

So they went above the falls and looked down stream.

Now, all this time, Skunny Wundy was safe on the ledge beneath the falls. He put on some old clothes he had hidden there and tied a charm to his neck, for good luck, and then crawled into the pot-hole tunnel. Away he went through the long dark place until he came out in the dry stream bed way above the falls. He then crept cautiously down the stream, hiding behind big rocks and overhanging bushes. Soon he was right back of the Giants. He listened and heard them talking.

"He must be down there," said one. "I saw him go over."

"Whush," said the other. "Maybe he is all smashed up."

"Wonder where he is," said the first one.

"RIGHT HERE!" yelled Skunny Wundy.

Both Giants turned their necks so quickly that they broke right off like icicles, and then they fell over into the plunge basin at the bottom of the falls and never came up again.

Skunny Wundy knew that trick. He knew that Stone Giants can't turn their heads but will try to do so when suddenly frightened by a noise behind them. Skunny Wundy's old uncle told him that trick, and it worked more than once.

There was a wail way up in the tallest pine tree, and Skunny Wundy, looking skyward, saw Waynie Aanie tied in a net far out of reach.

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Skunny Wundy climbed that tree and cut the net with his flint knife. Taking his sister on his shoulder, he carried her down to the ground and set her safely on a hummock of grass.

"There," he exclaimed, "you are as safe as can be and have had a fine time."

"Waa, waa, waa," wept Waynie Aanie.

"What's the matter?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Where's my doll, Yakada?" she wailed.

"You're sitting on it," answered Skunny Wundy, and then he added, "Isn't that just like a girl?"

Then he jumped in the creek and took another swim.

"Say, Skunny Wundy," called out Waynie Aanie, "how'd my doll get on the grass when it fell on a rock?"

"Curiosity!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy. "She flew there when the Giants sneezed!"

AND THAT VERY NIGHT—

When the two were safely home under the old bark roof, Uncle Rumbling Wings took out his drum and began to tap it. "I wonder," he began, "who knows where partridge berries grow?"

"I do," answered Waynie Aanie. "But why do they call them partridge berries?"

"Just because the good Jungie said so," answered Rumbling Wings. "You will understand when I tell you the tale of 'How the Partridge Got His Drum.'"

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THEY BROKE RIGHT OFF LIKE ICICLES

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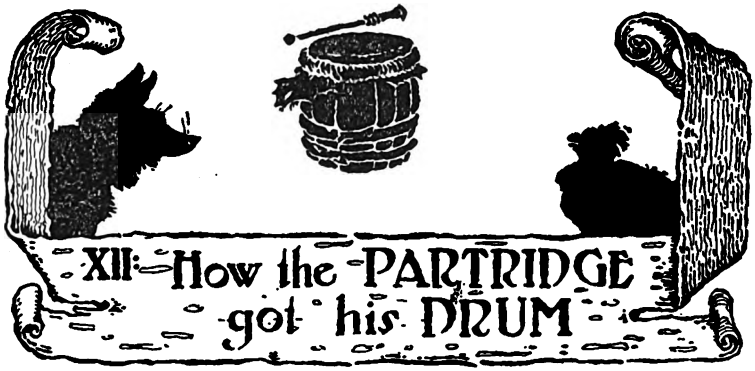

"Make a bad body feel the thumping of his own bad heart, and he will worry himself as sick as he ought to be." Jungie-of-the-Woods.

IT IS told of old by those who know, that strange things happened here below, before the thing called man appeared. And so, once under the shining sun there was a walking bird called Partridge.

Partridge was a happy fellow, but everything frightened him. Still, he minded his own business and scratched around for bugs and berries. He found a mate and made a nest beneath a log where there were plenty of leaves.

One morning, when his wife was away with her twenty and one fluffy children, he heard a sound in the home log. Someone was singing. He listened, and out floated a song in the language of birds. Now who could know bird language but a bird? Yet it wasn't a bird's voice. Hark!

"Berries I love and lots of them,
But not a berry I've had,
Oh, I would be merry, with just a lone cherry,
But a handful would make me glad!"

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So sang the unseen voice. It was in the log, which made Partridge wonder who could be living on his roof. Then he smiled, flapped his wings, and whirred through the bushes after cherries. Far and wide he searched, but there were no cherries, so he fell to scratching in the leaves until he had plucked a nice basket of twin berries, which stayed red all winter. They were Partridge's favorite snowtime food, and far better than dry seeds.

Taking this gift, he flew back to the log and walked around to the end, where to his surprise he saw a hollow. He listened, and heard an odd noise, like the tremulous beating of the heart when one is afraid. Partridge didn't know whether to knock or not, and so he didn't. He just sang in his sweetest voice:

"Cherries I've sought and looked for them,
But not a cherry I've found;
Instead of a cherry, I've brought a twin berry,
The kind that grows low on the ground."

Out from the hollow log popped the head of a Jungie. Partridge was nearly frightened out of his wits, but recalled that Jungies are good friends.

"All salute," called Jungie cheerily. "You must have heard me singing my morning song. I like to sing in the morning, for it makes me happy all day. Well, well, so you heard me sing for some cherries and you brought me some berries!"

"Yes," answered Partridge. "When I hear anyone sing for something, I know he has a good heart, and I try to get him his desire."

"Those berries are just the thing; thank you. Here-

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after these berries shall be called partridge berries, and whoso picks them and plants them at the foot of an old stump will have the best of luck. Ho-hoh! Now, just because you made me happy, I will promise you the best of luck the next time anything terrible happens."

"Wonder what will happen?" asked Partridge, looking a bit frightened.

"We never can tell," replied Jungie. "Nobody ever knows what sort of luck he will have two minutes around the corner or under a tree."

And so it came to be that a brush-tailed wicked fellow was on the cliff over the log. He sniffed this way and he sniffed that, and so good was his sniffer that he knew that there was a partridge not far away. With his cushion-footed moccasins, he ran along until he spied some brown feathers in the tall weeds.

Running to a convenient jumping-off place, he gave a light spring and landed on the brown carpet of the Woods. He sniffed again, and then ran directly for the hollow log. He could not exactly see Partridge now, but, lucky stars and wonder charms, Partridge saw the wicked fellow! Oh, yes, and he instantly ran for the hollow log, whispering at the bottom of his voice, "Jungie, Jungie, help me now! Fox, fox!"

Out came Jungie, on a run, with a water drum in his hand and a stick to beat it. "We'll scare him, we'll scare him," squeaked Jungie. "Fox has a weak heart, and it beats terribly. I will drum so hard that he will think it is his own heart beating, "TUM, tum, TUM, tum, TUM, tum."

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So Jungie sat in the mouth of his log and he drummed his TUM, tum, TUM, tum, until Fox wondered what could be the matter with him. "I'll teach you how to drum with your wings," said Jungie. "Try now, Partridge. Ruffle up, distend your neck and chest, throw out your wings and rumble them, so." And Partridge tried, and did it, too.

Fox now began to feel worried. His heart did start beating wildly. "Bangety-bang, bangety-bang," it went. And, oh, Fox felt sick. The more he listened to that TUM, tum, WHROOM, zoom, the worse he felt. He firmly believed that his own heart—and a guilty one it was—was playing tricks on him. He began to get dizzy, and then a cold chill ran down his spine. His knees trembled, his tongue lolled out.

Jungie and Partridge kept right on drumming, now thoroughly enjoying their music. Each was intent on his work when there was a stifled yelp, a shrieking gasp, and then a sickly flop. Fox had rolled over and stuck up his feet. Jungie and Partridge looked over the log to see what had happened, and could scarcely believe their eyes. Wicked fellow, Fox was as dead as the shell of last year's June bug.

"That's the way to do it," laughed Jungie. "Just make a bad body feel the thumping of his own bad heart, and he will worry himself as sick as he ought to be. Fox thought his own heart was drumming, ho-hoh!"

"Thank you for teaching me how to drum!" exclaimed Partridge. "I'm so glad."

"You are not half so glad as I am with my Partridge Berries," beamed Jungie. "I put them in my

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blow gun and pop them at Wind Boys, and scare them out of the trees."

"Whirr, whirr," came the answer of Partridge's wings as he flew away, and then Jungie heard the "Whroom, zoom, whroom, zoom," of the Partridge trying out his drum on his own hook, far away in the land of hemlocks and ginseng berries. Na-hoh!

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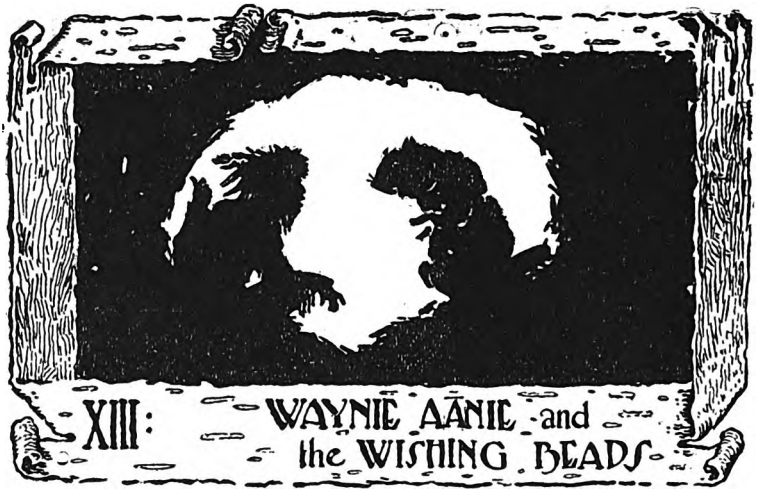

"An eavesdropper who believes whispered secrets seeks his own doom." Rumbling Wings.

SO THAT is how the wonderful wishing beads disappeared," said old Rumbling Wings, the famous story-teller of Nunda Waga.

"What did the Giant do with them?" asked Waynie Aanie.

"No one ever found out," replied Rumbling Wings. "The Giant just took them, put them on his neck, and has never since been seen anywhere on this brown earth with trees upon it. Na-hoh!"

That na-hoh meant that the story was finished and that no more questions could be asked. But just the same Waynie Aanie wondered where those beads went. Oh, if she could only have beads like them!

After a while she began to munch on a cake of pressed dried blackberries, and while she was musing about the beads, she ate the whole cake, which was

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more than a warrior was allowed to do. In a few moments she began to feel uneasy.

"Rumbling Wings, Rumbling Wings," she called out to the old story-teller, now dozing on the bed-bench, "I ate too many blackberries."

"Get some sweet-flag root and sassafras," advised the old man.

"Oh, Skunny Wundy," moaned Waynie Aanie, "I must have some sweet-flag root to go with my sassafras. I ate too many dried blackberries."

Now it was winter time, and all the sweet flag in the swamps and on the lake margins was frozen or covered by snow. Streams were swollen, and the wind howled outside. It was no time to hunt for the sweet, pungent root that is so good for tummy aches.

"I must have my sweet-flag root, Skunny Wundy," wailed Waynie Aanie. "Don't let your little sister die!"

"All right, Sister mine," answered Skunny Wundy as he put on his swimming suit and stepped outside into the snow. "I'll be back soon enough, but not too soon; so don't cry."

There was a weird bellowing sound, like the deep lowing of an angry buffalo bull, followed by a terrifying shriek. Skunny Wundy opened his eyes wide, and then, baring his breast to the wind, he marched on. He knew what those terrible sounds meant, but it was not he to be afraid.

"Oh, don't go now," called out Waynie Aanie as she rushed to the door and pushed aside the bearskin curtain. "Skunny Wundy, Brother, the Stone Giants are stalking the woods looking for game!"

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"I am on my way, and when I find the end of my way I will turn to find the way back," replied Skunny Wundy.

Waynie Aanie paused just long enough to see her brother take from his charm pouch a small object which he placed on the palm of his hand. It was the magic finger that pointed out safe roads, but the girl did not know that. Skunny Wundy kept all his secrets to himself and never told any girl.

"Show me the way to the lodge of old Big Beaver," commanded Skunny Wundy, and the finger pointed the way.

It was not many moments before the sharp eyes of the Stone Giant spied Skunny Wundy as he hastened to the beaver pond. With a quickened step the Giant made for the boy with the cry, "I am after you —you cannot escape me!"

"Guide me quickly!" commanded Skunny Wundy, and the finger pointed directly to a big beaver lodge right in the middle of the pond.

Into the pond leaped Skunny Wundy, at the same time calling out to the Giant, "Wait for me on the other side; you and I will fight." So saying, he dove under water and entered the lodge of Big Beaver. Knocking at the door, he heard a pleasant voice say, "Da-djoh," which means "enter."

"Greetings, my friend," said Big Beaver.

"Greetings," answered Skunny Wundy. "I have come for a bundle of sweet-flag root. My sister is sick."

"Help yourself to all you want," smiled Big Beaver. "By the looks of your eyes I detect that an enemy is after you."

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"Stone Giant is outside waiting for me to fight him," replied Skunny Wundy. "I must trick him in some way. The whole tribe of those wicked monsters is after me."

"Slap, slap," cautioned Big Beaver. "Listen, my young friend, let me whisper a plan to you," and he whispered a plan in Skunny Wundy's ear. He didn't dare talk out loud because the fearsome Stone Giant was standing just outside and listening.

"Greetings, Grand Chief of all Beavers," called out Skunny Wundy to his host, following out the plan and making believe. "I wish to thank you for this great charm which kills monsters and giants."

"It's a mighty charm," roared the Big Beaver at the top of his voice, well knowing that the Giant would drink in every word.

"I have slain forty giants and a whole herd of under-earth buffaloes with it. Grr-grrr! Waugh! It's a terrible charm," and, winking his right eye, he handed Skunny Wundy a packet of sweet-flag root.

"Can a Giant overcome this charm in any way?" asked Skunny Wundy. "I want to make sure that it will work."

"There is just one way," replied Beaver. "If a Giant should *happen* to hear me call out 'Seddy Kony' when you leave this lodge, and not move until I say both words, he could overcome your charm. Ugh!"

There was a great splash outside, and Skunny Wundy knew that the Giant had heard and was now waiting for him.

"Just as you leave the lodge I must shout the

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words," warned Big Beaver. "I hope no Giant is standing in the water outside."

"I'll stand right here and not move until I hear both of those words," thought the Stone Giant, his eyes glittering and his mouth watering, though it must be confessed his feet were terribly cold.

Big Beaver now swam under water and came out on his dam. This he quickly raised by drawing several big logs against it. The water then rose very high, and the cold, cold air froze a heavy sheet of ice over the new level.

"Bother!" exclaimed the Stone Giant. "My feet are frozen fast and now my neck is gripped in an icy collar that holds me like a noose."

Big Beaver was back in his lodge. "I am going to shout that word now," he called.

"All right," answered Skunny Wundy. "I am going now," and out he swam, coming up right under an air blister in the ice. Crawling through this, he stood on the surface of the pond and looked over at the Giant's head.

"Sed, Sed!" called Big Beaver, and the Stone Giant rolled his eyes, because this was not all of the word.

"My charm will overcome you," taunted Skunny Wundy, holding out his packet of sweet-flag root. The Stone Giant glared.

"Seddy, Seddy!" called out the Big Beaver from under the water. The Stone Giant opened his mouth and snapped his teeth.

"Seddy Kon, Seddy Kon!" called Big Beaver, and Skunny Wundy walked right up to the Stone Giant's face.

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THE BEADS SWISHED INTO SKUNNY WUNDY'S
LITTLE FRINGED POCKET

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"What have you on your neck?" he asked.

"Won't tell you," growled the Giant.

"I know," said Skunny Wundy. "They are *the wonderful wishing beads.* You can't rub your fingers on them, because they are frozen down under the water. Ha-hah!"

Skunny Wundy now rubbed the beads while the Stone Giant tried to bite him. "Wish those beads were mine for Waynie Aanie," mused Skunny Wundy, and without more ado the beads jumped right off and swished into Skunny Wundy's little fringed pocket.

The Stone Giant waited hopefully for the Big Beaver to finish his magical word that would free him and break Skunny Wundy's spell. It was a terrible thing to be frozen fast in the water.

"Seddy Kon, Seddy Kon!" called the Big Beaver, failing to complete the words. The Giant turned purple in the face.

Skunny Wundy rubbed the wishing beads and said, "I just wish that the pond would rise up over Stone Giant's head and then freeze solid. I wish also that Big Beaver may not be hurt but have good luck all winter."

As he said this, the pond with a groan rose right over the Giant's head and froze solid. Thus perished another of the Giants who were the worst foes of the red people who lived in the days of Skunny Wundy.

The storm abated somewhat as Skunny Wundy plowed through the snow, his head high and his fringed charm bag swinging jauntily. In a few moments he dashed into the great bark lodge and called for Waynie Aanie.

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"Did you get my sweet-flag root?" she called from the farther end of the hall.

"Yes," answered Skunny Wundy. "I have a present for you, also."

Down the long hall ran Waynie Aanie to meet her brother, who so bravely had breasted the storm to bring medicine to her. "I'm better now. Rumbling Wings gave me some wintergreen tea," she said. "I'd like to see my present, though."

"Call Rumbling Wings, then; I want him to say what it is."

When the old story-teller had come to the fireplace, Skunny Wundy held forth the glittering beads. "What are these?" he asked.

"Ah-gey!" ejaculated Rumbling Wings. "Where did you find those wonderful wishing beads? You have found them, you have found them, and to gain them you must have slain Tooth Snapper, the wickedest of all Stone Giants!"

"Are they for me?" squealed Waynie Aanie, her voice trembling with delight.

"For you," said Skunny Wundy simply.

The girl grasped the beads and held them forth so that the moonbeams came down through the smoke hole in the roof and cast a silvery light upon them.

"Wish, Rumbling Wings!" she said.

Rumbling Wings rubbed the beads, his eyes glowing with the wonder of his opportunity. "I wish that I may remember all the good stories in the world," said he, "and that I may live to tell them."

"Now, Skunny Wundy, you rub them and wish," whispered Waynie Aanie.

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Skunny Wundy took the beads, rubbed them, and then said, "I wish that I may see all the world's wonders, kill all the great monsters, and save all unhappy people from misfortune."

"It's my wish now," asserted Waynie Aanie. "I wish that I may never lose the beads and that all your wishes may come true."

Then she put the beads around her neck and went to bed with the sweet-flag root under her pillow.

Skunny Wundy and Rumbling Wings sat up late and planned great adventures, and when the moon sank low, they, too, rolled up in bearskins and went to the happy land of dreams. Na-hoh!

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XIV: UNDER the ICE of the WIZARDS' POND

"There is not always meat inside a plausible skin." Rumbling Wings.

THE sky had turned green when the hurricane came, and then followed the cloudburst that swelled the river Jen-ne-see, causing it to overflow its banks and flood the fields. Before the muddy water had entirely departed, cold weather had set in again and locked the land and the streams in the grip of ice. Then fell the snow, ever so slightly, making the walking so slippery that few people ventured out. It was the first good joke of Hah-toe, the spirit of frost, who roared with hilarity when people fell, bumping their heads.

Now, one thing is certain, which is that neither Skunny Wundy nor Ruddy Rux were afraid of venturing out. When the snow fell, they lugged out their bark toboggan with its high, pointed end and made ready for adventure. Ruddy Rux put on his new panther-skin cap, tucked buffalo wool in his over-

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moccasins, let down the flaps over his ears, and made ready for sport. Skunny Wundy was dressed only in his sleek buckskins and otter-skin cap with an eagle feather floating from its top.

Ruddy Rux was tucked in on the toboggan, and Skunny Wundy, taking the strap, began to run for the field-of-ponds—a strange place where ghostly noises had been heard the summer before. This field had been planted to corn, and there were deep holes all over it, but no water in them, but only grass in summer. In winter, however, the river sometimes rose and filled these pond holes, and they made inviting places to slide upon—all save one not far from the big stream of water. This was called the Wizard's pond because hideous noises came out of it, which in the autumn had frightened the women who husked corn near by. Ugh! These noises were like the groans of an owl tortured by fleas!

As the two boys hastened along, whom should they see but Long Hatchet, the joking dwarf from Little Beard's Town? He was slipping and falling, then rising to walk a few steps, and then to fall again. Though he was small, his voice was a deep bass, and each time he bumped his knees or his head he would bellow in a tone that boomed over the valley like thunder.

"Kway, my nephews," he roared as he saw them approach.

"Ska-noh!" cried both in unison, meaning, "Strength be to you."

"Explain the mystery of why you do not slip," he roared.

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"I put fur on my moccasins," answered Skunny Wundy.

"Fur is slippery on ice," laughed Long Hatchet.

"Quite so, venerable Uncle," answered Skunny Wundy, "but I dipped my fur-covered moccasin soles in glue and then stuck them in sand. Thus there is no slipping for me."

"Where may the nephews be going?" asked the dwarf.

"To the Wizard's pond to slide."

"I suppose that you take off those sanded over-moccasins then—ho-hoh!" laughed Long Hatchet. Then he rubbed his head as a thought struck him. "See here," he said. "Be careful, for down by the river I saw the footprint of Gen-os-kwa, the Stone Giant, and there may be more of his tribe with him. You had better return to your home."

"Why should we return, O Long Hatchet? You know me of old, and how I overcome Wizards. Just let me catch sight of their skins."

"Ho-hoh!" laughed the dwarf. "You will recall that my brother Rumbling Wings always said that there is not always meat inside a plausible skin. So beware, beware," and on he went, rolling and tumbling as before, and roaring like a buffalo bull snorting for its wallow.

Skunny Wundy now sped on, drawing the toboggan after himself with great speed. Soon they came to the steep hill that sloped down to the field-of-ponds, and together both slid down on the snow-sprinkled ice, the frosty wind fanning their ruddy cheeks, and each lad crying out his yell of defiance of foes.

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"Ee-yo-ha, ee-yo-ha, woa-ka-hit!" yelled Skunny Wundy.

"Kee-yo-ko-ko-ko, ke-yo-ko-ko-ko!" cried Ruddy Rux.

So, calling out their cheers, they slid down the long hill, striking a stone at the bottom, which spilled them from the toboggan and sent them sprawling like squashes rolling over a field. Then, before either could regain his feet, there was a deep, hideous roar, like that of a monster bear crushing the bones of an enemy that had pursued him. At this both boys knew that the Gen-os-kwa had heard their cries of defiance and taken them as a challenge of war. Skunny Wundy immediately felt for his charm bag, but as usual he had no amulet or weapon save his own wits and a bone awl.

Boom, boom slunk, dunk, came the tramping feet of Gen-os-kwa. This terrifying sound made the youths speed with all their might until, before they knew it, they were on the very edge of the Wizard's pond, and though the ice might be thin, they could not stop their speed now, though they braced their feet and slid far over the slippery sheet that covered it. So far all was safe, but as they slowed up, they noticed that there were two giants rushing toward them.

"What will we do?" chattered Ruddy Rux.

"Let us go to the center of the pond," counseled Skunny Wundy. "Sometimes the middle of things is a charm against harm."

The two gave a quick slide toward the center of the pond—and then something happened. They landed on an air hole that had closed with just a thin glaze

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of ice over it. There was a crackling sound, and both fell into the depths below. Down they went until they struck the very bottom of the pond, and there they stuck, unable for the moment to escape. In the dim light they looked about them.

"You hurt, chum Ruddy Rux?" inquired Skunny Wundy as soon as he had recovered his breath.

"Not hurt, just thumped all over," replied Ruddy Rux, and then he continued, "My situation amazes me, here I am at the bottom of a pond, and the water is all gone. Where did it go, if ice is overhead?"

"Water once was here," answered Skunny Wundy, "but when the river went down it drained away under the ice. Even now I see the tunnel where it escapes."

"It is a large hole," observed Ruddy Rux.

"Yes, a large hole," repeated Skunny Wundy, "and I will wager my dinner on feast day that this is where Gone Goose, the yellow medicine man, has his secret den, and that it is here that he howls to frighten the women. Ho-hoh, I have his secret now."

"It might be a matter of caution for us to crawl in that tunnel and hide," suggested Ruddy Rux.

So into the hole both crawled, and just in time to escape the gaze of one of the Giants, peering down through the air hole.

"They fell down here," roared one.

"They must have swallowed up all the water," growled the other.

"They are magicians," snorted the first. "We'd better beware."

"Gaah," sneered the other. "Let us sit on the river

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bank and wait. My paunch is faint for the meat of boys, tender or tough. Gaah!"

So, down on the bank of the wild and frozen Jen-nesee sat the two Giants, roaring and foaming at their mouths with surliness at the loss of their quarry.

"I am glad," whispered Ruddy Rux.

"I am furious at this," growled Skunny Wundy.

"But we have escaped!"

"No, they have escaped, but I will yet destroy them, the monsters!"

"What is that?" asked Ruddy Rux, peering far into the tunnel. "I see light and something moving."

Skunny Wundy gave one swift glance and knew that the Giants were swinging their feet directly over the river entrance of the tunnel. So, taking his bone awl in his teeth, he cautiously crept through the dark hole. He knew just what to do and was going to do it.

Presently he emerged into the outer world on the river bank, under the very feet of the Giants. As monsters clothed in garments of stone, they could not bend over to look down, but they quickly detected the presence of Skunny Wundy. "Gaah!" snorted one. "I smell boy meat."

Up went the sharp pointed awl—up it went twice with a jab, jab! With unerring aim, the awl went exactly into the fatal spots on the feet of both Giants.

Boom, *crash!* went the ice, as the dead Giants toppled over and smashed through the ice of the river. Down they sank, and as they did the river rose, lifted the great ice sheet, breaking it into a million pieces, and then roared down through the valley,

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scattering ice blocks over the wide flood plain, scarring trees, and piling up in great heaps.

Skunny Wundy crept back to Ruddy Rux. "I killed the evil ones," said he. "It is fortunate that your eyes met their feet."

"And, in the meantime," said Ruddy Rux, "I have found a strange wolfskin decorated with colored porcupine quills. I think it is a wizard's robe. It was done up in a rawhide bag and tied to a bush."

"Ee-yo-ha!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy. "It is Gone Goose's witching pelt. We will secure it and turn his magic back upon him. Ho-hoh!"

With a rock the boys broke a hole in the ice near the bank of the pond, and through this they crawled, wending their way back to the bark lodge on the hill. Skunny Wundy put the wolfskin on a stick and carried it like a banner, entering the village with the cry of "Go-weh!"

The populace rushed from the houses at this cry of ominous news, for only when there were mighty deeds to relate or great danger impending did warriors cry "Go-weh, go-weh!" It meant a sensation in the land of Nunda Waga.

"Two Giants, two Giants, two Giants have been slain," intoned Skunny Wundy, waving his wizard's pelt. "Moreover, we have found a witching skin—it is the pelt of a Ta-yo-nee,[1] the one that frightened the women who husked in the fields. And, my people, who shall say that it is not the robe of Gone Goose, and who shall deny that the Wizard's pond is not his den! No more shall we fear it."

[1]Wolf.

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"Whoo-ey!" cried all the people. "The two chums have saved us!"

"Oh, my chattering chin!" moaned Gone Goose, the yellow conjurer, "I am undone, I am undone, and my magic has gone." At this he slunk away to a far distant hut, there to grow even more vengeful and sour.

That night Rumbling Wings took out his pipe, and gathered his nephews about him to relate ancient tales. "My nephews," said he, "there is not always meat inside a plausible skin."

"No," interrupted Skunny Wundy. "There was no water in the pond, no real magic in the witching pelt, and no power in the Giants."

"No," said Rumbling Wings, "but still there is always wit in true courage, especially when friends plan together."

"I would hear a tale of a friend," suggested Ruddy Rux.

Thereupon Rumbling Wings took a feather from his pouch and looked at it fondly. "Friendship may cost a man his life," he began, "which reminds me of the tale called 'The Red Drops of Undying Friendship.'"

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XV: RED DROPS of UNDYING FRIENDSHIP.

"Ra-wen-io does not forget his friends." Rumbling Wings.

RA-WEN-IO made all things and made them well. And having made all things he wandered to and fro over the world he had made so beautiful and listened to his creatures talk. It might be expected that Ra-wen-io would be happy in the life he saw in his sunshine, but he was not; instead, oftentimes he was very sad.

The birds and animals Ra-wen-io had made were so devised that each was fitted for a certain way of life, and for this each was colored in the proper way, and each had its own manner of finding food, shelter, and happiness. When any creature was discontented, Ra-wen-io would take it in his fingers and mold it the way it thought it wanted to be, if this helped it gain a surer foothold on life.

But, notwithstanding all his care, Ra-wen-io often heard his creatures complain they were not satisfied

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with even the newer gifts he had bestowed. Not many were really thankful.

Ra-wen-io was hungry and cold one day, and he had wandered far into the forest, looking at his trees and shrubs. In a pleasant grove where there was a clearing and many Juneberry trees, he found a sunny nook where dwelt two families of Oyahgee birds. Their homes were neatly woven and in a safe place. Their wives were busy and happy with their broods of fluffy children, whom they had taught to pick berries from the juniper trees.

When Ra-wen-io beheld this scene of birdland contentment, he made himself very small and danced through the leaves to a branch where the man birds were chatting together about the Juneberry tree and its pleasant fruit. Very softly did Ra-wen-io let himself down on a twig beside the Oyahgee men. They looked up in surprise and saw before them another bird, like unto themselves, but duller and looking ruffled as if storm-beaten.

"Welcome to our tree," chirped one Oyahgee bird.

"Come join our party," sang the other.

"Glad you came, tsee, tsee, tsee," sang the first cheerily.

"Have a berry, tsee, tsee, tsee," said the second.

The air resounded with the whir of soft brown wings, and soon Ra-wen-io found himself surrounded by more than a hundred other Oyahgee birds, all bent on helping him find food and entertainment. All of them bowed to him very politely, and all asked if he needed anything that they could give.

"I thank you," said Ra-wen-io. "I have need only

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for your friendship, and these berries which I give you will tell you how much I have enjoyed my visit." At this he created a bunch of the most delicious berries ever made in the world, and passed them to the bird next to him. This bird took a deep breath and smelled the sweet perfume of the berries, but resisting the temptation to devour them immediately, he passed them on to the next bird, who was entranced with the color. He, too, resisted the temptation to eat them, and passed them on, and so did every other bird, until they came back to Ra-wen-io.

"Eat those wonderful berries," caroled the Oyahgee bird. "Eat, for these berries are the finest we have ever seen. Eat, for never have better berries ever passed by my lips!" And the smiling bird bowed his head and sang, "Tsee, tsee, tsee."

So Ra-wen-io ate his berries and told the Oyahgee birds that wherever good berries grew they should have their share, at which all the birds sang "Tsee, tsee, tsee," which was their way of being happy, and then they all nodded to Ra-wen-io.

Then spoke Ra-wen-io again: "My friends, the Oyahgee birds, you have taken pity on me and given me pleasant hospitality. You have been very cheerful and uttered no word of complaint. You see me as a strange brown bird, but even so, I have some power over things that you do not see. Tell me what you would like and I will give it to you."

Up spoke the first bird who had welcomed him, saying, "O stranger, we are very homely birds, and of all the feather folk we are the most modest. We

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have no color and no adornment. We would like to be like the flowers that Ra-wen-io made, but not so bright."

"So you would be happier with fine clothes?" asked Ra-wen-io, well knowing that the birds did not know who he was.

"Yes," came the answer. "We would like fine clothes, but not too fine. We would like good scalp locks, too, but not so very long. We just wish to look neat and clean and bright, but not too bright."

"What you ask shall be given," said Ra-wen-io in a strong mellow voice that sounded loud to the birds. With open-eyed wonder they saw the little brown bird whom they had fed grow very bright until he was brilliant like the sunshine, and then he turned into a shining man. But the birds were not a bit afraid. They knew that he was a friend.

"As you have wished out of good hearts, so let your wish come true," spoke Ra-wen-io. "Behold how beautiful and trim you have become, and behold your crested heads!"

The Oyahgee birds all looked at each other and saw that they had been changed to birds of trim form, covered by sleek feathers of the softest shades. They were very happy indeed, and began to chant a song of thanksgiving that lulled Ra-wen-io to sleep, for he was very tired.

Smiling at the Oyahgee birds and thanking them for their kindness, Ra-wen-io lay down beneath a Juneberry tree, but as his cheek touched the ground

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it was pierced by the thorns of a spiny plant, which made the blood run in large red drops. He sprang up, and as he did, all the Oyagee birds began to twitter in pity for his torn cheek. One by one they came to him and pressed their pretty new wings against his skin to stanch the flow of blood, and each bore away on his wing feathers the red blood drops. Soon the cheek was healed and Ra-wen-io said, "My Oyahgee birds, your kindness has restored me."

The birds looked at each other and nodded their heads, saying "Tsee, tsee, tsee! We hope you are better."

"And that all the world may remember that the kindness of your wings healed my pierced cheek," came the pleasant voice of Ra-wen-io, "my blood drops shall congeal upon your feathers and become as wax. This shall ever remind all my creatures that Ra-wen-io does not forget his friends."

All the Oyahgee birds were overjoyed that Ra-wen-io's cheek had been healed, and forever after they kept themselves clean and sleek, honoring their waxen-tipped wings as badges of their friendship with the ruffled brown guest who had become the Shining One and had made them beautiful.

"Tell me another," begged Skunny Wundy, his eyes open wide.

"I will tell another," replied Rumbling Wings, "for the morrow is the day of the feast when we offer praise to Ra-wen-io for his great gifts to mankind."

"I shall join the feast," said Skunny Wundy,

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handing a cup of cold water to the story-teller, that his voice might be clear.

"Because of this water, I shall tell the tale known to the sages and wise men by the name of 'The Tear-drop of Ra-wen-io.'"

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"Why should we whom the Creator has made of one blood war upon ourselves?" Rumbling Wings.

THERE was once an arrow maker of Nunda Waga, who lived between two long lakes, and his name was known far and wide as Flaming Dart. He guarded his lodge, set well back in the pines, with panthers and bears he had tamed. No man dared approach to steal the bags of arrows hidden there.

Flaming Dart was rich—rich beyond the dreams of all the forest people, for he and his workers in flint had stored up many finely chipped points of chert, jasper, and chalcedony. These they traded far and near, for peltries of fox, deer, beaver, and marten.

The old arrow maker had a strange power of taming both men and beasts, making them serve him faithfully, and this made his workers loyal to his command. Perhaps, too, they were satisfied with the meat and maize that was always ready and well cooked, and

[1]This is the legend of the famous Indian spring near Canoga on Cayuga Lake not far from Seneca Falls, N.Y.

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with their garments of softly tanned skins and furs. At any rate, the men worked at their chipping of arrowheads, spearheads, and knives, and the beasts guarded the clearing in the evergreens, and prowlers speedily took to their heels.

Now, the truth of the matter is this: In the dim distant past, when the Good Mind and the Bad Mind had their war, Good Mind overcame Bad Mind and cut his flesh deeply, casting him into a pit and making him live in the under-earth with his wicked monsters. Good Mind then picked up the heart of ice which he had torn from the Bad Mind, and flung it far to the north, where it made mighty icebergs and barren wastes of snow and ice. In the flight of the heart, blood flowed from it and turned into flint, for it soaked down into the rocks and became stone. Thereafter, for many great sun cycles, men made sharp things of flint with which to pierce and cut the flesh of their fellow creatures. Arrows and spears are nothing but chips from the blood of the Bad Mind, and in them he takes his revenge upon all that is good.

When Flaming Dart became an arrow maker he knew that he must secure a great charm, and so he went away into the hills of stone to fast and have his dreams of magic. Long he went without food and drank but little water. He mumbled his incantations and made his sacrifices to the heart of the Bad Mind, for such must be done by those who seek to make weapons that spill blood.

In due time Flaming Dart became drowsy and sank into a deep sleep. When he awoke he saw a stranger at his side. The stranger at first spoke not, but kept

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unwrapping a bundle, which seemingly had endless wrappings about it. When the bundle had been reduced to the size of a man's head, he held it in his arms and said:

"Flaming Dart, my name is Conflict. You have called me from my realm, demanding a charm. I have brought you the greatest known to man, but you must first promise me your life as my recompense."

"My life I will give for the charm," answered Flaming Dart, wonder filling his eyes.

"Then take this bundle and unwrap the coverings that hide the crystal."

Flaming Dart with eager hands tore off the wrappings, finding inside a beautiful crystal, clear and dazzling. "What is this wonderful thing?" he gasped, for the stone was more beautiful than anything he had ever beheld, and its scintillations quite hurt his eyes.

"The crystal is the tear of Ra-wen-io, the Good Mind," replied Conflict. "It is a mighty charm, for whatever comes of the Good Mind is good."

"How came this teardrop to fall into your possession?" persisted Flaming Dart.

"It fell upon the earth when Good Mind overcame his brother," answered Conflict. "It turned into a white crystal and remained concealed for thousands of sun cycles, until at length it was discovered by the first maker of spears and arrow points. Since then we of the bands of our master the Bad Mind have guarded it."

"Flaming Dart will now guard it," replied the

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arrow maker. "With it I shall achieve wealth and power. My arrows and darts shall be the best in the world and be keen-tipped to kill."

"It is now yours as long as you live," explained Conflict. "It comes back to me when you die."

"But when shall I die?"

"When you thirst for water and cannot get it; then shall you die."

"I shall never thirst," replied Flaming Dart, "for I live by a lake, and its waters never fail."

"Then bury the crystal deep at the foot of a hill; there make your lodge and chip your flints," said Conflict. "So long as you dwell near that dazzling stone, so long you will prosper."

With these directions, Flaming Dart made a feast and then departed for his home country. In the clearing back from the pines he reared his lodges, there he concealed his brilliant crystal, and there he set men and beasts to guard the spot.

His traders went to distant towns and to wild tribes, trading the arrows and darts for many fine things, and these were heaped in treasure chests as the means with which to buy whole nations and all their chiefs who should do Flaming Dart's bidding. In this manner he soon ruled many lands and powerful tribes bowed to his word, though they never saw his face.

It was then, when men were fighting and making war everywhere, when nation set upon nation, just to use the arrow points which Flaming Dart made, that a voice was heard crying strange news.

Word spread everywhere that Ha-yo-went-ha, the

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godly seer, had communed with the Good Mind and had set forth to roam the earth proclaiming a message of peace. This made Flaming Dart exceedingly angry, and he sought to trap the godly seer, by stealth or by bribes.

Luck was with Flaming Dart when he heard from his spies that the seer was on his way. Surely now panthers and bears would tear him to pieces, or warriors would kill him before he reached the hidden spot. Mighty luck was it that brought the man of peace into the den of the maker of wars, thought Flaming Dart exultingly.

Thus came the prophet of peace, all unaware that death stalked the greenwood and aimed its darts from the branches of trees. On he came, singing his chants and crying aloud, "Peace, my brethren! Why should we whom the Creator has made of one blood make war upon ourselves?" And at this Flaming Dart smiled an evil smile. *Why?* So that *he* might sell his arrows for the wealth of nations and then let them welter in their folly. Flaming Dart had the wisdom of the Bad Mind, and, filled with such thoughts, he waited the coming of Ha-yo-went-ha.

Spies told of his passing in safety the path where skillful bowmen had shot a cloud of deadly darts, not one of which had hit its mark; more spies told how the godly seer had walked and talked with ferocious beasts that had been set upon him, and still more spies hastened to Flaming Dart, crying, "We cannot kill him, for when we look upon him our hearts melt."

"Disloyal and cowardly!" screamed Flaming Dart,

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enraged. And he struck them down without mercy, then sank to his seat of soft marten skins, to growl with fuming anger.

Calling through the wilderness came the words of a song, clear and mellow as if from a voice that the spirits had trained to give utterance. "Peace, my brother! The Creator has made all of us, and by peace shall we know the Creator's will." So came the voice, and soon the form of the godly seer came into sight.

"I have sought afar for you, O Flaming Dart," cried out Ha-yo-went-ha. "I have come from the council fire of the Mother of Nations, and now I greet you, my brother."

"Begone, uninvited one," raged Flaming Dart. "Peace is the art of fools and weaklings; war is the game of men."

"Then, my brother," responded the godly seer, "then the ways of the Good Mind must be wrong, for by peace your own body lives. If your body makes war upon itself, then do you perish. No, you are wrong and I would bring you light."

"I am not wrong," growled Flaming Dart, springing up and grasping his war ax.

"Then let you be at war with yourself," said Ha-yo-went-ha patiently.

Immediately Flaming Dart was torn with pain, and his limbs trembled, then refused to support him. Down he fell upon the earth, groaning and sweating drops of blood that turned into flinty pebbles where they fell, even as did the Bad Mind in that ancient day.

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"Let me have peace!" cried Flaming Dart. "Give me peace and take what good you will and depart. I do not need you."

"But I need you, my brother," answered the godly seer. "I need all my brethren, for they are as parts of a single body that ought to work together to do the Creator's will."

"I will have naught of your words," rasped the harsh voice of Flaming Dart, his throat cracking with a parching thirst, and his tongue swelling thick and black.

"Be it as you have spoken," said Ha-yo-went-ha sadly. "Be it even as you have said. The servant of war dies a hard death, and ye shall now cease to live, for you could not live unless the Creator willed it."

"He has nothing to do with it," fumed the unhappy man. "My god is a god of war, and him only I have faithfully served."

Upon hearing this Ha-yo-went-ha wept a great flood of tears and said, "Alas, my brother, farewell. Your own mouth has spoken your doom."

At this Flaming Dart opened his lips and a flame burst forth that enwrapped him, so that his whole body was covered with a red blaze. As he writhed and twisted he shrieked, "Water, give me water, cold water!"

"Take of yourself the water before you," answered the godly seer.

"I cannot," wailed the maker of wars. "Let it be you who serve me, for my arms will not move, my legs forsake me, and only my voice remains. Oh, give me water, for yours are the hands of peace."

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"Has your heart suffered a change?" questioned the seer.

"No!" roared the arrow maker, and as he spoke this, another flame came from his throat, and with it a cloud of smoke.

"Then I cannot serve you," answered Ha-yo-went-ha. "Peace can no longer give life to war, lest it deny itself."

When Flaming Dart's body was a mass of flame, his spirit passed out and Conflict came again to receive him unto himself and claim his reward. When Conflict appeared he loudly demanded the crystal, the nearness to which had given Flaming Dart power, but Ha-yo-went-ha interposed, saying, "The tear of the Good Mind is now planted into the body of Earth by War, and there it shall remain to weep for all mankind. You shall have it no longer, for henceforth the servants of Peace shall guard it."

And, as he spoke, the godly seer stamped his foot upon the ground, and where his heel struck a deep hollow was formed. He then uttered the mystic word —the word for which men of all ages have sought, but could not find, having War in their hearts. At the sound of the Word, the earth opened and the gleaming crystal became exposed, shedding a radiance all about and making the face of the godly seer shine.

When the crystal came into view it opened its heart and poured forth a pellucid stream of crystalline water, which gushed in such abundance that a rivulet was born. Flaming Dart saw it not, for he was now but ashes, and his soul had been gathered by Con-

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flict and taken deep into the realm of the one who makes lost souls forever plan to kill their kind.

"Here shall a remembrance be," spoke the godly seer to the servants of Flaming Dart, who gathered about in silent impotence, having lost their master. "This spring of water shall ever flow to remind men and nations that the eye of the Good Mind forever weeps for the wars that men have waged. Moreover, whoso drinks of these waters shall be given clean thoughts, strong bodies, good purposes, and godly desires, and whoso knows and believes my message shall see the crystal that is the teardrop of Ra-wen-io."

When he had so spoken, Ha-yo-went-ha departed for the council at On-on Da-ga, where he told the assembled sachems of his conquest of Flaming Dart. He proclaimed to them the dawn of peace, and called all nations together to unite as one great family of brother friends, promising that whosoever sat beneath the Tree of Peace and drank of the Spring of the Teardrop should gain wisdom and power, for they should have new hearts filled with the love of their fellow men.

In this manner all the Men of Men, even the four brother nations of the Nunda Waga, learned of the ever-flowing Spring of the Teardrop at Canoga, and often they made pilgrimages there to drink of the waters and to talk of peace. Na-hoh!

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"When pursuer pauses for pleasure, pursued will wear a new pelt." Rumbling Wings.

O BROTHER Skunny Wundy," pleaded Waynie Aanie.

"What may my mother's daughter, even Waynie Aanie, desire?" asked the young Chief of Onagee as he straightened out his fish lines of spun butterfly-weed silk.

"The season of the great white cold is before us," replied the maiden. "My greatest desire is for a fine fur for a winter cape. Last season my neck was chilled because my protection was but a cover of two worn-out rabbitskins. Such was the ornament I had, and it did not befit the sister of so renowned a chief as Skunny Wundy. This year, therefore, it is my hope that my mother's son may secure for me a splendid skin of shiny fur, suitable for one not easily satisfied."

"My ears have heard your desire, noble maiden," replied Skunny Wundy. "My pride is touched, but I have no hunger to hunt bears." And he returned to his task of fastening a bone hook on his line. "I am after catfish to-day—those slaty swimmers that

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stabbed Moose, as it was told of old," he explained.

"I implore the witness of wisdom," went on Waynie Aanie, "that it is not the skin of a bear that I most desire, but something finer, softer, and more fitting for such as you may call your sister." As she spoke a tear trickled down her ruddy cheek, but if the youthful chief saw it, he did not betray the fact.

"I go a-fishing," he announced. "Perhaps I may catch a fish with fur like unto those caught by Chief Wander-Far in the White North, where ice continually resides."

"I hear your words," replied the maid. "But if you depart for fish, I go with you, and all the advice to make me stay will but urge me on."

"Kickery!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy. "Come on and keep still."

Down the trail to the old fishing hole tramped the two, the youth well in advance of the maid, and both watching with double sharp eyes for panthers, thorns, and deep mud holes, all of which are bad medicine, this day or that.

Now, it is said by wise men, and realized by the foolish, that if one keeps at a thing long enough the end of it will be seen. This was true of the trail to the fishing place in the river. It had an end, and the two travelers found it by the time they were hungry. Skunny Wundy, therefore, began to scout quietly along, not even snapping a twig beneath his soft-soled moccasins, for the good reason that he did not step on twigs when danger was near. Danger? Yes, for here, at this place, were the deep holes covered with

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twigs, which the young chief had dug as animal traps. Animals might be in those holes, and though one might fall in and be trapped, its anger at the sound of the trapper's foot might cause it to gain the strength to spring out and devour him, but failing in this the creature would live on the wood mice that fell in—that is, live until the trapper came with his bludgeon.

One trip around proved that no four-foot had been deceived into his traps, and so Skunny Wundy sought out that other place where finny game schooled, the hole in the river into which he had cast porous bags of earthworms to attract the swimmers. It was the spot that he called "the fish basket," because it was always full, but only he knew the secret of its location.

Skunny Wundy now lifted his bag of fishing tackle from his shoulder. Then he picked a pole from a hiding place against the trunk of a tree; to this he fastened his line. Next he baited his hook with a muck worm well rubbed with "swog," a magical oil that made fish eager to bite. And just a word more about the inside of that bag. In it, besides his hooks and tackle, was a ball made of loosely woven nettle stalks and filled with something crumbly. Waynie Aanie knew nothing of this, nor did any other mere mortal save the youthful chief of Onagee Town.

We can now forget the inside of the bag and the things inside the bag, for Skunny Wundy went fishing, and we must know how he fared. With a muck worm well covered with swog, and a line that would not break, the young chief slung his hook into the depths of the darksome pool. There was an instant response;

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the line drew taut, the pole bent, and Skunny Wundy pulled, and drew, and played at the line. Then, with a skillful twist and a jerk, he drew forth a catfish that flew through the air and struck the ground with a grunt. It looked like the chief of the finny tribe, so big was it.

Once again the hook was baited, and once again it was oiled and cast. Again the pole bent under the weight of a monster, swimming away. Skunny Wundy drew, and he pulled and he tugged, but the fish steadily swam on, pulling Skunny Wundy along the bank and nearly into the swirling drink. Skill again came into play, and the fisherman won. A monster fish lay panting and spreading its gills upon the forest mold. It looked like the chief of the finny tribe, so big was it; and there could scarcely be one larger—but hold!

Once again the hook was baited, and once again oiled and cast. No sooner did the enticing bait sink beneath the surface than it was seized. Very gradually did the line tighten, and then it began to pull, easily at first, and then insistently. Skunny Wundy held the pole fast, as with the grip of a panther, but it was as if he were holding to a pole drawn by a giant. He staggered, he dug in his heels, but he was drawn along the slippery clay bank as a babe over ice. And just then the lad of Onagee tripped upon a root and dove head foremost into the twisting wet of the river Jen-ne-see. There was a maiden's scream as he went down into the darkness beneath the surface, for Skunny Wundy was out of sight.

"Oh, the big fish will devour my mother's son,"

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wailed Waynie Aanie. At this she began to weave a grass canoe that she might cast it into the river with a wish for her brother's safety. But scarcely had she begun than she saw a fish begin to rise above the river and float in midair. Next she saw that it was held up by a sturdy arm, and next she saw Skunny Wundy walk up on the shoals, where the river widened and the riffles began.

"How did you catch him?" exclaimed the maid.

"I wound up the line until I came to his head; then I grabbed him, and now you see him." So spake the young chief, casting the fish upon the forest mold. It looked like the chief of the finny tribe, so big was it; and there could scarcely be one larger, for in length it was the length of the young chief, and its fighting horn was long and cruel. Indeed, it might have been the chief of fishes, had not Skunny Wundy cast again.

Away through the air swished the hook, and then splashed into the water. Down it went, and still down. Skunny Wundy pulled, but it was as if a puppy were tugging against the fringe of a warrior's legging. To the edge of the stream staggered the young fisherman, and then with a quiver he went over the bank like an arrow shot from a marksman's bow. Deep did he sink, and there were bubbles to betray his location, and twice and, yea, thrice they came up in the same spot. Again the maiden screamed and began to weave the grass canoe that her wish for her brother's safety might be accomplished. But scarcely had she begun her weaving when up came a wet head and then two arms, spread far apart. With a leg stroke,

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Skunny Wundy swam ashore, his arms still far apart.

"Did you catch him?" gasped the maid.

"No," replied her brother. "I did not catch him, but he was double *that long*, and he got away. I measured him *so* with my arms."

"Huh!" exclaimed the maid, "he might have been the chief of fishes, and now we will never, never see him."

"Don't say 'we,'" responded Skunny Wundy tartly. "Say 'I,' for I have seen him, and *we* is but I-I, and one of us I's has seen him, and he is as long as you standing on my head."

"In that case I will never know how long that fish was," laughed the maid, "for I cannot stand upon your head."

"Kickery!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy. "You have most truly spoken, for you can neither stand upon my head nor upon your own, and you had better not try either, facetious maid!"

"In that case," responded she, "the time for cooking fish has come, for the philosophers say that an angry fisherman can only be filled with joy when he is filled with fish."

"In that case," retorted the fisherman, "you may gather the faggots while I fashion the fire."

Thereupon did the maid depart for a tall hemlock where dead branches might be broken off, and thereupon Skunny Wundy began to use his fire bow and spindle, twisting it upon a slab of dry cedar to make a glow which might be cast upon red cedar bark and blown to a flame. But scarcely had the spindle created a smoke when there was a piercing shriek and the

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voice of Waynie Aanie rang out. "Save me, Skunny Wundy, save me, for a big bobcat is after me!" So screamed the maiden's voice.

As was so often the case, Skunny Wundy had no weapons with him, but as the testimony of tradition tells to this time, he never forgot his wits. They remained always within his place of thinking, beneath his black thatch.

At this point in the tale, you may again remember the inside of the fishing bag and the ball made of loosely woven nettle stalks filled with something crumbly. Skunny Wundy grasped this potent charm and ran toward the sound of distress. Soon did he see his sister running madly from a half-grown bob kitten, but so shrilly did the maiden shriek that the kitten was reluctant to pursue, and fell fright is a mean master, and follows the pursued long after the pursuer has ceased his pursuit.

Skunny Wundy knew this, and with a few swift strides placed himself between the bob kitten and his sister. Then to his own alarm he noticed that the mother bobcat, with snarling lips, was closely upon her kitten's heels, her eyes intent upon the fleeing maid. Fierce and unrelenting is the urge to kill when a bobcat nurses kittens.

The young chief took in the situation, a single glance being sufficient, and then he let his sister run as fast as she would, for he observed that she was running toward the river, which after all was a safe refuge, for cats dislike swimming—but so did Waynie Aanie. As for Skunny Wundy, not wishing to be attacked, he began a stealthy retreat. His sole idea

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was to find a secure hiding place where the murderous cat might not see him.

On stalked the big bobcat, snarling and leaping after the maid. Soon it was past its kitten and pressing upon the fleeing footsteps of the girl, whose brother had now safely hidden himself. With a series of swift bounds the creature came within springing distance, and in a moment would leap upon its victim. Another forest tragedy was imminent.

With an unerring aim, Skunny Wundy now threw his magic ball directly toward the big cat. It struck the smooth ground right under her nose and sent a puff of pungent dust into her nostrils, then rolled on just a bit faster than the cat could follow. On it rolled toward the pile of fish.

The bobcat now smelled the new source of attraction, for no wildcat is ever so wild that she is not wilder about catfish, dead or alive, but, still, that rolling ball interested her most, and she was wildest of all to just get at it and maul it for what it might mean. On she pounced, capering and leaping as if laughing inside with an itch that tickled her funny bone. Away rolled the bewitching ball, and bobcat after it, until it stopped short and nestled up on a pile of soft twigs, where it spun around, sending forth a bewildering fragrance.

Bobcat now gave a wild "arough" and leaped upon the ball, but as she did, the twigs gave way and she fell into a deep hole. It was one of Skunny Wundy's animal traps.

Skunny Wundy went back into the forest and picked up Bob Kitten, holding it by the nape of the

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neck, just so, to prevent it from scratching. Running up to Waynie Aanie, he laughed, "Here, daughter of my mother, here is the tender little kitten which frightened you so. I have its mother in a deep pit. Next winter you shall have your greatest desire, a cape befitting the sister of the young chief of Onagee."

"Then you were not frightened away into hiding!" exclaimed the girl.

"Frightened not at all," said he. "I was merely looking for a place where my making of magic might not be seen."

"But I saw something fly through the air and the bobcat run after it. After that Bobcat forgot me and capered like its own kitten."

"Yes, maid of Onagee, it was my magic ball."

Waynie Aanie now stuck her tongue in her cheek and rolled her eyes. "A-yea," said she, "what was in that magic ball?"

"Catnip," responded her gallant brother.

"Huh!" she answered, forgetting her rescue. "Magic isn't much, is it?"

"That depends," was all he would say. Na-hoh!

And when the record of this adventure had been made on scrolls of bark, and then stowed away by Whooping Crane, Rumbling Wings fumbled with a trophy that lay hidden in his pouch of tales.

"I have here a story that was told of old," he began. "It has not been heard for a thousand moons, which reminds me that I must exact a promise before I tell this tale."

"What is it?" asked Skunny Wundy.

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"Promise that you will never put cherry stones in my beans."

"I promise," affirmed Skunny Wundy, whereupon Rumbling Wings told the tale of "Cuckoo, Klink, and Buddy Wink."

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"When you can't push over your troubles, gnaw them down from the inside." Rumbling Wings.

NOW it happened that once under the shining sun there lived in the town of Ja-da-qua, ruled over by grand Chief Cuckoo, two brother friends, one large and one small. Klink was the larger one and Buddy Wink the smaller. It was Klink who had bestowed the added title "buddy."

This odd pair were always together, and whenever a bully tried to tease his Buddy Wink, Klink would give him a sound thrashing, and this protection made Buddy Wink bolder in his actions than he should have been. Left alone he would not have dared to tease old Chief Cuckoo, but feeling that Klink would fight for him, he did something dreadful.

It all happened this way: Chief Cuckoo, who was grumpy and mean, had no wife, and so he did all his

[1]This is a tale of Chautauqua Lake where once stood a hamlet of the Nunda Waga nation.

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own cooking. This he performed on a flat stone, blackened and smeary from long use. On this stone he fried all that he ate, from hominy mush to mullets and squabs. It was a habit of Cuckoo to doze off while his food was frying, and when he awoke the fire would be out and his food cool enough to eat. But he often waxed angry at queer things that happened while he slept. Squirrels would chew the shells of hard nuts and drop the gritty shell dust down upon his hominy, or pitch would drop from the pines and fall upon his fried squirrel, giving the meat a terrible flavor.

Buddy Wink had seen Cuckoo storm, when his cooking went wrong, and he had danced with joy at the old chief's rage. It was fun to see him jump and whoop and call the squirrels wicked names. Thus it was that, on a certain day in the moon-of-falling-leaves, Cuckoo put a heap of boiled beans on his blackened slab to bake. Going to sleep as usual, he nodded his head and snored.

Buddy Wink passed by and saw the beans. He looked at Cuckoo and began to snicker. Then he crept very softly to the gravel bank and picked up two fistfuls of little yellow pebbles. Tiptoeing back, he dropped the pebbles into the baking beans and stirred them well into the mass. Luckily, Cuckoo dozed on, and Buddy Wink crawled into a bush to watch the fun.

The fire died down and the sleeping chief began to move. One eye opened and then the other. The savory odor of well-roasted beans greeted him. Umm, what could be better for a hungry chief? Up he leaped,

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grasping his wooden food bowl and scraping the beans into it. Then he sat down beneath his tree and began to eat the beans, scooping them up with a big wooden spoon, having a bird carved on the end of its handle. Wide opened his mouth, and snap went his teeth. All was well so far.

Then came the second mouthful, wherein wide opened his jaws, and snap went his teeth again. But this time his satisfied eyes gleamed with an angry light.

"Wough!" he roared, leaping up and holding both hands to his jaw, "Wough, wough, wough!" He had bitten down upon some of the pebbles that looked like beans.

"If I catch the boy who put stones in my beans, I will make him sorry, wough, ver-ry sor-ry!" he roared. "I'll catch him, I'll catch him!"

Still rubbing his jaw, and picking out pieces of a broken tooth, he began to rush here and there, looking for some victim for his wrath. Suddenly, his keen roving eye caught a glimpse of a boy coming down the trail from the council house. He now hid behind a great pine and waited, as on came the boy.

Klink was unaware of what had happened, but having a great joke to tell Buddy Wink, he came down the path looking for him. His buddy must share in the fun about Grandma Star's earring, which she had lost and now found in a fish. Ha-hah! And Klink burst right out laughing, just as a long muscular arm reached out from behind the pine and grabbed him by the shoulder.

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"Wough! I've got you now. You will laugh at me for your tricks, will you? Well, I am chief around here, and you've got to be punished."

"What did I do?" inquired Klink, looking over his shoulder and spying Buddy Wink making violent motions from behind a bush. "Yes, what did I do?" he went on.

"You put pebbles in my beans, that's what you did."

"Oh, no, I didn't. It was your own magic that did that."

"Don't you dare call me a wizard," snapped Cuckoo.

"Well, you are, and I am going to tell everybody, and then they will drive you out of town and make you roam the woods with the wolves, and maybe worse," taunted Klink.

"Well, now that I've got you, I'll keep you tied up," growled Cuckoo.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Keep you here until you do some black magic, so you'll be driven off for conjuring pebbles into my beans. Oh, my poor tooth!"

"What have I got to do?

"You must make magic by which that tall elm will fall over when the moon wanes," roared Cuckoo. "If you don't I'll punish you by banishment to the land of the hated tribe of Bloody Heads."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all. You must walk right up to the tree and push it over, while the whole tribe looks on. If you don't do it, I shall send you away; if you do do

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it, the tribe shall try you as a wizard of black magic. You *will* put stones in my beans, will you!"

The word went around the village, and soon Klink found many visitors gawking at his plight, as he sat in his prisoner tree, tied by stout straps, for thus did Cuckoo hold his hostages and those upon whom he heaped his fury.

"He's got to knock over the tree," said one villager.

"How'll he do it?" asked another.

"Well, he will do it," piped up the voice of Buddy Wink. "I know Klink, and I know he will do it."

"How does it come that you know so much about it?" growled Cuckoo, coming forward. "Don't know anything about stones in my beans, do you?"

"Well, why shouldn't I? You've told the whole world about them," answered Buddy Wink. "Humph, you don't even *know* that Klink did it; you're a fine Chief of Ja-da-qua."

"All the people of Ja-da-qua will tell about *that* three nights hence, when Klink obeys what I say or suffers banishment to the land of Bloody Heads."

Buddy Wink now paused under the prisoner tree and looked up at his chum. "I did it," he whispered.

"I know it," answered Klink.

"I am going to tell that I did it," whispered back Buddy Wink. "I've got to get you out of this scrape."

"Don't tell you did it, I caution you," sharply reproved Klink, "but go tell Glinting Sun and have him help you find a way of escape."

Now it happened that Glinting Sun was a visitor in Ja-da-qua, having come over the hills to the lake to fish. He was a genial chief from Gus-tan-go, and he

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listened with a sober face as Buddy Wink told of the plight of his friend. Then he stroked his chin and laughed.

"Hoh!" chuckled he, "I will fix everything, and great sport shall we have. You must do as I say and all will be well." And, thereupon, he outlined a plan of escape.

That night Buddy Wink took a queer bundle and climbed up a rope that had been thrown over a limb of the great elm. Once on top of the limb he looked around for a cavity, and, finding it, he dropped the rope into the hole of the hollow tree. Down he went with his bundle, and opened it at the bottom. Then he rubbed a big chunk of fat in a ring all around inside of the tree. This done he climbed up the rope, drew it out of the hole, and threw the end down to the ground. In this manner he descended, and crept back to his lodge, to dream of adventures.

The next night he repeated his strange journey up and into the tree, this time taking a tiny ax with him. Up he came with a smile, and went to bed again.

On the third night he again entered the tree and stayed there until he heard the sound of drums outside. By this he knew that Chief Cuckoo had called for a dance, and that presently the whole town would cluster about the tree, awaiting the magical push of Klink. Buddy Wink climbed up out of the hollow, and then down to the ground. He grasped the long rawhide rope and fastened it to a big boulder, perched on the edge of the lake bank. He whistled, and three warriors slid from the gloom. "We're here," they said.

"All is well," answered Buddy Wink. "Now, then,

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when you hear the crowd yell, 'Klink can't do it,' you pry those poles under that rock and roll it into the lake. For this you each get a grand wampum belt."

"Let's see the belts now," grumbled the men.

"I don't lug around wampum belts," retorted Buddy Wink. "You'll get them when the ceremony is over."

"Ugh!" grunted the men.

It was not long before fires flared up in the space under the tall elm. The people now clustered about to see the great sight of the night. Never before had a lad been challenged to push down a tree. It was odd that such an idea had popped into Cuckoo's head, but then, his head was a bit odd.

Out came poor Klink, gaunt and cramped from his hunger and discomfort. Never before had he been tied in the branches of a tree, and he had suffered not a little.

"Come along and push over the tree," growled Cuckoo, pushing poor Klink into the circle of curious sightseers. "Go ahead and push down that tree."

Klink gave the tree a furtive push, having no faith that he could do it at all.

"Push, try to push!" cried out Cuckoo, grinning in an evil manner.

"I think I will blow it over," groaned out Klink, with a hopeless sort of laugh.

"*Klink can't do it*," came the roar from the mob, and at that Klink mockingly blew upon the tree, and then laughingly shouted, "Go over, you tree; what is the matter with you? Will you answer me?"

"Creak, creak, snap, snap!" answered the tree.

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"That's right," shouted Klink, noting that the tree actually trembled. "You fall over now!"

Then a wonderful thing happened. There was a booming splash in the lake, and, with a splintering crash, over tumbled the tree, tossing its tall plumes over the lake shore and into the water. Klink, who had stood at the base of the tree, saw a frightened porcupine leap out of the hole of the hollow tree and speed off into the darkness, but everyone else was too astonished to note this occurrence.

"Great is Klink!" shouted the people.

"He's an evil wizard," screamed Cuckoo.

"We'll elect him chief," shouted the people. "Cuckoo can't push down trees."

"Cuckoo doesn't know anything," shouted Buddy Wink. "He didn't even know that I put the stones in his beans. He punished Klink for it."

"Served Cuckoo right to have stones in his beans," shouted all the women of the tribe, "We'll elect you second chief to help Klink."

"Ee-yo-ha!" shouted the warriors, agreeing.

"Let Cuckoo begone for making trouble without cause and for punishing our chief," shouted the headmen of the village.

When Cuckoo had slunk off into the forest, Klink took Buddy Wink around the waist, and the two sauntered off into the bushes.

"How'd you do it?" whispered Klink.

"Glinting Sun told me to take a porcupine into the tree," answered Buddy Wink. "He said if I smeared the grease of deer fat in a ring around the inside of the tree that the porcupine would chew the wood until

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all the grease was gone. I greased the tree every day, and then helped cut the inside of the tree with my big flint ax. Porky and I had the tree cut through clear to the bark."

"But what was that splash?"

"Oh, that was the warriors of Glinting Sun throwing over the boulder that was tied to the rope that was tied to the tree. It helped pull the tree the right way, as its weight broke the bark."

"Well, you *are* my Buddy Wink," replied Klink.

"Nobody dare say not," answered Buddy Wink, "but just now we must rummage old Cuckoo's boxes of treasures. There are three warriors who want wampum belts."

So that's how forever after Klink was called Cuckoo Klink—because he had taken the place of the grouchy Cuckoo and become chief. And for many years this tale was told wherever boys were friends. Na-hoh!

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"When a lazy man counts his effort he has worked harder to avoid honest toil than the patient plodder." Rumbling Wings.

THERE was once a lazy boy named Twent-go-nyah, who was the sole support of an old mother. Twent, as he was called for short, was too lazy to hunt game or to help in the garden, but he was always prompt at meal time.

Twent often wandered around in the woods looking for good places to curl up and sleep, and, on a certain occasion, he found a fine mossy bed under a low-branching tree by the river bank. Here it was cool and shady. It was a comfortable spot to seek when his mother scolded too much, for scold she did when Twent would do no work. Of course Twent thought this very unjust.

So for a whole moon Twent rolled around on the moss and ate roots that the river had washed out, only going home to eat supper and to stay for the night.

One evening, just as the sun was going down over the hills, and Twent was on his way home, a strange

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man came toward him and said, "Strength be to you, Twent, I am your friend; come to my house to-morrow. There you will find good things to eat and a fine place to sleep." Then he disappeared.

Twent thought this strange, for he had never seen the man before, and he wondered how he knew his name. Where could he live, and where did he go so suddenly? Twent was perplexed.

The next day Twent went back to his mossy bank, hoping to puzzle out the mystery of the stranger and his invitation. He noticed that his bed was heavier with moss than before, and that the blossoms on the trees were more fragrant, and that the birds sang with greater sweetness. Ah, this was a fine place for Twent!

Twent was about to curl up and take his morning doze when he noticed something unusual in the shadows of the trees. He rose on his elbow and looked. To his amazement he saw a bark dwelling. He then sat bolt upright and stared at the place. Sure enough, it was a bark lodge, and the finest that Twent had ever seen. Its poles were painted red and yellow, the bark lay neat and smooth and the smoke curled out of the roof opening in a perfect spiral, sending forth fragrant incense.

Twent now stood up and took a better look. Why, there was a neatly swept path leading from his very feet to the lodge. Indeed, when Twent looked down he saw a new pair of moccasins, having embroidered upon them Twent's own clan sign, which meant that he might put them on. Of course, he lost no time in putting on the beautiful moccasins, for his own were old and dirty.

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Twent now walked with a sprightly step to the house, and just as he neared the threshold who should emerge but the stranger who had invited him the night before!

"My friend," said Twent, "I did not know that this house was here. I never saw it before."

"Come in," answered the stranger. "This is where I live. My house has stood here for many years, and I am astonished that you have not seen it before."

"No, I never saw it," said Twent truthfully.

"We will not mind that," answered the stranger. "You may call me Soji. It is now time that we should eat, Twent."

"I am ready, Soji," answered Twent, with a hungry twinge.

Soji thereupon went to his storage shelf and took down a bark bowl of red pine rot, such as is found inside an old pine log. He threw this in his corn mortar and pounded it into a fine meal, just like that used by women to color their faces. Mixing this with water from the swamp, Soji declared that the meal was ready.

Twent looked at the mess with disgust, but it smelled so good that he took a taste. To his surprise it was better than any food he had ever eaten. He devoured the entire bowl and smacked his lips with delight.

"This is delicious, Soji," exclaimed Twent. "How I would like to take some of this to my mother, who so frequently scolds me for not bringing game to the lodge. Will you prepare a bowlful for me?"

"O my friend," answered Soji, "there is no need for that. You know as well as I that red pine rot is not

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good to eat. It is my magic that makes it good. Ho-hoh! I will give you magic to make this pudding twice. Ho-hoh! You now have the power."

Twent was amazed and asked for the bowl and some of the red powder. Soji gave it to him, and Twent fell to mixing it as a test of his new ability. He poured in the water and then called out, "The meal is ready!" And, sure enough, the pudding gave forth savory odors, so much so that Twent devoured every last spoonful.

Twent now prepared to run home and bade his host good-bye. His feet were nimbler than usual, for he now possessed power to make his mother admit that he was a good provider. "Power is within me!" exclaimed Twent. "Now we shall eat forever!"

A sudden doubt seized him. Could he be mistaken? It was a disturbing thought, so Twent hunted for a pine stump, and, finding one, scooped out some of the soft red wood within it. This he stirred with water from a swamp and tasted it. To his delight it was the same good pudding. Twent was as happy as a wolf cub now and did a scampering dance and shouted his war whoops to give vent to his pleasure. He then dashed for home crying, "Go-weh, I have power to produce good food in abundance."

He ran into his home and found his mother there with all the neighbors who had heard him coming with his boasting yells.

"Be seated, all," Twent commanded. "I have here a bag of red pine rot. See, I pour it into a bowl and mix it with water. Power is within me. Ho-hoh, the meal is ready!"

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Twent's mother and her guests looked at the loathly mess in disgust, for in the bowl was nothing but decayed wood fiber and slime from the swamp water. Not even worms would eat that.

Everybody laughed at Twent as a fool, especially when he bravely took a spoonful and tried to swallow it. How he did twist and choke and cough, just like a dog on a bullhead's head.

"Begone!" cried his mother. "One would think that you had been visiting the Mischief Maker."

"No, Mother," answered the bewildered boy, "I only visited Soji, my friend, and he told me how to make good pudding." Saying this Twent went away to mourn his ill fortune.

The next day Twent wandered back to the mysterious lodge, and as he went up to the door out came Soji with a cheerful greeting. "I was just thinking of you, Twent," he said.

"Yes, and I have been thinking about you all night and all the morning," blurted out Twent. "You fooled me; that's what you did! Why, I couldn't make red pudding when I got home, and everybody laughed at me."

"You made it twice, didn't you?" asked Soji.

Twent rolled up his eyes and wrinkled his forehead. "Well, yes, counting once here and once in the woods," he replied.

"I gave you power to do it twice only," said Soji. "But you must be hungry; come, let us eat."

Soji now poured out a bowlful of white gravel and mixed it with water. Then he mumbled a secret word and said, "The meal is ready. Come, let us eat."

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Twent looked at the little white stones, but they began to steam in an appetizing way, and Twent saw that before him was a delicious dish of hulled corn hominy. He took a spoonful and then gave a cry of delight. "It's good!" he exclaimed. And without stopping he ate the whole bowlful.

"This is delicious, Soji," said Twent. "I wish that you would give me a bowlful to take home to my mother."

"O my friend," answered Soji, "there is no need for that. You know that gravel is not good to eat. It is my magic that makes it good. Ho-hoh! I will give you magic to make this hominy twice. Ho-hoh, you now have power!"

Twent immediately tested his ability and found himself most successful. Bidding his friend good-bye, he hastened home to show his mother his new power.

On the way he became suspicious and thought he would test himself, so he scooped up some gravel from the shore of a pond and tried out his magic. Sure enough, he was successful. "Power is within me," he exclaimed. "Now I shall eat forever."

Dashing home with shouting he rushed into his mother's lodge yelling out his power. Again he found many guests assembled, and again he sought to demonstrate his prowess. When the people saw the white gravel they would not eat but called Twent a duck for eating stones. How they did laugh when he took a spoonful and choked like a dog on a chestnut bur baited with blood.

"Begone!" shouted his mother. "One would think that you had been visiting the Mischief Maker!"

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"No, Mother," he wailed. "I only visited the lodge of my friend Soji," at which all the guests laughed long and loud, as if they thought Soji an impostor. But Twent slunk away to sulk at his ill luck. Something was wrong, what was it? He could not guess.

The next day Twent ambled in a dejected way to the mysterious lodge, and as he slunk up to the door out came Soji with a cheerful greeting. "I was just thinking of you, Twent," he said.

"Yes, and I have been thinking of you," answered Twent, scolding out his sad story. "Why couldn't I make that hominy? That's what I would like to know." But Soji only laughed and said, "Next time listen."

Soji now began to sharpen his knife and soon said, "Twent, we are going to catch some fish. Come along with this basket and I will show you how I do it."

Twent followed Soji to a small lake. Soji sat down and began to whittle off his foot. This safely off, he made his leg bone into a barbed spear, then jumped into the water and danced up and down on his good foot.

Twent watched with open-mouthed wonder, for every few moments Soji would lift up his spear-foot and take off a big fish which he threw ashore. When there was a basketful of fish, Soji hopped ashore, place his foot on his ankle, sang a conjuring song, and bound up the wound with the gum of the onetda tree.

When the two had dined on the fish, Twent said, "Soji, I wish you would give me some of these fishes to take home to my mother."

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"Better still," answered Soji, "I will give you the power to whittle your leg into a spear. Ho-hoh, I will give you power to do this twice."

Twent immediately tested his new power, was satisfied, and then rushed home, testing it at a pond by the trail-side, to see whether or not it was safe to boast. The test brought fish, and the leg and foot healed as before. Twent was now happy, and happily he rushed home shouting his ability to spear fish with his spear leg.

The neighbors were there as before, but when Twent began to whittle on his leg, the blood flowed, the cuts pained him, and soon he could cut no more. Instead he rolled on the floor bellowing with pain. His mother bound up the wound and put him to bed where for many days she scolded him, warning him not to visit his "friend" again, but Twent made up his mind that he would and find out why he had failed.

When the wound healed Twent limped down the trail and soon found the path to the mysterious lodge of his friend. Cautiously creeping up the path to the doorway he sought to enter by stealth and see what sort of magic his friend might be working, but when he neared the door, out came Soji with a cheerful greeting. "I was just thinking of you, Twent," said Soji.

"Yes, and I have been thinking of you for the last moon," said Twent in a surly manner. "Why did I fail to whittle my leg into a spear? All the people laughed at me, and I did not get any fish."

At this Soji laughed long and boisterously. "You didn't listen," was all that he would say. "Now come

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along and get ready for a good meal," he added. "You look hungry, Twent."

Twent, always ready for a dinner, was perfectly agreeable to this and began to smile.

"First of all," said Soji, "I take off my left moccasin, then I sit on a long bench and put my bare foot on the bench before me. Now, then, I take my war club and give my big toe a resounding whack. Now I utter the words, 'Ga-jee ga-kwee,' and out rolls a big pumpkin."

And sure enough, there rolled the big pumpkin, which the two ate like a big berry, for it was ripe and sweet. Twent was now impressed with his friend's power, for he did not so much as wince when he had struck his toe, and everybody knows how that hurts.

"I would like to have a pumpkin to take home," begged Twent. "My mother would not then scold me for not bringing food."

"Better still," said Soji, "I will give you the power to do as I did twice. Listen to all I have said! 'Twice,' I said."

And so it happened that Twent had the power and immediately tested it whereupon he ran toward his home, testing it again by the trail-side. So successful was he that he rushed into the lodge and called out for a war club. Taking off his moccasin he bade everyone watch his exhibition of magic.

"Whush!" went the club upon his big toe, and Twent never even howled. No pumpkin rolled forth, but Twent, instead, rolled off his bench and upon the floor in a dead faint. His poor big toe was as flat as a fish's tail.

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When Twent grew conscious he found himself in great pain and once more in his bunk with bandages and balm. While his toe was healing he wondered why he should have failed, but having had a taste of magic made up his mind to try once more.

Disobeying his mother's orders, Twent limped back to the house of Soji, hoping to creep in and see what magic his friend was working. Once he could catch him unawares, he might steal his power, but, as before, Soji came to the door with a cheerful greeting, and once more Twent wept out his failure.

"Come, let us hunt ducks," said Soji, taking some cords and tying them to a loop. So saying, he started down to the pond, followed by Twent.

Upon the pond was a flock of fat ducks. Soji with great stealth slipped into the water and then dove beneath its surface. After a while he came up with his loop in his hand and, wading ashore, drew in all the ducks. He had tied their feet together with a cord.

"Oh, I wish that you would give me some of those ducks," exclaimed Twent. "Mother would not scold if I brought home meat."

"Better still," answered Soji. "I will give you the power to do it as many times as once twice."

Twent took the cords and slipped into the water, tying up the ducks and dragging them forth as his friend did. He was delighted and ran toward home, but as he went he thought he would test his power, so, diving into the pond, he caught several ducks, towed them ashore, and ate them. He was a wizard indeed, and happy with his new power.

Dashing home, he shouted out his fame as a hunter,

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and as the people came out to witness his new antics he boldly dove into the lake near his lodge and swam underwater to a flock of ducks, swimming there. With a practised hand he tied their feet together until he had all of the fivescore birds. Twent then began to swim for shore, having fastened the loop of the cords to his wrist. All was well until he reached shore, when the birds, frightened at so many people, began to quack and then to honk and then to quack and honk and flap their wings. Flap went two hundred wings, up went one hundred birds, straight for the top of the sky, and with them went Twent.

Far into the blue they soared, until the cord, strained to its utmost, began to unravel and then to break. Bit by bit the threads snapped, and then—whizz!—down went Twent, straight for the bottom of the ground.

For a long time he fell, and after a while he appeared over a patch of dead pines and elms, long ago stripped by some terrible storm. Down went Twent straight for one of the tall stubs, and then, as it was as hollow as a reed, he fell in and went to the bottom.

Twent was now trapped and had no magic for his release. Outside he heard voices. An old woman was scolding a girl. Twent looked through a knot hole and saw a very beautiful maid standing before an elderly woman.

"Hongaks," said the old woman. "You must marry. The time has come for you to have a good husband who will bring you game and see that there is plenty to eat."

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UP WENT ONE HUNDRED BIRDS AND WITH THEM
WENT TWENT

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"I'll never marry any man," said the girl. "I will only marry a spirit who comes out of a tree."

"There are no spirits in dead trees," said the old woman, looking around. "Come, we will go to a green wood, where there may be spirits that will come forth."

Just then the girl looked at the old stub where Twent was concealed. She saw his eye looking out of the hole.

"Aunt," she exclaimed, "there is a spirit in that old stub."

The aunt took a stick and rapped on the tree, saying, "Spirit, are you there?"

Twent, knowing of no other way to get out, called, "Nyuh, I am here. Break the tree trunk and let me come forth."

"Ah, no," said the old woman. "First you must promise me that you will hunt, work, and fight, and not fly away through the air. Once I get my hands on you, I will see what kind of a man you are."

"I'll promise to work," said Twent with a sinking heart.

So the two women fell to chopping down the tree with their stone faggot crackers, and soon Twent stepped forth.

Grabbing him by the hair, the old woman looked him over. "He'll do," said she. "I can manage a foolish fellow like that. A stout cudgel will hold him fast at work. Come, my niece, I have found a husband for you. Take him and feed him well on bread and meat, but feed him not unless he works all day."

And so was Twent led away to a strange bark house

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and made its master. He was given a place on one side of the fire, and piled in a heap were fine weapons, good tools, a toboggan, and a canoe. Hanging on the wall back of his bed were many fine suits of clothing and a box of decorated moccasins.

"What splendid things you have provided for me," exclaimed Twent. "When will dinner be ready?"

"Yes, we have given you useful things," replied the elderly woman, "but these things are only patterns. You must make many others just like them."

Twent's heart sank, and he groaned. "I have a friend," he began. "My friend has great power, and I will call him to make all these weapons and tools, clothing and shoes."

"You will not call anybody else," scolded the mother-in-law. "The Mischief Maker is not wanted here. I know your friend Soji, and he is not welcome in any lodge where I abide."

"I asked about dinner," said Twent weakly, feeling very hollow.

"Oh, yes," replied the elderly woman, "a pot of soup will be ready after you have cut up that pile of wood."

Twent look wistfully at the younger woman, his bride, but she only said, "Go to work."

So he went to work, and though he did not like it overmuch, the two women saw to it, and often thereafter they smiled as they saw Twent look longingly down the path toward the house of Soji. Na-hoh!

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"Show a giant two things that he wants and he will crack his head." Rumbling Wings.

YES," said Rumbling Wings, "show a giant two things that he wants and he will crack his head."

"How can anyone make a giant want two things?" asked Ruddy Rux.

"That's for the man chased by a giant to discover," laughed Rumbling Wings.

"Well," said Skunny Wundy, "when I go fishing on Skaneateles to-morrow, I hope no giant comes to spoil my fun. Seems to me all of them come my way."

The next morning, soon after dawn, Skunny Wundy arose from his bunk in the bark house and, taking his fishing tackle, wandered down over the trail through the deep woodland to a wonderful lake called Skaneateles. Here he had a canoe well hidden in the tall tag alders. It was made of slipper-elm bark, and was greased all over so that it would paddle fast. You see, Skunny Wundy had learned a lot of tricks from his old uncle.

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When he reached the lake he found that his canoe was gone. Now, who could have discovered its hiding place? Skunny Wundy looked around. He looked to the right and saw another boy; he looked to the left and saw another boy, and both boys looked alike.

"Fine morning, Skunny Wundy!" said both boys at the same time.

"Where is my canoe?" asked Skunny Wundy, with anger in his voice.

"I moored it around the bend," said both voices.

"What for?"

"To save it from being stepped on," replied the two voices, sounding as one.

"I want to go fishing," pouted Skunny Wundy.

"Let's go," was the double answer.

Skunny Wundy looked to the right and to the left and then to the right and to the left again, his head turning rapidly.

"Come this way," said both voices. "The canoe is over here."

Skunny Wundy followed the two boys, who soon walked closely together. Soon they reached the shore, and there was the canoe on the gravelly beach.

"Jump in and I'll push off," said both voices.

Skunny Wundy jumped in and watched the two boys shove his canoe into the water. As it floated, in jumped the boys, and came together with a snap, turning into one boy. Grasping a paddle, this boy gave the canoe a skillful shove and sent it far out into the lake. Then he paused and smiled.

"I know you, and you're Skunny Wundy," he

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said. "You never saw me before, so I'll let you guess my name."

"I know it now," replied Skunny Wundy, "but you had me guessing at first. Rumbling Wings has told me something about you. You're Skagadee, the divided body that parts at will and then comes together."

"I *am* Skagadee," admitted the other. "Come on, now, let's fish."

"Know of a good place?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"The very best. Why, it's the deep hole where the Stone Giants put all their biggest fish. They were around this morning and I knew that they'd step on your canoe. That's why I moved it. Didn't you notice their footprints?"

"No, unless those deep holes were where they stepped."

"Of course they were. The ground is soft and they sank in."

With this preliminary conversation the two boys paddled for the deep hole of the Stone Giants and soon reached it. Leaning over the edge of their frail bark they looked down into the pool beneath them. In its darksome depths, dark because it was so deep, they saw the shimmering bodies of many great fish. It was a wonderful sight to see.

"There is only one danger," began Skagadee. "You will notice the cliff above us. This is the seat of the Giants. Often they come here to watch for game and to spy on poachers who may steal their fish. We must fish fast and furious, load our canoe, and skip."

Before Skagadee had finished his warning, Skunny

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Wundy had thrown over two lines and had a bite on each. With a practised hand he yanked in the fish which proved to be pike.

While he was baiting his hooks again, Skagadee threw in his lines and pulled in two big pickerel.

"This is real fun," laughed Skunny Wundy, casting again.

"So's this," answered Skagadee, drawing two more fish into the canoe.

"I should say," replied Skunny Wundy, straining at his lines and lifting a pair of whitefish, each as long as he was.

"Watch me, now," whispered Skagadee, throwing a basket of frogs into the water. Splash went the frogs, and then leaped into the air. Up leaped forty big fish, and with a quick twist of his paddle, Skagadee shoved the canoe under the spot where they would fall. *Thung* went the forty fine fish as they fell into the canoe.

"Guess we have enough," remarked Skunny Wundy.

"Gaah, gaah!" came an answer from the cliff above, and both boys looked up suddenly to see a glowering Giant peering down at them.

"Oh, slippery-elm bark!" gasped Skagadee. "I didn't think that fellow would come back so soon. Let's skip, and skip fast!"

"Gaah!" roared the Giant, leaping up and dashing for the canoe landing.

Now, in those days there was but one place to land a boat, and it was the very spot where the Stone Giant now stood. The boys were in dire danger, for the Giant

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could summon the wind to blow them just where he pleased, and at this very moment he pleased it to blow them right upon the landing. There was no escape. They were caught this time, and neither lad had a lucky charm to help him.

As the wind pushed the canoe around the bend and beneath the overhanging trees, Skagadee whispered, "Skunny Wundy, crawl under the fish and stay there. I think I have a trick that will save us."

"But the Giant will miss me and search," gasped Skunny Wundy, at the same time crawling under the fish as ordered.

"I'll make myself into two boys again," said Skagadee, and the Giant will never miss you."

As the canoe rounded the bend, Skagadee gave a loud shout, for he was two boys now. Into the lake both Skagadees dived and began to swim far out into the lake.

The Giant now commanded his wind to abandon the canoe and draw the boys back to shore. In this manner the canoe drifted away and far out of sight around the curve of the lake. Skunny Wundy now dived and swam under water, hiding in the bushes when he landed. From his vantage point he observed his "friends" being drawn slowly but surely into the Giant's very maw.

The Skagadees then sank, and when they came up each was far apart. The wind couldn't catch both because both were swimming in an opposite direction, and the wind couldn't blow two ways at once. This made the Giant mad and he shouted, "Gaah, gaah!"

To his delight, however, the two victims soon came

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ashore and began to run. The Giant pursued with wild roaring, not knowing that Skunny Wundy followed closely behind.

"Hurry and catch me," laughed the two Skagadees, waiting until the Giant came near. "Come on, come on!"

The Giant was plainly puzzled, for now he saw that both boys were exactly alike and that they spoke at the same time.

"Gaah, gaah!" he roared as he dashed after them.

On ran the Skagadees until a trail was reached, and instead of walking in the trail, each half of Skagadee ran along the side of the path. The Giant was even more puzzled by this.

In a short time the trail branched off, dividing at a great rock that edged out like the blade of a knife. Skunny Wundy knew that these trails came together again.

On ran the Skagadees, and when the fork of the trail was reached, one Skagadee ran on one trail and the other Skagadee ran on the other. The bewildered Giant didn't know which way to go, so he took the middle course and with a terrible roar he dashed right against the knifelike rock and split himself asunder.

Skunny Wundy ran up and began to call for Skagadee. "I'm coming soon," said two voices at once.

Skunny Wundy looked up one of the trails and saw the two halves of Skagadee come together with a snap as the two trails united at the far end of the rock. Back came the reunited Skagadee over one of the trails.

"I fooled him that time, didn't I?" he said.

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"It looks that way," replied Skunny Wundy, "but what gets me is why the rock killed the Giant instead of the Giant smashing the rock all to pieces when he went against it."

"It's because the Giants sharpen their teeth on that rock," answered Skagadee. "This puts great power in the rock and makes it harder than any Giant's stone coat. That's what killed him."

"I'm just wondering," mused Skunny Wundy. "Last night my old uncle Rumbling Wings said to me, 'Skunny Wundy, show a Giant two things that he wants and he will crack his head.' He wanted both halves of you—that's what smashed him."

"Your old uncle Rumbling Wings is very wise," replied Skagadee, "but while we are talking about the ice and the snow and queer things below, suppose we go back to the canoe and take our big fish home. They will make something to show those foolish fishermen of Onagee."

So that's how the people of Onagee had fish for a week and enough to smoke for the winter's store. That's all, no more. Na-hoh!

AND THAT NIGHT—

And that night, when Skunny Wundy came home, he held his dog close and said, "Tipper, I do wish that Uncle Rumbling Wings would tell us a story about a dog that is not as brave as you."

"Waa-yooh, wa-yoh, woo," answered Tipper.

"Oh, you want a rabbit in it, too?" questioned Skunny Wundy.

"Oof!" answered Tipper.

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"What's that?" inquired Rumbling Wings. "A story? Very well, I'll tell you one about If, dog, rabbit, and Inatree."

"What can that be about?" wondered Skunny Wundy.

"Well," replied the old story-teller, "if you will promise never to mix goose feathers with your mush and hominy, I will tell you all about the adventures of If."

"Be sure and put the dog and rabbit in," suggested Skunny Wundy.

"Oof," agreed Tipper, upon hearing the word rabbit.

And so that night, in the dark of the moon and under the dancing stars overhead, the lodge of Silver Sky was entertained by a strange tale. Listen, for this is an old-time story.

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"The trail was long and crooked; the path was flanked with briars." Rumbling Wings.

ONCE under the sun in the land of On-on Da-ga there lived a youth named If. Maybe that wasn't his real name, O Nephew, but he was always saying, "*If* I had, *if* I could, *if* I were bigger," and a lot of other *ifs*, so they called him *If*.

If had a dog that could wag its tail. It would wag it up and down for yes, sideways for no, and when it was glad it would thump it hard on the ground. No wonder they called the dog *Wag*. He wasn't afraid of anything, that dog, except snakes.

Well, a long time ago, long before the days when the fur folk stopped talking on regular occasions to people, this boy If noticed that his dog looked worried. Wag was whining and whimpering like a sick raccoon. "If I only knew what ailed that dog, I'd know," thought If.

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As if in answer, off started Wag. Away he ran with his nose to the ground, and not even yelping at all. "If I am ever going to find out what made that Wag act so queer, I'd better follow him," said If to himself, so he started to follow the trail of his dog.

Wag was having a merry chase, for he had struck the scent of a rabbit, but such a capery rabbit was he that he ran around all the brush piles, old stumps, and round boulders on the hill near the deep lake of the False Faces,[1] where the Stone Giants fell in. After that he started running straight for the creek, and in a single bound he leaped over. It was such a leap as no honest-to-goodness rabbit ever took before, and so when Wag came to the stream bank he just opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue, and howled. It was such a puzzled howl that If, far in the distance, heard it and followed.

It was of no help simply to yelp, whereupon Wag leaped into the stream and swam across, following the rabbit's tracks until he came to a deep black hole. Here Wag paused again and howled. The hole was so small that he couldn't enter it, and, being a wise dog, he knew that nobody had ever dug up a hole. He howled again and was thus making unseemly noise when If arrived.

"If you'll quit yowling and tell me what's the matter, I may be able to help you," scolded If.

"Waa-yoh, waa-yoh," moaned Wag, and If knew that this was his language for "rabbit."

If now leaned over and put his eye to the hole, seeking to see through the underground tunnel, if he

[1]Green Lake, at Clark Reservation State Park.

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could, but he couldn't, so he built a fire instead. This made Wag disgusted, because he wanted to chase the rabbit and not have a boy around to bother him. When the fire was blazing away in real earnest, If smothered it and plugged the hole with the smouldering leaves and embers. This made the smoke draw through the tunnel. Of course, the rabbit inside didn't like this one solitary bit. It made him cough and sneeze and made tears come in his cute, rolling eyes. "Oh, my," thought he, "this is no fun." Then he ran out of the other end of the hole.

When he got there, If was there, too, but Wag was still at the smoky end watching. Foolish dog! This time If started to pursue, and away he chased Waa-yoh, the rabbit, even to the cliffs of the mysterious lake.

Just as If was drawing his arrow to shoot the rabbit, a queer thing happened. The rabbit stood right up on his hind legs and said, "Oh, please brave warrior If, do not shoot me."

"Huh?" questioned If, taken aback.

"I said, 'do not shoot me,'" repeated the rabbit. "My name is Waa-yoh, as your dog guessed, but I am really a Jungie of the rocks, and I have been transformed by a great wizard who lives in a cave. He guards great chests of wampum and many magic weapons."

"Take me to him, if you can!" boldly commanded If.

"But this wizard is a rattlesnake who is big enough to swallow a whole dog," blinked the rabbit as he spied Wag nosing around the corner.

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"Never mind what he can eat," shouted If. "I'll kill that bad wizard if I can, and if I can't, I'll scare him to death."

"Eek!" said the rabbit. "Come along, then, but before I show you that cave, you'd better tie up your dog so he won't forget and bite me."

"He's tied," shouted If as he roped Wag's muzzle and followed the rabbit, who now walked along on his hind legs, just like a Jungie boy.

After a while they came to a cave in the side of the cliff. If had on soft moccasins, and so did his two comrades. Their approach was silent, and the wizard did not hear them come in. Good thing! If gave one swift glance, and saw in the gloom of the cavern a great chest of wampum, many fine wampum belts hanging on the wall, and beyond were many weapons of all kinds. BUT, back of the chest was a huge horned rattlesnake, big enough to swallow Wag and Waa-yoh, too. Wag knew this, and, with a twisting leap, wrested himself from the leash and fled into the woods.

Just then things began to happen. If had a big rock in his hand and several arrows ready to shoot in rapid succession. "Bang," went the rock, and landed right on the big snake's thorax. "Whiz, whiz, whiz," went three arrows, with deadly accuracy. The mighty wizard of the Treasure Cave was no more, at which Waa-yoh danced a jig. "Now," said he, "I can be Jungie or rabbit, just as I please."

"And as for me," mused If, "if I can grab all that wampum, and if I can lug it back to the land of

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On-on Da-ga, I will be as satisfied as a heron with a beak full of suckers."

It didn't take If long, either, to pack up the treasures and tote them back to his own home town. Here he held a council and told his story to the multitude. He made a good story of it, too, and shamed Wag by telling that he was afraid of monster serpents.

The people all applauded and shouted, "Great is warrior If," but the chief of the On-on Da-gas did more than this. He arose with a gracious bow and placed a chief's cap full of feathers on If's brow, saying, "Let all the people shout with loud e-yo-has for our new chief. He shall sit at my right hand in the council of our noble tribe." And, naturally, If was highly pleased, for indeed it had taken a good eye to shoot straight when a big rattlesnake was hissing out the language of bad wishes.

"My good people," he modestly murmured, "I bestow upon you my treasures of wampum. Take as much as you like, but don't spend it foolishly. The day may come when you will need it to pay tribute to your enemies."

"No tribute while we have If to defend us," shouted all the people, happy in their new wealth. "Great is If," they shouted.

So, here ends the "If, dog, rabbit," part of the tale, and now starts the "Inatree" part, which is the best of all, so Patter Round (remember him?) always thought.

When the people were jingling their money wampum, the big chief of all the On-on Da-ga people

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whispered into If's ear. "Ugh!" he began. "Far away in the region to the north is a tall rock in which lives Rock Wizard. He had conjured my dearest and most lovely daughter into a tree. She lives inside and moans the whole day long, and at night her sad sighs can be heard far and near. Oh, woe, no man has been brave enough to go forth, as to war, and slay the monster, rescue my fair daughter, and bring her back to comfort my old age. But, whoso shall do it will become grand chief of all the On-on Da-ga, and I shall bestow my crown of deer antlers upon his brave head, *providing he shall never ask what her name is.* Na-hoh!"

"Huh!" answered If. "I'll go. I'll kill him if I can. Good-bye!" And without more ado off tramped If.

The trail was long and crooked, the path was flanked with briars and cruel thorns, and likewise, the footing was rough and insecure. Terrible noises booed out from the darksome forest, but If kept on, brave as a man ever was, bent upon rescuing a beautiful maiden.

After many weary hours, If saw a tree in the distance. Something was waving from a knot hole, and If knew this to be the damsel's hand. His steps hastened now, for he saw the great rock in which lived the wizard. Boldly and with secure confidence If strode up to the Rock Wizard's hut, calling him measly names the while. Out popped the monster, growling like a bear fight. He gave just one "arraugh," when If threw his tomahawk, his scalping knife, and his war club, in rapid succession, each taking effect. This he followed with a shower of arrows—and that

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was the end of Rock Wizard. All cut up and all shot up was he.

All this good fortune happened because If had taken some of the magic weapons from the other cave. So, taking his stone hatchet—a trusty blade it was—he began to attack the tree wherein was the maid. Her hand waved piteously as she signaled him to rescue her from the wooden embrace of the oak. If belabored its sides with many a resounding thwack, until the bruised wood gave way and fell out, liberating the most entrancing maiden ever seen beneath the blue sky, and all gone were her sighs and moans, but after a while the sighs came back—because she had just a wee sentiment about If. And If liked her at first glance.

"He-he," she laughed. "I have the most wonderful acorn cup in the world to give you for a charm. Oh, do take it!"

"A-huh, a-huh," chuckled If. "An' I have a string of red beans for you. Oh, do not refuse my gift, 'cause I like you."

After a while they sat down together and swapped adventures, and then If led the maid back to the arms of her father. There was a great feast, and all the people danced, and If was rewarded by the gift of the Grand Sachem's belt.

Before nightfall he had plucked up courage enough to tell the maid that when he grew bigger he'd like to marry her, but all she would say was, "To-night, my brave lad, and beneath the light of the moon." . . .

Well, the people all danced again and gave presents, and when the moon came up, the two slipped away

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and sat beneath a big tree, under the light of the silvery boat of the sky, and there they sat until If asked the maid what her name was. He had forgotten the warning.

"Boo-hoo!" she cried. "It's Inatree, and now you have broken the spell. I'm a maid, it is true, but *I'm eighty years old*, and just because you made me tell my name I will look as old as I am and not as old as I feel. Now, we'll have to go home."

"Huh," responded If. "If I had remembered that I mustn't ask your name, I would not have done it."

"Well, never mind," said the maid, "you can call me Great-aunt."

And at that Wag the dog laughed and Waa-yoh the rabbit nibbled a leaf, and so everybody was as happy as a bear with honey—all except If. What do you suppose he said?

"Oh, *if* I hadn't asked her her name," moaned he. "Oh, *if*—— Then he, too, fell to chuckling. "Well," I am glad I had such fine adventures," he mused. "*If* I hadn't chased Wag, and *if* Wag hadn't chased the rabbit, then I would not have had all this fun."

"Yes, IF!" exclaimed the maid.

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"You never can tell what an arrow will do once it leaps from your bow." Rumbling Wings.

IT WAS a hot, steamy day, and the air was still. Skunny Wundy took his wallet of maize cakes and dried bear saddle and wended his way into the forest, seeking a cool spot where the deer flies did not bite deep with their pincherlike noses.

'Way in the heart of the deep woods went he, until he came to a shimmering lake with shores overhung with the drooping boughs of hemlocks. He looked at the lake and smiled, for here was Okara, the heart of the northlands, the place which travelers often sought but seldom found. "Agwus wiu!"[1] he exclaimed. "Here shall I swim."

So into the cool depths of Okara plunged Skunny Wundy, diving deep and swimming like the beavers that often sported there. The water was cooling and filled him with renewed vigor. This was just what the young Chief of Onagee needed, for he had wandered far.

[1]These Indian words mean "very good," or, as translators who speak poor white man say, heap good.

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After the swim he opened his wallet, all embroidered and fringed, and drew forth his lunch. It was the stern, rough lunch of a warrior brave, and not the sweet, sticky stuff that silly girls eat. So he munched on his hunks of dried bear meat and swallowed the water from his knot cup. "Nyah-weh!"[1] he breathed as he brushed away the crumbs.

His hunger satisfied, he wandered farther into the depths of the forest until he came to a patch of tall pines with limbs far up on their trunks. Beneath his feet were brown needles making a carpet, soft and pleasant to Skunny Wundy's tired feet. For a moment he sat down to rest himself, and a drowsiness crept over him. He closed his eyes for one brief moment, and then felt himself fall upon the soft brown forest floor. He lay there just a wink or two and then leaped up and brushed his eyes. He had heard someone speak.

"You never can tell what an arrow will do once it leaps from your bow," said the voice, and it sounded oddly like the voice of Rumbling Wings.

Skunny Wundy looked about him and saw that he had entered a clearing surrounded by a circle of trees. In the center of the opening was a big boulder, like the one at the falls where he so often sported. He moved cautiously across the circle until he stood before the rock. He rubbed his eyes again, scarcely believing that what he saw could be real. There upon the rock was a long hunter's bow and one straight arrow feathered with the wing pinions of a mallard and tipped with clear white flint.

[1]Nyah-weh means *thanks be given*, and it is a kind of Indian grace, only the Indian says grace after he has eaten and is sure that he has had enough. Then he knows he *is* thankful.

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Before he knew it these treasures were in his hands, and he found himself tiptoeing back to the spot where he had left his wallet. He looked around him again and was strangely confused. The woods seemed closed against him, and there was no sign of a path. He wondered if he were lost, and then laughed as he saw the path right before his feet. Why should he be frightened? He knew that he shouldn't, but he was, almost. Ho-hoh!

At any event, he had a bow and the finest arrow he had ever seen, so he ran on for a long way, following the path that appeared before his feet. After a while he thought he had gone far enough. He looked back to note the path over which he had gone, but, to his great surprise, it had utterly vanished! Dismayed for a moment, he now began to laugh with glee, for if there was a path in front of him, it went *somewhere* at least, but where? That thought bothered him.

The day was still warm and muggy, and before very long he began to be very thirsty. When he could scarcely longer endure it, just ahead he heard a gurgling brooklet. "That's lucky," thought he.

With a few bounding steps he reached the brook and stooped over to drink, but *the water was as red as blood!* Still, it smelled most enticing, and so, regardless of consequences, he sank his lips in the cool fluid. Long and deep did he drink, and then arose, smacking his lips.

"Oguh-oh!" he ejaculated, which is the Indian way of saying, "My, how delicious!" And, for a fact, the water he drank was strawberry juice, fragrant, piquant, and sweet. But this raised a question—*how*

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came a brook to be running with berry juice? Yes, how? Was it wizardry or magic, or had someone emptied many jugs of berry juice into the brook? Ho-hoh, here was a question to answer.

Skunny Wundy thought a moment and then concluded that the way to find out was to follow the brook to its source. This he did, and to his amazement, at the very beginning of the brook, hanging right over the spring from which the water came, was a gigantic berry so big that it bent over the oak from which it was hanging. In the tip of the berry was an arrow which someone had shot, and from the wound, like blood, dripped the strawberry juice. Ho-hoh, now he had found out.

The sight of the arrow reminded him of the one he carried, so he decided to shoot it at something when the first excuse came. It came soon enough to keep him from worry, when he came to a pond upon which was a duck with large yellow eyes and feathers like a turkey. He took careful aim and then let fly. "*Whing!*" went the dart.

Things now commenced to happen, 'tis true, or I will take it all back, O Nephew. The arrow struck the duck and *went right through it.* Ah-gey! It went right through its gizzard, *but that was not all.* The arrow passing through the duck's gizzard glanced upon the water and skipped upward like a skipping stone and onward it flew until it shot a deer that had come down to drink. The arrow passed right through the deer, and the deer dropped dead, but *the arrow sped on and on.*

Away went the arrow until it landed against the

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trunk of a big hollow tree and made a hole in it out of which dripped honey by bucketfuls, *but even so, the arrow sped on!*

When the honey began to drip, bees began to buzz out, and instead of gathering up their honey, they buzzed up at a bobcat, fast asleep in the tree. "Eee-yow!" snarled the bobcat, spitting and clawing at its face, and then springing down to earth, but instead, landing right on a bear, jogging along and sniffing for honey. "Hoots!" snorted the bear as he leaped into the pond and drowned himself, at the same time hitting a turtle that plopped out of the water and right into the air, coming down far away and falling upon a raccoon, fast asleep on a log, and knocking it against a berry tree so hard that the berries rattled down so fast and so deep that they smothered a whole flock of turkeys, who had been having poor picking there.

Skunny Wundy caught all this out of the corner of his left eye, but he was after the arrow and not after game just now. Speeding with all his wonderful powers of sprinting, he soon ran into an enemy's war party, powwowing and making medicine against the people of Onagee town. "Rip, zip," went the arrow, piercing two hum-stinger houses, hanging high on a branch and spilling down the hornet warriors upon the skulking foe below.

"Whoop, whoop!" roared the wicked war party, running back home.

Skunny Wundy now saw the arrow drop to earth and pierce the moccasin toe of a Wood Pygmy, of the tribe that guards the secret roots of the wilds.

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"Zing!" went the arrow, and pinned the Wood Pygmy right to the ground so that he could not get away.

"Lemme go, lemme go," squealed Wood Pygmy.

"What'll you give me?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"I'll give you a chunk of the Uh-huh root."

"What good will that do?"

"Why, everyone knows who knows the wind blows and ever wore clothes or breathed through his nose —why, everyone knows that the Uh-huh root is the root that scraped ever so little will make a powder that turns into the best kind of honey-meal cake," and the Wood Pygmy wriggled his toes.

"All right, give me the root," commanded Skunny Wundy, holding out his hand. Wood Pygmy gave him the root, and so Skunny Wundy pulled out the arrow and let Wood Pygmy go.

Skunny Wundy now started for home and found, to his great satisfaction, that the path led that way. After a long time he reached the circle surrounded by trees in which stood the boulder. He gave it one look and then placed his magic bow and the arrow back upon it.

"He-gah!" he sighed. "I don't want to shoot that kind of an arrow again."

"And I was just saying that you never can tell what an arrow will do once it leaps from your bow," said a voice. "Don't you hear me?"

Skunny Wundy rubbed his eyes once more and looked about him. "I must have fallen," he groaned as he picked himself up from the soft brown couch of pine needles.

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"Of course," came the same voice. "*You must have fallen asleep.*" It was Rumbling Wings speaking.

"How'd you get here?" gasped Skunny Wundy, with open-eyed amazement.

"I followed you because I wanted to show you the great lake of beavers," answered Rumbling Wings, "and just as I found you huddled against that tree, I shot a turkey, and the arrow went right through him, and——"

"Oh, you can't tell me anything about arrows!" laughed Skunny Wundy. "I know too much about 'em already. Let's go to that great lake of beavers!"

Rumbling Wings eyed his young friend, and then he laughed. "You sleepy head, what have you been dreaming about?" asked he.

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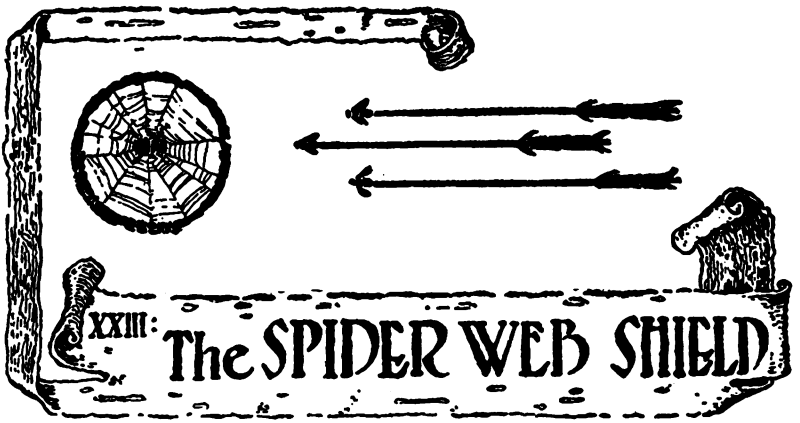

XXIII: The SPIDER WEB SHIELD

"Many times the thread of a spider has proven stronger than timbers of oak." Rumbling Wings.

BACK over the trail from On-on Da-ga trudged Skunny Wundy. He was alone. The On-on Da-gas had been most kind to him, and his uncle Two Moons had urged him to stay, but Skunny Wundy found no comfort in the town where his lacrosse team had suffered defeat at the hands of the skilled players of the Land-of-Many-Hills. He was tired and needed rest, and so plunged into the forest in high hopes of making camp on the shore of O-wasco, the pleasant little lake with a sandy beach. Here he hoped to spend the night.

As he neared his favorite resting place at the lake called Ska-ne-at-eles, he decided to take a noonday rest, eat his lunch, and sleep a while, for the weather was hot and the wicked deer flies had been exceedingly vicious. His food was simple-dried sweet corn mixed with maple sugar. This he ate and then took a drink of wintergreen tea—a fine drink indeed for those who know how to make it.

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Skunny Wundy now looked around for a place where he might take four-and-twenty winks of slumber and avoid the stingful flies. He remembered that it was a sudden attack of these aggravating insects that had made the men in his team lose the last goal, and so give the On-on Da-ga team the lead of one point. Just to think that flies should make him taste defeat instead of victory!

With these thoughts in mind the young Chief crawled into a hollow log, which seemed a very safe refuge for his afternoon nap. The place was comfortable and cool, and the soft wood inside made an excellent bed.

Before he composed himself for his sleep, he remembered an omen. In entering his retreat he had carefully brushed aside a big spider which had hung suspended over the opening of the log. Of course he did not wish to harm the Thread Spinner, for he liked spiders, so he called right out, "Grandmother, be at peace!"

It might be that the spider was an omen of something. What could it be? Just as he shut his eyes to drop off into sleep he heard a croaking voice.

"Shh, shh! He went this way. See his tracks—shh!" So said the voice.

Skunny Wundy opened his eyes very quickly, and as he did, Thread Spinner dropped down to the log and began to spin a web over the opening. There was a high-pitched sound. "Uzz-uzz-uzee," came the sound, and plop went a wicked deer fly right into the web.

"Shh, shh!" came the gasping voice again. "He

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must be near. I see his tracks near that old log. Shh, shh! I am sure he is in it!"

There was a scurrying of feet and a shaggy head bent low. A Wizard squatted before the opening of the log. "Ugh!" he grunted. "He is not here!"

"What omen tells you that, Skull Crusher?" inquired the other Wizard in guttural tones.

"There is a spider web there, and a fly is in it, Bone Cracker," answered the first.

"Then where is the scamp?" asked Bone Cracker.

"We'll sit right down here and think it over," replied Skull Crusher.

Then did the Wizards discuss their plans. Skunny Wundy should be hunted down. No doubt he had magic to make arrows fly to one side, and so the arrows that should pursue him should be tipped with deer flies made as large as big arrowheads. These would fly direct toward Skunny Wundy and torture him to death. Thus planned the Wizards, and the boy Chief heard all that they said.

"Skunny Wundy never carries a shield," grunted Skull Crusher. "We can shoot him with fly-headed arrows."

"He may shoot back at us with Stone Giant arrows," cautioned Bone Cracker.

"Huh!" ejaculated Skull Crusher. "We have shields made of Stone Giant skin. They are tough and nothing can pierce them."

"You don't know that young rascal," hissed the second Wizard. "He is wily and sly, and by cunning gets by."

"Huh!" laughed the other in a hoarse voice.

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After a while the Wizards arose and began to scatter meat on the ground in order to catch the flies. They beat around in the bushes, mumbling and grabbing for their victims.

While they were engaged, Skunny Wundy spoke to the big spider. "O Thread Spinner," said he. "Is there one thing you can do for me?"

"Yes," answered the spider. "Crawl out and don't mind breaking my web. Make a hoop of a red osier rod and let me crawl around it. I'll spin a web upon it which you may use as a shield."

"A spider web shield for the darts of wizards?" gasped the young Chief.

"Yes," answered the spider. "Do as I say and trust me."

"I will, Grandmother Thread Spinner," replied Skunny Wundy.

"Then know you this wisdom," spoke Thread Spinner. "The darts of the wicked seek their own gain and not the gain of those who shoot them toward marks."

The red osier rod was looped round into a hoop, and Thread Spinner wove a fine web in the circle, but so neat was the web that it could not be seen two paces away. A stranger shield no man ever had to parry the darts of wizards or warriors!

Skunny Wundy now lifted his shield and stepped forward with his bow and two arrows. And such queer arrows they were! Each was tipped with a hollow cone made from buffalo horn, but the hollow end was forward, and the point stuck in the shaft. There was a reason for this. The cones were full of liquid

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honey, of the sort the young Chief always carried in his pemmican wallet.

"Here I am, you poor wicked Wizards," shouted Skunny Wundy. "Come, Skull Crusher, come, Bone Cracker, and see what you can do. I'm ready!"

"Ugh, ugh!" grunted both Wizards. "So you were in the log after all, like the old stories say?" Then they both stopped to fix their arrows, exclaiming, "We might have known it!"

And such arrows they had! Each was tipped by an immense fly with a sharp, clawlike mouth. "Buzz, uzz, uzz-ee," went the flies, eager to fly.

The young Chief lifted his slender hoop before his face, making a fine target. The threads of the spider could not be seen at all, nor could the spider in the center right before the boy's nose.

"Such nonsense," laughed the Wizards as they drew back their arrows and let fly. Their aim was good and the arrows went straight. "Whizz," went the flies as they flew with a wicked buzz.

Skunny Wundy did not flinch but watched the arrows come singing toward his eyes. "Plop," landed both wicked darts, right in the shield, and there they hung, the flies buzzing weakly and the spider darting upon both and ending their lives.

"Garrrugh!" grunted the Wizards, their eyes popping out in amazement. "What nonsense is this that makes our powered arrows cling in an open hoop! Can it be that he is a greater Wizard than we?" They stood rooted to the spot where they stood, their mouths turned down and looking glum.

Skunny Wundy waited no longer. He hung his

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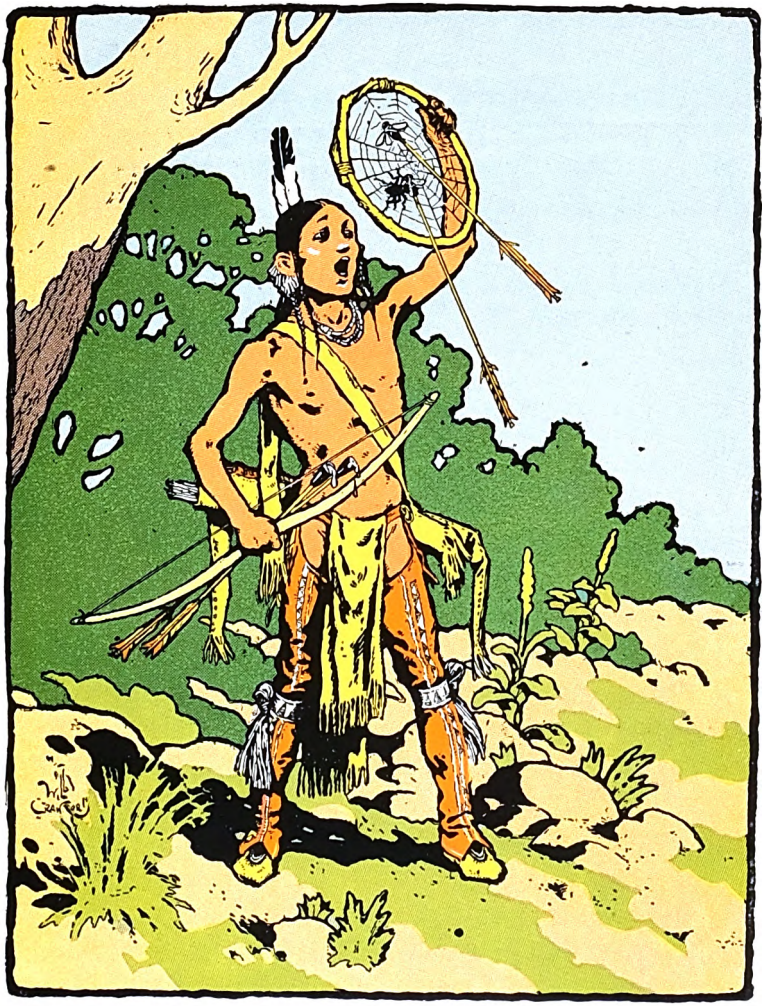

"PLOP," LANDED BOTH WICKED DARTS RIGHT IN THE SHIELD

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shield on the limb of a tree and shot his own arrows right into the air. "Whush," went both and "whush" they dropped, and right on each Wizard's face, spilling honey all over.

"Garrrugh!" they grunted. "What nonsense is this?" Then they fell to clawing at the honey in a vain attempt to smear it off, but only spreading it all the more. It was a comical sight to see them rubbing their round faces.

Just then there was a queer hum, and a great swarm of flies flew from the meat that the Wizards had scattered and began to alight on their honey-covered faces. "Buzz, uzz, zee, zing!" came the flies, until the Wizards fell to slapping and swatting them in terrible fury. After a while both fell to the ground and began to roll over and over, but still the flies buzzed and bit, making both Skull Crusher and Bone Cracker howl and roll so much that their treasure bags, so full of magic charms, fell off in the leaves.

"Guess I'll pick up your magic bundles," shouted Skunny Wundy, and as he did he set fire to both, whereupon they exploded and made a terrible smudge. Thus perished all their wizardly power—every bit of it.

"Oh, Skunny Wundy, save us from the stings of the flies!" cried both Wizards, now weeping like babies, and howling, too.

"Well, I just naturally will," answered Skunny Wundy. "Promise that after this you will always do as I say and work magic no more."

"We promise!" each quickly answered.

"Then go down to the brook and wash your faces clean," commanded the young Chief.

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And when the Wizards had washed their faces the honey came off and the flies went away.

"We feel so much better now," both said.

"Follow me on to O-was-co," commanded Skunny Wundy, "and from there we march on to Onagee."

And so it was that the reformed Wizards followed the young Chief back over the trail to his home, and having lost all their magic, they spent their lives forever after in swatting the wicked flies that bit honest folk in the bark lodges of the town of Onagee in the land of Nunda Waga.

So that is why Skunny Wundy always wore upon his neck a shell gorget upon which was etched the figure of a web with a spider in it. Na-hoh!

AND THAT NIGHT—

When Skunny Wundy had returned in safety to his happy hearth, Ruddy Rux ran out of the lodge of the Bear Clansmen to greet him.

"I see that you brought two captives," said he.

"Yes, watch them eat. One might think they were hungry."

Just as he said that, one of the Wizards dropped a corncake in the fire. Down he stooped to recover it, and burnt his hand so badly that he bellowed like a bull moose when it is sick.

"Why didn't he let the cake burn up?" asked Ruddy Rux, amazed at the trouble the prisoner had taken to take the cake out of the fire.

"Tell him, Uncle," replied Skunny Wundy, looking at old Rumbling Wings, and so the ancient story-teller wove the sacred tale of "The Maize Maiden."

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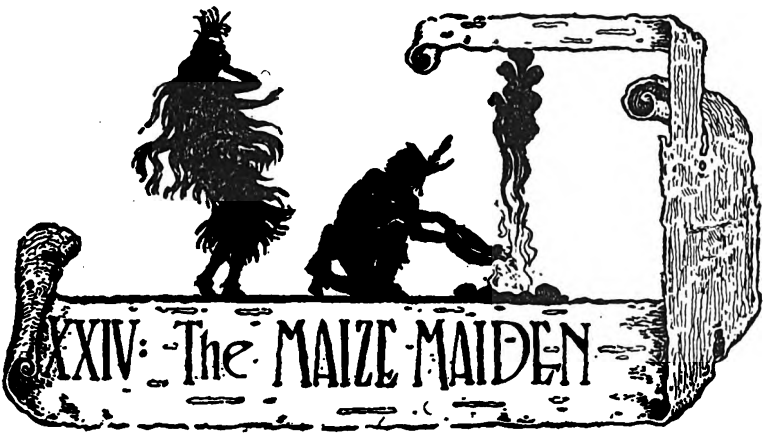

"Mock not the gifts of Ra-wen-io, lest they fly away like pigeons at autumn." Rumbling Wings.

IN OLDEN days, before our world knew the wisdom of Ha-yo-went-ha, there was a happy village known as Dyut-ti-hak-ton. It stood in a vast clearing on the banks of a winding river that flowed down to the Jen-ne-see.

In that village of tenscore long lodges lived a family of the Bear Clan, and there were two youths of great promise therein, Black Lynx, the elder, and Corn Tassel, the younger. The elder was the hunter, and the younger helped his mother in the fields, for he had not yet attained the hunter rank, being a playful youth who loved the game of lacrosse. Black Lynx, the elder, was sullen and cruel, and he delighted more in the torture of the animals he trapped than he did in the food that they meant to the clan.

Corn Tassel did not enjoy the cruelties of his brother, and often protested, at which Black Lynx would say, "If I cannot have sport with my victims

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I will have it with you—take your choice." And once when he had said this he grabbed Corn Tassel by the neck and thrust sharp thorns through his cheeks, laughing uproariously as the blood trickled down his chin.

"Now I know how Joey Coon and Little Bear feel," said Corn Tassel. "You hurt my friends, and now I know just what they think of you."

Black Lynx thereupon kicked his brother, shouting, "Begone, you servant of women. Go back to your fields and straighten up the stalks I have knocked over with my war club. If I am to be a great warrior I must learn how to torture my enemies. But you—you will become a woman and learn to make bread. Ho-hoh!"

Corn Tassel walked slowly to his cornfield, thinking many things, and when he saw the field, he found the stalks flat on the ground where Black Lynx had broken the green growing plants. Gently he bound up the bruised things and put poles in the middle of each hill for supports.

There was one plant which seemed more beautiful than all the others, for its plumes were brighter, its leaves broader, and its budding ears gave greater promise of grain. This plant was broken and trampled, and where its skin had been torn, red blood flowed out onto the ground. Corn Tassel, believing this to be the "queen plant" of the field, gave it great care, but in spite of all his nursing it wilted and died. Black Lynx had killed it with his cruelty.

Midsummer came, and the village was restless. A long wail came from one of the long lodges, and soon

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there was another cry. Corn Tassel hurried from the grove of hickories where he had a sheltering bower and ran to the village square. One by one he saw the women of the lodges wend their way to the green and there cluster about each other with mournful cries. Corn Tassel listened intently and discovered that famine had stricken his people. All food was gone, and the hunters had brought in no game for two moons.

This mournful news of the women sent runners speeding through the village with cries, summoning all the inhabitants to the council lodge. The chiefs assembled, and the people came in droves, all crying for food.

Long did the chiefs debate why the corn would not grow and why the game had departed, but there was no conclusion. None could answer. Thereupon the chiefs ordered the women to dig roots and to peel trees for edible bark. Hoping against hope that the crops would grow and the game would become plentiful, the people had waited until their larders were empty, and now grim starvation stared them in the face, making it necessary for them to root like bears for even tough tubers.

Corn Tassel thought much about the troubles of his people, and every morning before seeking out places where grew the starchy roots of pond lilies and cattails, he would go to the hilltop and talk to the sun, lifting up his hands and crying out, "O great brother of life, if it be your will to give us food, your friends of the earth will be grateful."

The sun would loom red and hot and, as if in answer, send down a blistering heat that burned the

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plants and dried up the water. Nevertheless, Corn Tassel would pray again each morning, for he had great faith in the wisdom of the All-Wise.

He now fell to comforting the people in their distress, saying, "Help is coming. Many times other people have suffered from hunger, but food always came; therefore, let us not despair. Who knows that we may not have offended the Life Givers, and must suffer until we make amends?"

Black Lynx always laughed at Corn Tassel when he so spoke to the people, and in derision would cry, "The young brother, being so wise, makes himself appear like unto a Hodiont at the ceremonies. Who gave this youth the right to instruct his elders and speak of offended Live Givers? Who, I would like to know! Perhaps it is he who is guilty and needs torture to bring back our food!"

Once when Black Lynx had so spoken, he flung Corn Tassel into the lodge fire and burned him in the embers. "Thus do I punish he who had brought famine!" he exclaimed.

Corn Tassel never murmured at his burns or his bruises, but kept a cheerful heart. Little did he eat, for there were small children and aged bodies that needed strong food. His eyes grew bright and sunken, his cheeks pale, and his hands very thin. He sought his woodland retreat and slept much, even by day, dreaming dreams and seeing visions of better times.

The night was hot and not a breeze stirred when Corn Tassel awakened, for he plainly heard the sound of pattering footsteps, as if upon an unseen path of beaten clay. He gazed upward through the smoke hole

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of his bower and saw in the clouds above him the shadowy form of a maiden bearing a basket of corn. He listened and heard her footsteps again; then did he know that his prayer would be answered.

Day dawned hot and breathless, and though he was weak, Corn Tassel went from house to house, saying, "I have good news: the footsteps of she-who-brings-food are heard in the clouds."

The people looked at him with wondering eyes, for he was very pale and wilted. Black Lynx laughed in derision and again flung Corn Tassel into the fire, shouting, "Away with the lying dreamer who conjures false visions to drive good people mad!" And yet, there were good people who believed Corn Tassel told the truth.

Day by day the sound of pattering footsteps became plainer to Corn Tassel, and the invisible path became faintly luminous at night, whereupon the youth slept by day and gazed up at the stars through the darkness of night.

It was an occasion when there was no moon that Corn Tassel plainly saw the bright path against the deep blue sky, and upon the path he beheld a maiden of rare beauty. Her garments were long and flowing, her skirts rippled in long streamers, like the leaves of the corn plant. Corn Tassel could hear the faint rustling sound as she walked. At dawning the maiden came nearer, until Corn Tassel saw the silvery path descend like a broad beam of light to his own feet. He sprang up from the log where he sat, but the path moved wherever he moved. Thus he walked slowly in the pale light of dawn until he came to the withered

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cornfield. Above him just under the clouds was the maiden with her basket of food.

On rolled the sun, and as it touched the hills of the morning, the maiden ran down the gleaming path and stood in the midst of the field.

"I have come," she whispered, with a voice like the morning zephyrs, "I have come to the door of your lodge with bread."

Corn Tassel could say nothing, but walked before the maiden to the door of his lodge, and she followed.

He stood in the doorway, and looking into the great hall of bark and blackened poles, he shouted, "Help has come, awaken, awaken! The maiden is here, even as I told!"

Corn Tassel's mother arose and came to the door, at which the maiden spoke. "Greetings, my mother," she said. "My own mother who bore me has sent me hither with bread for your son. If he eats it he shall become my plighted husband. If this comes to pass, then all shall remove the covers of their corn barrels that they may be filled."

Soon the people began to cluster about the lodge of the Bears where Corn Tassel and the shining maiden stood side by side. The sun began to shimmer in its old evil way over the scorched land, and it was day. Corn Tassel took the bread from the maiden and ate it, thereby pledging his heart to hers.

Scenting food, the people, with a dullness born of their empty stomachs, cried out that they might be filled, but the maiden replied, "Return to your lodges, remove the covers from your corn barrels, then cover your heads and wait."

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AT DAWNING THE MAIDEN CAME NEARER

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Black Lynx cried out that they should not obey, for was it not told that when the geese covered their heads the fox had his fill of them? The maiden listened but merely answered, "Let those who would eat do as I say, and by listening you will hear the corn rain into your bins. When the sound ceases, you may look —then may you eat."

With impatient growls the people obeyed, and when all had covered, corn began to patter into the uncovered barrels until every vessel was filled to the brim, but not a kernel spilled over.

Happy now were the hearts of the people as the women prepared many corn dishes—hominy and samp, white meal bread and parched cakes. Then they burst into song and praised the Giver of All for his goodness, and all sang in thanksgiving save Black Lynx, who grumbled that he wanted fish.

"Then repair to the creek and cast in your net," whispered the maiden. "Sink it in and draw: fish will be plenty."

When Black Lynx scoffed that the creek was dry and that all the fishes had perished, Corn Tassel went and drew out many baskets of fish—even enough for the whole village.

Black Lynx grabbed and ate the largest and best, throwing his corn bread into the fire with an evil word of disdain, but of the fish he ate heads and bones, casting out only the scales. Then he laughed as he upturned the bowls of meal and kicked them into the fire.

"Oh, cast not your bread into the fire," cried the maiden as she clutched at her breast, tears springing

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into her eyes. But the greedy brother only growled as he gnawed at more fish.

When the next morning came Corn Tassel took his bow and went into the forest for deer. While he was absent Black Lynx began to torment the maiden. "Bold woman, you!" exclaimed he. "Who are you to come among strangers begging a man? Were there no men in your own country who would have you? Whence came you, anyway? Where did you get such a strange dress? Who ever saw buckskins of green? I never saw a woman with plumes in her hair like a warrior. Strange woman, who welcomed you? The corn that you brought but sickens the people. If you are such a magician, why not make it rain meat? As for your corn, bah—I cast it into the fire—it is tasteless!"

The maiden endured all this scorn, but when the meal was again thrown into the fire she screamed and threw out her hands, but as it was quickly scorched she wept bitterly.

When Corn Tassel returned he found the maiden in tears. She came to him with outstretched hands and trembling. "Your older brother has ruined my coming," she said. "O my plighted husband, in your brother's action I see the outspoken hatred of your people. I must depart or I shall die. I cannot remain. Soon again my feet will be heard upon the sky road and I shall see you no more."

A group of jealous women who had strained their ears to listen cried out, "Who cares whether you come or go? Our bins are full to overflowing, the river teems

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with fish, and game swarms the forest. Who bids you stay? None of us."

"I wish that this had not happened," sighed Corn Tassel. "There are those who with me know of your gracious gift and your kindness. I would not have you die, but live, yet I would that you might stay."

"I cannot," said the maiden.

The day deepened into twilight, and then came the darkness. There was no moon. A strange sound was heard everywhere throughout the village of Dyut-ti-hak-ton, and it was as if corn were being scooped out of bins and thrown into the air.

Morning came, and the women arose to get corn for the midday meal, but there was no corn. As they looked for the shining maiden, many repented that they had spoken so boldly, but she had gone.

"If you listen," spoke Corn Tassel, "you will hear her retreating footsteps on the path in the sky."

"Nonsense," cried Black Lynx. "There is no path in the sky. There is a sky, there is earth, and there is the land beneath, and in all is only death. All is deceit; your dreams deceive you, and that a maiden was here is but a dream that grew from your aching gullets."

"She was here, I know," asserted Corn Tassel, heavy hearted. "We ate of her food, and even now you stand upon the burned mush that you cast into the fire. That was no dream, but an evil deed."

Days went by and there was no food. Famine again gripped the stricken villagers, and once more Corn Tassel was taunted by his brother with bringing all this disaster.

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Then did Corn Tassel say, "I, too, shall depart, for it is plain to see that you will not have me among you. I go to the maiden whom I have chosen as a wife. Your carelessness and ingratitude have sent her away, but I shall find her and save you that you may live to be grateful in plenty."

That night Corn Tassel started on his journey, and he had not gone far into the darkness before he knew that he was walking in the air. He looked before him and saw a faintly luminous path, and then he knew that his journey was onward to the land from whence the maiden came.

For the duration of a moon he traveled thus, until, at length, he came to a fair land far to the south, where there were many fields amid many great mounds. Here he sought the maiden, but ever the answer would be, "Upon the middle mound the maize maiden stands, and she lodges there with her mother."

Long did Corn Tassel seek the maiden, and as he sought, his body bloomed with the yellow dust of the corn. Then came the winds, and they led him gently to the middle mound, where he found people dressed in green. Mounds stood on every hand, and around the mounds were waving fields and happy hamlets, yet the middle mound loomed high, and he knew it when he cast his eyes upon it. It was tall and shapely, and its sides were covered with rows of tall corn, far more luxuriant than all the other fields he had seen.

Walking up the wide path, Corn Tassel escaped two great worms that were tied there with heavy thongs, and he quickly passed a great raven that,

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with feet tied, croaked out ill luck. On the top of the mound was a handsome white lodge, with vines clambering over it and bearing gourds of many kinds and shapes. Corn Tassel walked straight to the vine-clad door and there saw the maiden, busy with her task of weaving a mat of husks.

"I have come for you," he exclaimed. "My heart has been sad without you, and my country suffers with famine. Will you come?"

"O my husband," cried the maiden, "rather will you abide with me here to learn the ways of my people. Then you may teach me the ways of your people, for they are very strange."

"I will abide with you," he said, "but my people starve."

"They starve because they burn my flesh," replied the maid. "See my cheek and my breasts where the scars scarcely have healed. This your brother did when he cast the meal into the fire."

"How could that be?" asked Corn Tassel, his eyes large with wonder.

"Because," she answered, "I am the Maize Maiden. The meal of the corn is my flesh, the milk is my blood. All of the plant is useful to man, even the husks and the stalk. When the maize plant is hurt, I am hurt, and my father and mother will not let me stay."

"I would see your mother," said Corn Tassel.

"You have seen her," answered the maiden. "My mother is Yo-an-dja, the Earth; my father is En-dey-ka, the Sun."

For many moons Corn Tassel lived in the land of

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the mounds of maize, learning all the lore, the songs, the dances, and the ways of the people. Then, when he had completed his learning, his wife took his hand and they went back over the gleaming path that arched through the stars and down to the land of the people of Dyut-ti-hak-ton.

Long before they arrived, good people heard the sound of their feet on the path and waited their coming. A morning came and with it the Maize Woman with her husband Corn Tassel. The earth smiled in glistening dew, and the sun shone kindly upon it. The people came out to see the two who had come, and all received them with songs of thanksgiving, all save Black Lynx.

"Evil dreams again appear," screamed Black Lynx. "Our people are doomed, for they who devour meal do not kill like those who hunt and drink blood." And so saying he grasped his club and swung it high in the air over the head of his brother and the Maize Woman. He took a threatening step forward and then lunged at them, but the earth gave way with a rumbling sound. There was a crack yawning wide, and into it Black Lynx fell with a scream and was swallowed up.

"I have returned," said the Maize Woman. "Corn Tassel is my husband, and he brings you new ceremonies that will teach you how to make the earth fruitful. But most effective of all is a thankful heart that is grateful for all Earth and Sun give to mankind."

"Most welcome, shining ones," cried the chiefs of the people. "Abide with us forever."

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Thus did famine depart, and corn once more rained down into empty bins, so that soon all the people grew strong. Ever since, when the corn is green, the faithful hold dances of joy and sing thanksgiving songs to the All Wise One, and they who serve him, Earth and Sun. And wisdom has taught that the great gifts must not be destroyed, for it is said by the sages of old, "Mock not the gifts of Ra-wen-io, lest they fly away like pigeons at autumn."

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"Put not your treasures in an unguarded place lest you rob your neighbors of that which they greatly prize." Rumbling Wings.

MANY youths of the Long Lodge of the Beavers clustered about the doorway. Rumbling Wings was giving advice to a young brave who had suffered a great loss of treasure.

"Put not your treasures in an unguarded place lest you rob your neighbors of that which they greatly prize," counseled the old story-teller.

"How can that be?" inquired the brave, his mouth opening wide. "I am the one who is robbed."

"Enter the lodge of the Beavers," smiled Rumbling Wings. "It is the time when tales of old may be told."

Thereupon all the youths formed a circle about the lodge fire, and the youthful brave took a seat on a stone covered with a corn-husk mat. Rumbling Wings took his time, packed his pipe and smoked it. Then he began his tale.

Listen, Nephews, the wisdom of the ancients speaks of Areosa, the Squirrel chief. Attend!

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Now, in the enchanted days when Yo-an-dja, our earth, was young, there was a mighty chief of Squirrels, Areosa by name, and he was exceedingly wise. It was his custom to go stealthily through the forest and watch his tribesmen as they sported or played, for a wise chief may not admonish unless he sees his people as they really are and perceives them doing their deeds, believing themselves unobserved.

One morning in midautumn, Areosa lay concealed in the thick leaves on the limb of an oak. Presently he heard a chattering call from the trunk of a hollow hemlock. It was the voice of a Squirrel warrior calling as if in deep distress.

"Tsik, tsik, tsik, cha, cha, cha," came the complaint. "All the days of autumn time I have been gathering nuts for my winter store, and yet the more I gather the smaller is my supply. Who is robbing me? Who is robbing me? Ah, culprits have discovered my stump!"

Up from a hole in the hillside popped the head of Tedo, the Woodchuck; from the scum of the swamp Gawump, the Big Frog, lifted his green nose. Both creatures listened intently.

"Whee, what misfortune!" exclaimed Tedo. "Who is the culprit, I would like to know? Whee!"

"Arum!" grunted Gawump. "Yes, who is the robber, I would like to know? Arum!"

Then both together poured out their sympathy, shedding many tears at poor Nukdago's misfortune, for the animals loved one another, in those days, even as men do now, and not a bit more.

"Tsik!" screamed the squirrel. "Who is the rob-

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ber? I would like to know, for my hollow stump is hollow indeed. Tsik!"

Areosa, seated on the limb, all gnarled and covered with moss, listened with both ears, and he heard all that was said and the *way* it was said, and then he winked his eyes and nodded his head, speaking thus to himself: "O-ho! Robbers are near, and who they are I shall soon know. O-ho!"

The sun went down and the moon came out, the owl hooted and the duck quacked in the swamp. Thereupon Areosa slipped to a leaf-covered limb that overhung the stump where Nukdago had hidden his store. He had a plan, and it was to see and not to guess. He waited.

Peering slyly around, this way and that—but not upward—Tedo, the Woodchuck, crept from his burrow, swung his tail jauntily (just like a skunk with egotism), and then trotted down his path through the grass. He was smiling and nodding and singing a sacred song at low breath, just like a hypocrite bent on telling what a good man he is when he isn't.

Big Frog, all shiny and green, pushed his way through the tall grass, biting it savagely as he hopped along with a confident stride, just like a meek-faced man selling sand for salt and praising it for its keeping quality. Reaching the path on the bank, he jumped some still jumps until he reached the stump under the tree.

"Kwe!" quavered Gawump as he saw another prowler near.

"Kwe!" came a hollow-voiced reply, and Tedo, the

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Woodchuck, withdrew his head from the stump to see who had found him.

"Oh, it's you, Big Frog?" said he.

"Oh, yes, it is I," replied Gawump.

"Well, I'll divide, if you will kick out some of the nuts to add to what I have stored under those leaves," ventured Tedo.

"I'll kick them out like arrows from a swift bow," bragged Gawump. "Trust me to grab what I like."

Now in those days frogs had long, sharp teeth, like a beaver's, and so when he entered the stump, he began to test the nuts to find the sort that he liked best, kicking none out until he had eaten his fill.

From the limb overhead a shrill cry now sounded. It was an ominous note and had the sound of authority. "What one would like to know is discovered!" came the voice. "Depart, all who would live until the morrow, for thieves who linger with their booty will die!" It was Areosa speaking.

Away scampered Big Frog, seeking the tallest of grass; away slunk Woodchuck, his mouth opening weakly and the walnuts rolling out. What if someone had seen them? But no, the night was too dark. So did the pilferers think, and then they began to feel abused, as such do betimes.

Areosa slept, but Tedo and Gawump did not. Their gizzards were weak, and the middle of their backs oozed a cold, clammy sweat.

The next day dawned, as all good creatures expected it would, and it was the day when Areosa issued a call for a council, for in those days Areosa

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was mighty, was as large as a wolf, was big of voice, was chief of the land of leaves and limbs.

From out of the muck, from out of the reeds, from out of the rocks, from out of the rills, and from out of the woods came many creatures, both great and small. Squirrel was chief and must be obeyed, so they gathered in a great circle about his council tree. It was a holiday, and all were there save Big Frog and Woodchuck. Their mouths were bitter and their knees were weak.

"All my good friends are here," began Areosa. "All are here except two who must have overslept or be ill. Let us have pity. Weasel and Heron will search their houses and assist them in the journey hither."

Thereupon, since obedience was the rule in Animaldom, Weasel searched for Woodchuck and took him gently by the neck, leading him on. Likewise, Heron thrust his bill into the water moss and lifted Big Frog by one of his tender toes, flying up with him and depositing him in the council circle.

All the animals looked at the delinquents, but these only rolled their eyes and looked innocent. "What can it all be about?" asked they with their sad eyes.

"We are looking for thieves," began Areosa, and just then Big Owl, up in the thick branches of a pine, cried out, "He did it!"

Woodchuck, being confused, thought that Big Frog had accused him, so he screamed out, "No, I didn't, he did it himself."

"I didn't," grunted Big Frog. "You did it!" And

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at that he opened his mouth and showed his teeth, and they were full of chestnut shucks.

"You did do it," snarled Woodchuck. "I saw you in the hole." And he opened his mouth, revealing teeth covered with butternut meats.

"It is not for you to accuse each other or to deny your guilt," said Areosa. "With my own eyes I saw you both steal the store of Nukdago. Both of you shall be punished."

"It was all a mistake!" cried out Tedo, the Woodchuck.

"I did not know what I was doing!" cried out Big Frog.

"Then by making no mistake I will know what I am doing," intoned Areosa.

"Mercy," wept both culprits, but Areosa pronounced judgment.

Said he, "Woodchuck, you shall have your tail removed to humble your pride. You, Big Frog, shall have your teeth taken from your mouth, plucked out one by one, that you may no longer crack nuts. And you, O Nukdago, my squirrel warrior, you have been careless with your treasure. Henceforth you shall build your nest high, and lest offenders attack you unawares, as I see Hawk now about to do, I give you a blanket to stretch from your legs that you may skim the air like a leaf and escape."

When all was thus ordered, Weasel gnawed off by slow bites the tail of Tedo; likewise Heron plucked out the teeth of Big Frog, giving each several yanks and then letting go, to be kind and not pull off the entire jaw. 'Tis said, when all was done, both culprits

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were sore and that they ached from head to tail.

Areosa now conjured a piece of flexible bark and fastened it to the under side of Nukdago, making a blanket that stretched from foot to foot, thereby giving him an air skimmer of merit.

"And now," said Areosa, "let me say, 'Put not your treasures in an unguarded place lest you rob your neighbors of that which they greatly prize.' Behold Big Frog, robbed of his teeth, behold Woodchuck robbed of his tail—both things being prized—but that is not all."

And when he had thus spoken he dissolved the council, and all the animals went home to meditate upon what they had seen, resolving never to steal when Areosa was around.

And it so happened in after years that all frogs were born without teeth, all woodchucks were born without long tails. Moreover, since that day of council, frogs have hated herons, and woodchucks never invite weasels for bedfellows—ah, no.

When Rumbling Wings had told this tale, there was a commotion, for two strange youths departed hastily from the story circle.

"Catch them," called forth Rumbling Wings, leaping to his feet.

Thereupon the runners brought back two youths, lately come from the land of the An-das-to-ga.

"Why did you so quickly depart, Tedo and Gawump?" inquired Rumbling Wings, and one youth in the loft overhead, awaking to the racket, cried out as a joke, "He did it!"

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"No, he did it," answered Tedo. "Gawump is guilty."

"You are both guilty of robbing the youthful brave who came to my door," quoth Rumbling Wings. "Restore his treasure."

"I will, I will," promised both youths.

"And now behold those you have robbed," said Rumbling Wings to the youthful brave.

"I did not rob them," burst forth the young man, aghast.

"Oh, yes, you did," replied Rumbling Wings. "You put your treasure in an unguarded place, and now these two from the land of An-das-to-ga have been robbed of their reputations."

The youthful brave stared at the culprits and said, "Then let them go without punishment."

"For those words," replied Rumbling Wings, "you shall henceforth be called Nukdago, and I now give you my blanket."

"Great reward shall be yours, O mighty magician," called forth Tedo, the elder of the two culprits, "if you will but unveil the manner in which you discovered us taking the treasure. We would know, that we might inform the chief of our own land."

"The manner is easily told," replied the old sachem. "A wise chief may not admonish unless he sees his people as they really are and perceives them doing their deeds, believing themselves unobserved."

"Then you made up that story of Areosa," burst forth Gawump, the younger of the culprits.

"No, not exactly," replied Rumbling Wings.

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"You see that story was already made up, and I only told it." Nah-hoh!

"So you see what happens from getting in bad company," moralized Whooping Crane.

"Many things happen, it is true, but being in bad company is not always one's fault. Sometimes a man is thrown in with companions and compelled to do things much against his will," said Rumbling Wings.

And, as he spoke, the lodge matron disturbed the moccasin maker, whose sewing awl she had stepped on and broken.

"Chis-na!" grunted the moccasin maker, picking up his awl and looking at its broken handle, then flinging it out of the door into the ash pit.

"So you see," began Rumbling Wings, "that even an awl is cast out amid the moldering things, which reminds me of that ancient tale of a strange company of ill-assorted friends. It is called 'The Awful Awl, the Mouse, and the Miserable Moccasin.'"

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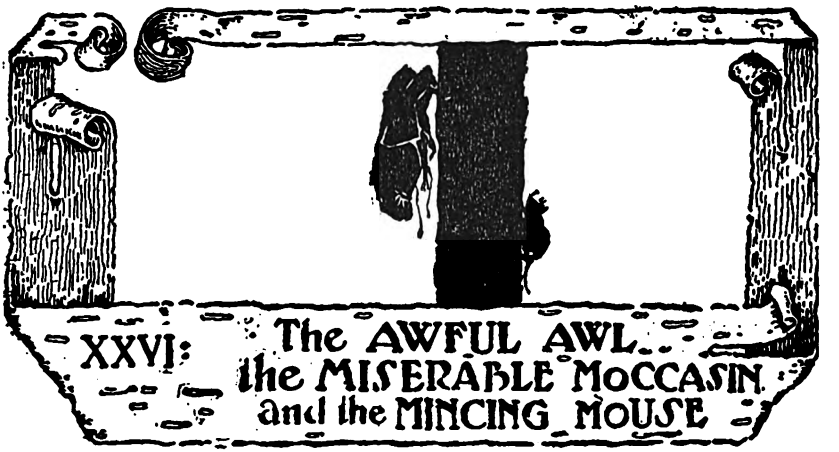

"*Life and wisdom linger even in a rubbish heap.*" Rumbling Wings.

YOU may believe this or not, for all Heron cares, for it was not Heron who told it. Ho-hoh, maybe it's so. Let us see.

The skin worker got mad and threw his awful old awl out of the door, for he had broken the handle. Now, the awl was all bone, from top to tip, and it was made of the greasy shin of a deer. Nothing strange about that you will say—but wait. It was a magical awl and could talk. Sad was its end, therefore, when the skin worker cast it out of the back door upon the garbage heap, crying, "Away, Awful Awl!"

Bear lumbered along through the brush, smelling for honey. He stepped on a soft pad of grass and frightened a poor mincing mouse—that was his name—Mincing Mouse. How he did run and jump, and he ran right to the dump where, amid old pieces of leather, shavings, and sand, lay Awful Awl. "Ho-

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hoh!" squeaked Mincing Mouse, "I'll have something to eat, and I'll eat all the bone in that Awful Awl."

"No, no," sang out Awful Awl. "Do not eat me, for I am alive and would thrive for many long years."

"You alive?" questioned Mincing Mouse. "Why, you're nothing but a bone in the garbage—ho-hoh!"

"Your own poor brain should tell you I am alive," replied Awful Awl, "for if I were not alive how could I speak?"

"That is so, Awful Awl," replied Mincing Mouse, "but, as I am hungry, you must be eaten or provide me something to eat."

"That is very easy," replied Awful Awl. "Watch me!" And he flew through the air into the old bark hut and fell quietly at the foot of the skin worker.

A moment passed, and then the skin worker banged his foot against the earth, thrusting it upon the point of the Awl. "Ageh!" he grunted. "This Miserable Moccasin has another thorn in it. It has brought me enough bad luck. Away with it!" And at that he plucked it off and flung it out of the door and into the rubbish heap. At this Awful Awl flew back to Mincing Mouse.

"I have brought you some food," said he. "It is tender and soft and will fill your white, furry belly and give you fine dreams."

"No, no," sang out the Miserable Moccasin. "Do not eat me, for I am alive and would thrive for many long years."

"You alive?" squealed Mincing Mouse, standing up on his rear legs, in a burst of excitement. "Why,

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you are nothing but a scrap of leather in the rubbish heap—ho-hoh!"

"If your head had the brains of your tail," replied Miserable Moccasin, "you would know that I am alive if I am able to talk."

"Now, isn't that so," mused Mincing Mouse. "Still, I must eat, and of your kind is meat. Either I nibble you or you find me something else."

"That is easy," replied Miserable Moccasin. "I know of a lodge across the clearing. Its owner has departed on the hunt, and it hangs full of strings of braided corn. Follow me!"

Thereupon, Miserable Moccasin began to hop, to skip, and to patter along, out of the rubbish, down to the path, and off through the spindling grass. Up leaped Awful Awl and away he flew through the air like an arrow whizzing along. After the two leaped Mincing Mouse, his long, whiplike tail trailing behind like a streamer. His nose was keen for the smell of rich, mealy corn.

So that is the way Awful Awl, Miserable Moccasin, and Mincing Mouse departed from the heap of débris.

Along came that red fellow named Fur Fox. He was gaunt and weary, for long he had chased about for rabbit and grouse, but all had fled to places of safety where no foxes are found. He lifted his nose and sniffed the cool air. He caught the scent of Mincing Mouse.

"Yak," thought Fur Fox. "Hunger drives me to small game, but mice enough make a meal enough." At this he dashed after Mincing Mouse.

"Hurry," cautioned Miserable Moccasin. "Follow me and we'll escape."

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Presently the fleeing three came to the old bark lodge and entered it, all out of breath and fearing the fox. And, in truth, Fur Fox was only ten leaps behind.

"Follow me," shrilled out Awl as he flew through the air and stuck in the center pole.

Up leaped Miserable Moccasin, swishing through the lodge and hanging skillfully upon the peg made by Awful Awl.

Up the pole ran Mincing Mouse and hid in the toe of Miserable Moccasin, stowing himself safely away.

In dashed Fur Fox, sniffing and showing his fangs. "Where is my quarry?" he yelped, looking that way and this, and every other way except way up on the pole.

Not a soul said anything, and so Fur Fox stood bristling and swinging his brush, so angry was he. "I'll get him yet," grunted he. "I'll be back here again!"

When Fur Fox had gone away, Mincing Mouse came out of his hiding place and rummaged around for corn. There it hung in abundance, and for many moons he nibbled at the hearts of the excellent supply. The autumn passed into winter, when the great cold comes and snows are deep, and when these melted springtime came again. Mincing Mouse was fat.

"It is a fine place here," sighed Awful Awl. "I'll now stay alive, and here I will thrive for many long years."

"Ah, indeed," murmured Miserable Moccasin. "No more will my sole be worn thin by the weight of an unsympathetic foot. I, too, am alive, and here I will thrive for many long years."

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"No better place in the great open space," squeaked Mincing Mouse. "Here is corn in great plenty, and here I will thrive for many long years."

"Not so, my friend," said Awful Awl, "for those of meat who live and eat shall soon grow thin; food will depart, and then they'll die."

"Die?" questioned Miserable Moccasin. "I'll not die, but hang here and live in cheer, doing nothing, thinking nothing, losing nothing."

"All things of skin, be they thick or be they thin, shall shrivel, harden, crack, crumble, and decay. Even you, O Miserable Moccasin, shall some day fall as dust."

"And so I have found you, creaking, speaking, hanging high!" So spoke the voice of Fur Fox as he leaped upon Mincing Mouse, lapping him up at one gulp.

"And so I have found you, lapping, scrapping, despoiling my lodge!" So spoke the voice of Hunter Man, returned from afar. And at that he sent an arrow straight into Fur Fox's heart.

Long Hunter Man lived in his lodge, never paying the slightest attention to the curling, crackling moccasin that hung on the center pole in the path of the smoke. He did not even know when it fell into the fire below and was consumed.

After a while he, too, went away and was killed on a distant mountain by a Grizzly Bear, but the Awful Awl still clung to the pole until it crumbled, and then he, too, fell into the ashes of the long-extinguished fire and was buried in the sand that drifted in.

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A thousand years after, another hunter came to the clearing and built his hut. He dug into the ground to make his fire pit, and as he did he found Awful Awl sleeping away with a broken arrowhead.

"It's queer," mused he, "how things of bone and chips of stone survive alone in beds of ash." Thereupon he flung the Awful Awl out of the back door and upon his rubbish heap.

"Huh!" exclaimed Awful Awl. "I must be awake, and I am glad, for I think I dreamed that I was in bad company." Thereupon he flew up and pinned himself into the center pole once again, and it was there when the hunter returned with a goose and hung it high.

And so, my nephews, the Awful Awl lives on, as awful things do. Just so long as he keeps his point he will stick into something and be a peg to hang something on. And maybe he is wise and maybe he isn't, but you can be sure he will live as long as he is good for something.

"Then he wasn't so awful, after all!" exclaimed Skunny Wundy.

"No," said the story-teller, "not so awful awful."

Whooping Crane had been busy recording this tale on sheets of bark, and was about to stow it away in his chest, wherein he preserved all the adventures of Skunny Wundy and all the tales of Rumbling Wings.

"Some day," said he, "when many generations have passed, a story-teller will find my chest of tales and then he will read my picture words and tell of the things of our day. When that discovery shall come,

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Rumbling Wings will be far famed, and the world shall hear again of Skunny Wundy."

"Where will you hide your chest?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"In the mysterious cave on the bank of the lake, whose entrance is below the surface of the water," answered he.

"I know where that is!" gleefully exclaimed the lad. "Let us have one more tale, that it may be written on sheets of bark and stowed away," whereupon Rumbling Wings took a long breath and then told the tale of "Trust-to-Luck and the Talking Crow."

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XXVII: TRUST-TO-LUCK and the TALKING CROW

"Work, everybody work, for it is a charm that never fails."
Rumbling Wings.

UNDER the shining disk that brings the day, there was once a lazy sagamore whom his people did not respect. His village was upon the pleasant river Jen-ne-see, where six cataracts by endless flowing had worn a deep gorge.

Trust-to-luck, as a lad, had been tutored by wise men, but he had driven all away and beaten one with a club. So they had shaken their heads and departed, but the beaten one had called back, "Though I am clubbed and broken of bone, the day will come when you will beg me for wisdom," but the unruly lad only yelled savagely, "Fools can teach me no wisdom."

Now it may be explained that Trust-to-luck was friendly with a soothsayer with large teeth. In fact, his name was Chew Much, and it was rumored that

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this name described what he mostly did; nor was the rumor unjust.

By night and by day Chew Much poured his words into Trust-to-Luck's ears, saying that it availed nothing to learn of sages when a ruler could require other men to do his bidding. What was most needed, counseled the soothsayer, was potent charms to bring luck and ward off danger.

"Take my wisdom," quoth he, "and you will trust in the charms that I will sell you, and in your own lucky hunches, for is it not stated by the ancients that a river was turned at its source by a lucky stone dropped by a child?"

It was not known by Trust-to-luck that Chew Much secretly desired to seize the chieftainship of the tribe and become its sagamore. Yet how could he do it when Trust-to-luck lived in the council lodge and was recognized? This thought bothered Chew Much, and so he sought to make the young chief lazy and superstitious, this not being a difficult task, for the subject was already so inclined. The plan was successful, and soon it began to be whispered that Trust-to-luck was not only lazy but cowardly, afraid of the dark and crying out in fear of unseen monsters. It did not take long for the rumor of the young chief's weakness to reach the ears of rival tribes, who then plotted destruction.

Now in the year when the comet flamed in the sky, a teacher, clad in garments of caribou skin, came from afar, saying that he had been sent to seek out a young chief who would undertake a journey to a distant land where there were knolls of sand covered with

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stunted pines, and where a river flowed south to the sea. Here, the teacher said, was a mighty charm hidden which would give the finder the secret of success and enable him to wield great power over men and earth.

Then did the teacher secretly consult Chew Much, whispering to him and winking his eyes, saying, "We must get the boy away from here that you may grow in the esteem of your tribesmen. The journey is dangerous, and he will say that he craves death. He may not come back."

Then did Chew Much wrinkle his face in a smirk and say, "O youth who art chief, even sagamore, there is great luck in store for you if you will depart from here and seek out the great charm."

So the sagamore went to the teacher and said, "Stranger, it is I who would go afar to seek the charm that brings success and power."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the teacher. "You look rather impudent and green."

"I am neither," replied the youth, "but I do say that you've come to the right town for the young chief who was ordained to go."

"Are you furnished with wisdom and experience?" asked the teacher.

"Not those foolish things, but with charms and lucky hunches," was the response.

"Then I shall not restrain you by the weight of a single bead," responded the teacher, "for the wise men of On-on Da-ga have woven a wampum belt in which is written this message:

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"Balk not the wish of any man who places faith in froth, for wisdom lingers as a prize even in froth if the pilgrim has eyes to see and a head for experience."

"Let this man not mock you," whispered Chew Much. "Take your charms and go. Listen to your prophetic dreams but not to the words of strange teachers."

"I go," announced the young sagamore. "I go to discover the secret of success and power," and, as good as his word, he departed.

When the young sagamore was out of sight, Chew Much released his talking crow that it might fly toward the young chief, lured on by the smell of an herb with which Trust-to-luck's garment had been scented. This crow was the soothsayer's real pupil and helper, and many times its croaking voice had aided his plans.

The journey was long and difficult, and Trust-to-luck grew weary but dared not slumber, for fear of losing his quest, for he had been bidden to take no sleep until the knolls of sand had been reached. After many days the presence of scraggly pines back from the river told him that he was now in the enchanted land. Though he was leg-weary, he began to hasten, shouting, "I am Trust-to-luck; where is the prize that has been ordained to me?"

"Over here, over here," came an answering call.

Trust-to-luck took this as a fine omen and hastened onward into a thick patch of pines. He was elated with the prospect of instant success. He entered the

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circle of trees and looked about. "Where is the prize?" he shouted.

"At your feet!" exclaimed a voice.

Trust-to-luck looked down, and there saw a little spring of water, and in its center a crystal stone, clear and transparent. It gleamed with a mystical light.

"I shall pick it up!" he shouted.

"Don't do it," croaked a voice, and the young sagamore thought that he had been warned by a lucky hunch.

"Is not this the prize?" he shouted.

"Move on, move on," came the answer, and he moved on.

"Where, oh, where is the prize I seek?" he cried.

"At your feet, at your feet!"

Looking down toward his feet the youth saw a frail forest flower from which a bee was sucking honey for its hive. "I shall not be denied my prize," rasped the youth, grasping at the flower viciously. As he did so the bee flew between his eyes and stung him savagely upon the forehead. This caused him to shriek, for the pain was sharp, and then, wearied with fatigue, he fell in a swoon. Long he lay upon the ground, and a night and a day passed over him before he awoke.

The sun was shining brightly when he began to move. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Where am I? Where am I?" he groaned.

"Over here, over here," answered a raucous voice.

"What is that you say?" he questioned.

"Don't do it!" came the answer.

"Who is speaking?" the youth demanded.

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"Move on, move on!" was the only answer.

"Ah, now I see you," shrieked the young sagamore. "You are nothing but a crow, even the evil bird of Chew Much. I know you!"

"Hah, hah, hah!" was the laughing answer.

"O miserable fate!" cried the youth. "I have lost my prize when I might have plucked it from the spring where it gleamed. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Move on, move on," cawed the crow.

With a heavy heart the youth moved on until he came to a deep pool made by the damming of a stream by beavers. He drank of a spring that trickled into the pond, and then sat down to meditate.

"I undertook this long journey," he mused, "hoping to discover the charm that would solve the secret of success, and now I have failed. Oh, could I but possess that secret I should win great renown, but the voice of the crow has deceived me. I dare not go on, for there is nothing before me; I dare not go back lest I become a laughing stock for my folly. There is but one thing to do: I shall kill myself by drowning in this pond. I shall do it, I shall do it," and the youth poised himself upon a rock to plunge in.

Came a voice from the trees, "Don't do it!"

"O useless bird," scolded the young sagamore, "you have brought me all this distress. You are to blame, you should be punished. I shall pursue and kill you!" And he began to pursue.

"At your feet, at your feet," shrieked the crow shrilly.

The despairing man looked down and saw a poisonous serpent coiled to strike. He shrank back, shudder-

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ing, and stumbled over an ant hill. Then he picked himself up and went back to the pool to meditate upon his distress.

When he reached the rock he saw a stranger there, looking calm and rested. "Greeting, youthful sagamore," spoke the man. "Have you discovered wisdom?"

"Wisdom?" echoed the youth. "I have found failure and despair."

"How so?" asked the man.

"O stranger," answered Trust-to-luck, "I have been tricked by a villainous crow, and all is lost. O that I had my arrows—the crow should die!"

"Why harm the crow which has done you no harm? I thought I saw him save you from a serpent."

"It is not that," said the youth, with anger in his voice. "He deluded me when I would have picked up the shining crystal which was the charm I sought."

"Do you yet believe in charms? O youth, how do you know that this crystal is the charm you sought?"

"I believe in charms and knew the crystal to be the charm."

"So you believe in charms even yet?" persisted the man. "You say you knew that the crystal was the charm you sought. Did the crow not tell you that? How does it happen that you follow the voice of a crow? Had you been truly wise you would have taken the crystal and tested it, and not followed an unknown voice."

"Who are you to question and chide me?" flared the young sagamore.

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"I am the teacher whom you once beat with clubs," responded the man, "yet have I not forsaken you, and you shall come to me for saving wisdom. I sent you on this journey to teach you that to travel without swerving from your goal is the only means of reaching it."

"I did travel, and reached my goal."

"Learned you nothing?"

"Yes, that I wish to die, for I dare not go back."

"You do not wish to die."

"I do—I know my own mind."

"Then why did you flee from the snake? Its bite would have soon ended your misery."

"I did not wish to be bitten."

"Why?"

"I had rather drown."

"Then why did you not leap into the pond?"

"Because the crow screamed, 'Don't do it!'"

"Then after all, the crow did give you good advice."

"It is not that; he screamed, 'At your feet' when I called for the prize, and when I bent over a bee stung me so that I swooned, lying in the damp mold for many hours, so that my body became stiff and sore. And when I stumbled back from the serpent I fell into a nest of ants that bit me. The crow is the culprit."

"It is as it ever was: the failure seeks a culprit and never looks at himself," mused the teacher. Then he spoke again. "I understand that the crow told you to look at your feet. Why not look at your feet? What do you see there?"

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The young sagamore stooped over and looked intently at the ground. "I see only ants here," he answered in a surly voice.

"What are they doing?"

"Working."

"Isn't that a good thing to do?"

"But that is not the charm of success which I seek."

"Why not? Is there any other?"

"Is this what you brought me here for?" glared the youth.

"Only this," answered the teacher, "for you were ever stubborn and, to learn the truth, must be brought to the turning of life, even at the gate of death."

"What truth?" asked the youth.

"Look about you," replied the teacher. "The birds build, the squirrels store their food, the ants make hills, the beavers build dams, and even the streams by ceaseless flowing make the waterfalls and gorges. All win life's success by work. This is the real secret—work, work, ceaseless work. Did not the bees tell you of work when they caused their warrior to sting you?"

"But what of lucky charms?" challenged the sagamore, ignoring the question.

"Yes, what of them? Have they ever helped you?"

"I know not, oh, I know not," wept the youth.

"But I do," said the teacher. "They only help those who would profit by your belief in them. So has Chew Much profited in your absence by seizing your chieftainship and ruling your people."

"What shall I do, O teacher?"

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"Return to your village and proclaim joyfully that you have indeed discovered the great secret of success. Laugh at all charms and defy one to injure you. Challenge Chew Much to work his wonders by his charms and incantations; ask him to make a field of corn grow, to build a bark lodge, to fell a tree, or make a canoe. Then prove that your charm will do it and do it well."

Thereupon the young sagamore trapped the crow and spoke to it, teaching it to say, "Work, everybody work, for work is the charm that never fails."

Trust-to-luck then returned to his tribe, with the crow upon his shoulder, singing and shouting as he entered the village. "I have the secret, I have the secret," he shouted.

Then came the contest with Chew Much, but the soothsayer could not make a field grow, or build a lodge, or make a canoe. He could do nothing with his charms. Trust-to-luck then caused a field to be planted, he built a house, he made a canoe, and he felled a tree.

"But you have not wrought by magic," stormed Chew Much.

"How can you say that, knowing nothing of magic?" laughed Trust-to-luck. "My charm is *hard work*, and it works great magic."

Then came a call from the treetops: "Work, everybody work, for work is a charm that never fails." The call was repeated in the air many times, and the people believed in their young sagamore and respected him.

Now at the time of the Great Feather Dance in the

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long lodge, the wise men and sachems held a naming ceremony, and their young sagamore was given a new name, and it was Trust-to-work.

When the new name was proclaimed, a croaking voice on a rafter spoke solemnly, "Work, everybody work, for it is the charm that never fails."

"Bless that crow," murmured the young sagamore as he took his seat, all of which proved that he was not yet fully wise, for the crow only said what he said, and he only said what his teacher had said, but it is still something to act upon the words of a sagacious teacher. Na-hoh!

"Great wisdom is this!" exclaimed Whooping Crane. "I have recorded it with pictures upon sheets of bark. Hereafter I will trust to work, but if ever I wander afield and afar, I will seek wisdom from those whom the whole world calls wise, and put not my trust in charms that I may be wise indeed."

"Why do you wish to be wise?" asked Rumbling Wings.

"So that I, too, might speak in council," replied Whooping Crane. "As a wise man of speech, I would teach all mankind."

"Mankind doesn't want to be taught," affirmed Rumbling Wings.

"Then what does it want?" asked the record keeper.

"To be amused," answered the story-teller.

"Amuse me," laughed Skunny Wundy.

Whereupon Rumbling Wings looked Whooping Crane full in the eyes and told the tale of old called "Great Oyster Wanders Afar for Wisdom."

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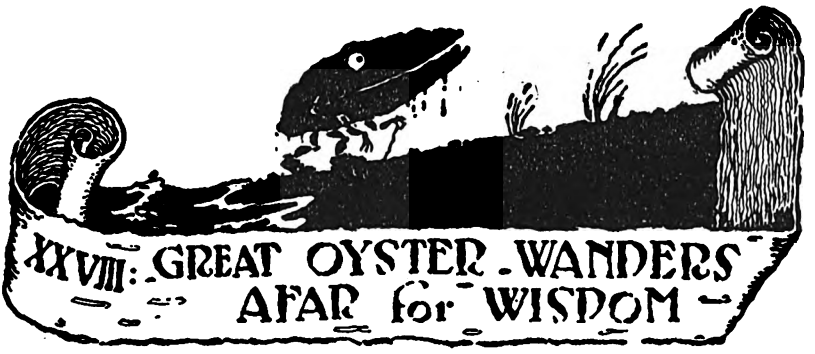

"An Oyster ought not to seek wisdom from Turtles and Crows."
Rumbling Wings.

NOW in ancient days when Yo-an-djah, the Earth, was young, there was an odd body known as Great Oyster. He lived in the sea where the tide ebbs and flows, and he was not as oysters are in these modern days—oh, no, for he had besides his mammoth tongue, eyes and ears, legs and arms, and the faint semblance of brains—but not now.

And there was also a spirit living by the sea—a spirit named O-dji-ka-da, who sought to inspire all creatures to seek a knowledge of things, near or far. It so happened that though Great Oyster's ears were small, his quite sufficient tongue never knew what to say or how much. He therefore made inquiries of O-dji-ka-da how he might learn.

"Ask of those who came out of the sea and are no longer of the sea," said the spirit. "Offer a reward for the answer."

"Ah, so!" exclaimed Great Oyster. "I shall offer a rare, round, shiny shell that glistens, and now I depart to discover wisdom." Thereupon he moved up

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from the sea to the water line, where he listened to the murmuring of the waves, but as they were ruthlessly shoving and shining glistening shells for themselves, he wandered farther inland, where shells might be prized.

At length he came to a pleasant woodland far up the creek called Psaituck, the one that flows down to the salt marsh of Sebonak. Here he sat down to rest and refresh himself, for his head was hot and his tongue parched. Soon he heard the chatter of voices, and one prattled, and one whistled, and one hooted, and one said nothing at all (and it is a trifle odd how he heard that one).

"Ah, I hear the voices of those who had the wisdom to come forth from the sea," quoth the esculent bivalve, smiling broadly, as oysters do when well pleased. "I shall now shout my quest to the world," at which he cried in his sternest note, "Wisdom I seek. How shall I speak? What shall I say? Answer, I pray!"

"Who seeks wisdom?" came a chorus of voices.

"I," said Oyster. "I seek wisdom!"

Thereupon there came into view four forest creatures, Rabbit, Owl, Crow, and Turtle. "What do you offer in exchange for wisdom?" asked they, though Owl spoke for all.

"A rare shiny shell, round and glinting, do I offer," replied Great Oyster. "The wisdom I seek is how I shall speak, how much and how little and what it shall be."

"For a well-devised answer come to the council," said Owl. "It is now sitting over the hill." So all went

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to the council, hopping, flapping, sailing, and waddling.

Thus did they come to the circle where sat the warriors of four mighty tribes, but outside of the ring lurked meat-hungry foes, smelling for food.

Rabbit now arose in the council circle, saluting Hawk Beak, the chief of the caucus. "I offer an answer," said he. "Our visitor asks what a wise man should say and how much. Now you may believe me when I say that a wise man should say much, for if he is wise he will have much to say, his mouth being full. As for the subject of conversation, let it be as mine—of his own greatness and importance among creatures."

Owl now arose in the circle, saying, "My cousin Say-Much Rabbit has spoken, and we have listened for politeness' sake. Now listen to me. A wise man should say little, for the more a man says the more he has to explain. So say I, Say-Little Owl, he-he!"

Crow now moved into the circle, flapping his wings and cawing noisily, "Listen to me, oh, listen to me, caw, caw, haw haw," he shouted, "Now, moreover, I am about to say what I shall say, and this being what I have in mind, and it being important and true, I therefore desire to express my firm and inalterable opinion. Now, neighbors, this being a fact, and no man able to dispute it, I do declare that a wise man such as I am—as you well know, my friends—a wise man should talk much, talk all the time, talk well, talk in a pleasant tone and secure the confidence of his neighbors, even as you have full confidence in me; and therefore I am sure——"

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"Declare yourself!" shouted Hawk Beak, becoming angry. "Tell us what you think!"

"As I was about to say," began Crow again, "caw, caw, haw, haw, a wise man——"

"Time is up," shrieked Hawk Beak. "Turtle shall now say what a wise man should say and how much." At this Crow laughed slyly and flapped around on the ground, hopping to the right and to the left and then sailing up into a tree.

Turtle now moved into the circle, extending his feet, his tail, and his long, handsome neck. His gold-streaked eyes looked at each member of the council, and then rolled with wisdom gleaming from them toward the excited and eager oyster.

"Speak!" commanded Hawk Beak, but Turtle spoke not, at which Hawk Beak angrily shrieked, "Speak if you would compete for the prize. Tell us and Great Oyster how much a wise man should say," but Turtle said nothing.

All the forest creatures now grew angry at Turtle, at which Hawk Beak flew down upon him to gouge out his eyes, but Turtle merely drew in his head, his feet and his tail, waiting patiently for his foes to grow weary with belaboring his tough, horny shell.

"Be at peace," shouted Great Oyster. "I have learned much and must bestow my prize, yet I must first see how each of you responds to a test of your talking."

"Proceed with the test," directed Hawk Beak.

"Let Rabbit tell me how his advice about much talking impresses his foes," said Great Oyster.

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"In this wise," boasted Rabbit. "I am Rabbit and I am strong, I leap and I fight, and I frighten my foes. Bugs scamper from me, frogs shudder at my approach, weasels retreat, and even Master Fox dares not battle with me."

"Yak, yak!" came a rasping bark. Up leaped a fox from behind a stump. "Ho-hoh," cried he. "You have said just one word too much. Right here we test that last statement."

The statement was tested, and Rabbit went away to the happy hunting grounds in a neat red pouch called Fox's gullet.

"Let Owl now tell me how his advice of saying little impresses his foes," said Great Oyster.

"In this wise," hooted Owl. "I am Owl; that's enough," and he flew to his hole in the stub of a pine. Only one sound did he make once he was inside, and then out came Weasel, wiping the blood from his mouth and shaking down-feathers from his chin whiskers.

"Let Crow now tell me how his advice impresses his foes," intoned Oyster once more.

"In this wise," croaked Crow. "I am Crow, and I talk as I go, I say my Caw-caw, I say my haw-haw, and much do I know." Thereupon he flew overhead and alighted once more in his tree.

At this many little birds began to twitter and say, "Yes, we know by your much-speaking that you are near. You dare not fly far for fear of our bills."

"I have seen enough," exclaimed Great Oyster, becoming nervous. "I shall now award my prize of

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the round, shiny shell. Behold, I have listened to Talk-much, Talk-Little, and Talk-all-the-time, but I have observed that Talk-Not fares best of all."

Great Oyster now looked around for his shell, but could not find it. There was much excitement in the council, and all assisted in the search, making such a comical, frantic chatter that a raucous laugh burst forth from the tree overhead.

"Haw-haw, caw-caw," came the laugh. "While you idiots were talking about talking, I *did* something; I took the shell, for rare, round, shiny things appeal to my eye. When I talk about something, I do something else, and your prize is safe in my nest in the tree."

Thereupon Great Oyster opened his mouth and then shut it quickly, for Crow with eager eyes was looking hungrily down his throat. "I'll say nothing at all," thought he.

Thus it was that Great Oyster, greatly dissatisfied, crawled back to the sea, for he had observed that Talk-Not fared best of all and yet could not claim the prize. Great Oyster then shed his legs, his arms, his eyes, and his ears, for of what use are these things if one may not listen to his own words of wisdom.

"I like not thy tale," said the fisherman to the medicine man, "for you thereby teach that the politician gets pearls when the wise man has won them fairly."

"Like the Great Oyster, have you, too, shed your eyes?" asked the medicine man. "Know you that Turtle said nothing at all, but merely waited. The crow's nest fell down and with it the pearl, which

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Turtle found and swallowed. It now rests in his head in a lump between his eyes."

"But what of the oyster?" asked the fisherman.

"The oyster, like the turtle, has a shell," replied the medicine man, "and he shuts it to his foes and patiently waits." At this the medicine man gathered up his garments to depart.

Likewise, the fisherman gathered up his trappings and pushed off his canoe.

"Hold!" exclaimed the medicine man, "my pipe is missing; have you seen it?" The fisherman made no reply, but only padded far into the offing.

When the fishing bank had been reached he drew the pipe from his pouch, packed it with o-yank-wa, placed a coal upon it, and sent long wisps of fragrant smoke drifting on the breeze toward the shore. "I am a turtle," mused he. "I say nothing, but I do a lot of thinking."

"Wherefore, I say," said Rumbling Wings, "that an oyster ought not to seek wisdom from turtles and crows, nor philosophers impart it to fishermen with canoes, for pearls and pipes are greatly desired by those who count them as prizes."

"I have no love for pipes," said Skunny Wundy, "but more about pearls I would wish to know."

"Those who wish true knowledge of pearls," replied the old story-teller, "must listen and hear with the heart as well as with the ear."

Thereupon he related the tale called "The Pearls of Life."

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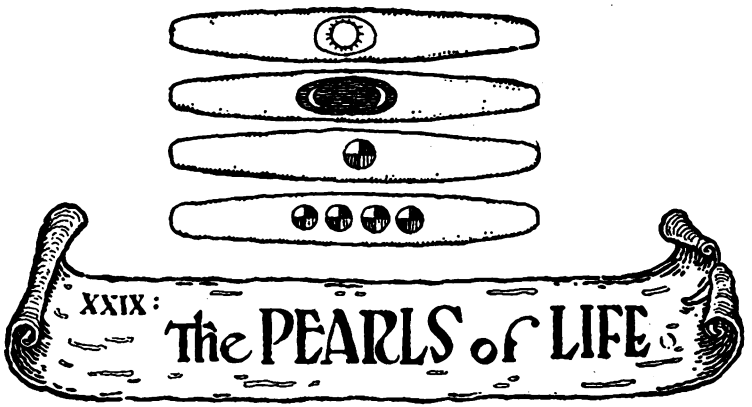

"All created things are brothers and have ears for each other's words, and hearts for each other's kindness and love." Rumbling Wings.

THE world's wonders brush our eyelids and we see them not." So spoke Rumbling Wings, sachem, sage, and story-teller of Nunda Waga. "In my pouch of marvelous tales I find a pearl," he continued. "Who will hear a tale of the travelers of the four ways and the pearls of life?"

"I will," spoke ten and one eager youths.

"I will," answered Skunny Wundy.

"Then listen and speak not as this tale unfolds!"

There were four brothers of On-on Da-ga—brothers by clan but not by blood. Each was in training as a candidate for the Grand Sachemship of the Turtles, and he who proved wisest and most deeply versed in the understanding of life's mission would be chosen some day when the old sachem passed on to the land of his fathers in the Up-Above-World beyond the sky's blue dome. Meanwhile, as brothers of the clan, they would strive and learn.

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Now it was told in the long lodges of the On-on Da-ga people that Ra-wen-io had hidden in the earth a necklace of pearls, and that in each pearl was wisdom for mankind's guidance. Often did the wise men speak of the pearls, for they were like little skies at morning when soft shades of color creep out from the horizon. As such they were filled with the thoughts of the spirit ones who dwelt in the realm beyond the blue. Pearls were therefore wonderful prizes to have, but only those who had never shed the blood of their fellow men might wear them, for war is not wise, and to slay one's kind is to be below the beasts. And all people are Ra-wen-io's children.

All this the four brothers had been told—even Stalking Panther, Running Deer, Great Oak, and Field Planter. They would know more, and so as friends, though rivals, they sought out Mountain Peak, the wise man of Oniagara, who dwelt in the land of the Atti-wan-dar-onks by the mighty falls.

They set out on their journey, taking no weapons, but only wallets for food. In due time they had traversed the forest trails and come to the town of Gayanoga on the cliff, where Mountain Peak lived in the long lodge of the Mother of Nations.

"O mighty sage," cried the brothers, "we have come to you to help us find the pearls of life, for we would have wisdom."

The sage looked at the four and then replied, "My nephews, in each of you is the seed of all that you may become. Upon your choice of little things rests the outcome of great things."

"Even so," answered the four.

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"Then I will present you with four sticks upon each of which is painted a symbol. Each of you will choose one stick and not let the other know which has been chosen. When I lift up my hand you will pick up your stick."

"What if two or all of us choose the same stick?" asked Stalking Panther. "What then shall we do?"

"As you are four and not one, so in each of you is a different choice. You will each choose your own and no other," quoth the sage.

Thereupon he brought out four flat sticks, like unto slats. Upon each was painted a strange device. One stick had upon it a circle divided into four sections, one of green, one of orange, one of white, and one of brown. The second had four of these painted circles. Upon the third were two crescent moons within an oval, and upon the fourth was a simple circle of yellow.

The sage laid these four sticks before the four brothers of the Turtle clan. "Choose, brethren," commanded Mountain Peak.

The four looked at the sticks, and each one chose the one that appealed to his heart. Then they stood meditating, the youngest to the oldest.

In a few moments the sage lifted his hand. "Take up your wands," he ordered, and each lifted the stick he had chosen, and there was no conflict.

Stalking Panther took the stick with the four painted circles, Running Deer took the one with the single painted circle, Great Oak took the one with the moons, and Field Planter chose the white stick with the single open yellow circle.

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"Destiny has spoken!" intoned Mountain Peak. "What is to be is becoming and shall always be. Make ready to set forth for the pearls of wisdom."

"We are ready," answered the four, greatly awed.

"One must go and three must always wait," explained the sage. "O you who have the yellow circle have the symbol of a day. In that day you are to set forth to accomplish three things, and each of you in your journey must do the same. They are, to see a great sight, to do a great deed, and to bring back a great gift. When all is done I shall proclaim who has accomplished most, and to him will be given the pearls of life."

"I am ready to go now. Ancient sage and brethren, good-bye; on the morrow I return." So spoke Field Planter, youngest of them all.

"One day is a short time to do great things," thought the brothers, "but one day is soon over, and then we may go."

Field Planter went east for a day's journey, and as he walked he saw a child talking to a flower and then holding it up to the sun to smile upon. Soon he came upon a hostile group of the enemy, and when he had walked into their midst he began to talk with the chief. Soon the whole party was laughing as friends, and, passing a gift, Field Planter journeyed on. At the close of day he found a ripe stalk of corn with ears long and purple. "These are new to my sight," thought he, "I will take them back as a gift that our people may eat."

At night the youth lay down and dreamed a vision of the peace of nations, even as Ha-yo-went-ha had

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dreamed, and he awoke refreshed. That morning he hastened back to Gayanoga and entered the lodge of Mountain Peak.

"I have returned," he smiled. "The sight that I saw was that of a child talking to a flower and then holding it up to the sun to beam upon. My deed was to make friends with the enemy and turn back a war party bent upon destroying your village. My gift is a new kind of maize for the planting. Its kernels are sweet, and our people will no longer know famine. This is all, for my day's journey was short and nothing happened. Still, I am content to abide with you."

"My nephew, rest you here," replied Mountain Peak. "In due season after your brothers have gone forth, you shall know more."

Then turned the sage to Great Oak, saying, "Two moons in a circle mean that your journey is to be the cycle of one moon. Your task is to see a great sight, to do a great deed, and to bring a great gift. Only this and nothing more shall you do."

And so it happened that Great Oak set forth on his journey, quite contented with the duration thereof. While he was gone Field Planter was happy with the young men of the village in games of skill, and he organized a troop of woodland ramblers from the boys who would know more of birds and forest craft. No youth was ever beloved as much as he, for his leadership brought the joy of finding happiness in doing things. As for Running Deer and Stalking Panther, they found zest in games of war and in the chase. For deeds of daring they led all the rest, and Gayanoga's warriors were thrilled by them to seek adventures

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where heroism counts its success in the enemy slain.

A moon went by and on the evening of its renewal in the awaiting sky, Great Oak returned, singing a pæan of triumph. His heart was overjoyed.

"I went to the lands of the South," he reported. "While in the dominion of the Cha-ta Nation, far in the land where it is warm, I beheld men building houses shaped like domes and covered with mats and layers of earth. From them I learned how to build better houses. This, then, was the great sight that I saw, and my deed is not less. I found the enemy ready to depart for the North, where they were to attack our allies, the Gwe-yu-gwe, and at night I caused a rival to slay their leader, a miserable culprit who deserved torture. As a gift, I bring a sheaf of jasper-tipped arrows of a rare sort, well chipped for killing the foe."

"My nephew, rest you here," said the sage. "In due season, after your brothers have gone forth, you shall know more." Then he turned to Running Deer and spoke.

"Running Deer, it is now your turn to go. The circle painted in sectors of green, orange, white, and brown symbolizes the year wherein the summer is green, the autumn is orange, the winter is white, and the spring is brown. You must take up your journey for a cycle of seasons, and your task is as that of your two brothers has been, to see, to do, and to give. Depart!"

And so did he depart, Field Planter remaining with his company of youths and Great Oak chipping out arrows for a time of war. Stalking Panther was grow-

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ing fiercer and more unhappy because of his delay, and on more than one occasion he was suspected of leading out men on raids of thieving.

Running Deer was gone for the span of a great sun cycle, even from spring to spring, and the earth's mat was brown when he came, shouting and singing with the zest of his excursion.

"I have returned, even I, Running Deer," he sang out. "Many adventures had I, and great things have I seen and done. I went to the west across the great plains, and I dwelt in the land of the Wazazeh[1] where warriors wear bonnets of standing feathers. A great sight did I see when I went with their soldiers on a raid against the Rice Eaters of the northlands. Charging Buffalo was chief, and his war charm was a mysterious bundle from which poison blew into the faces of the foe and dripped with their blood when the Wazazeh triumphed. I kept my peace and shed no blood because I shall be sachem."

"So much did you see, now what did you do?" asked Mountain Peak, his eyes drawn to narrow slits.

"Ah, my deed! Let me tell you that as I journeyed on I found a canoe of the hated Illini. I watched, and when the enemy embarked with his children, I sent an arrow into the canoe and it sank. I shed no blood but the enemy died. It was a great deed, and our foemen are less."

"And your gift? Forget not that," said the sage.

"Ah, my gift! I bring you trappings of war. See, a captive carries them upon his back. Captive, come hither!"

[1]The Iroquois called the Sioux by this term.

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From the shade of a young hemlock stepped a cringing captive, his back bent and weary. Running Deer opened the pack and took out the war bundle of Charging Buffalo, which he had stolen.

"We shall now be invincible in war!" he exclaimed. "My gift means success to our arms and death to our enemy!"

"My nephew, rest you here," answered Mountain Peak. "When your eldest brother has gone and then returned, you shall know more, for then shall the pearls of life be given."

Then the sage turned to Stalking Panther, who stood quivering with eagerness. "The four quartered circles on your stick mean four years of travel. As have your brothers done, so shall you do. Go, see, do, and give. Depart!"

Stalking Panther, bravest and eldest, now went forth, and a great company of admiring warriors waved him good-bye and good luck. He ran on into the gloaming singing a medicine song as high he waved his wand of destiny.

For four years was he gone, and during those four years his brethren lived at Gayanoga, adding to the fortunes of the town. Field Planter's fields of purple corn were famed afar, and many strangers came there to barter, his troops of youths were skilled in all lore of the woodland, and more than that, they were ready helpers in a time of need, always trustworthy, always loyal, always reverent.

Great Oak was likewise busily engaged and taught many skilled artisans to chip into arrow points the hornstone that lay hidden in the chinks of the cliff,

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and even houses of sod did he build. Running Deer was the maker of clubs and arrows, bows and stone hatchets.

After the four years had passed the three brethren went to the long lodge of the Mother of Nations and sat at the fire of Mountain Peak, awaiting their brother, Stalking Panther.

It was sunrise when he was seen marching up the trail from the river of Swirling Water. Behind him was a long train of captives loaded with baggage. Into the dim light he came with shouting and song, his followers taking up the refrain and crying, "Great is Stalking Panther, and far famed is he."

"I have returned famous and rich!" exclaimed he, looking at the gaping crowd that had gathered. "With me are many slaves from the North whence I traveled. Strange sights have I seen, and many rare beasts. I have seen fish with fur skins, great bears that were white, and mountains of ice floating in water. I slew a thousand caribou, killed great flocks of ducks, and tramped upon a thousand nests rolling with eggs. I frightened many towns of strange people dressed in furs and dwelling in round houses made of ice. And the greatest sight I have seen is a house of ice burning with flame and filled with victims who defied me."

"And forget not your deed," warned Mountain Peak.

"My deed, my deed! Why should I boast? I caused village to rise against village and destroy each other, while all regarded me as a god. When many were slain I ordered my vassals to pack up the booty

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as a gift, and the strangest of all I bring a symbol of might."

"Present your gift," commanded the sage.

"It is here," replied Stalking Panther, his eyes blazing. "It is a spear, red with blood, fringed with scalps, and impaling upon its point a dried human heart. Once our enemies see this they will pale in fear and slink away, for I shall be Sachem of On-on Da-ga as well as of the Turtle Clan. Who can resist me?"

"Aye, who can!" echoed Mountain Peak. "Your fame is far-flung and your gifts are abundant. Mighty deeds have you wrought and unheard of things have you seen. I now bring forth the pearls of life."

"Bestow them at once," commanded Stalking Panther.

"First let us examine the three things that you of the four brothers have accomplished," answered the sage, ignoring the demand.

Upon twelve rods set up in the ground were the symbols of accomplishment, and three were red, and three were scarlet, and three were crimson, and three were white.

"Behold the rods of accomplishment," called out the Sage. "Stalking Panther may read his red rods and see that his great sight was a sight of bloody conflict, for his deed was to slay. His gift is one that brought misery to the hearts of many. So speak the red rods, saying that his emblem is that of death."

"Likewise," continued the sage, "the great sight of Running Deer was one of warfare, in which magic and not wit triumphed. His deed was not less bloody

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because he sank the canoe and did not break the skin of his victims. Even his gift of the stolen war bundle suggests killing those who are happy in life. Alas, his rods are scarlet and his emblem is that of death."

"Coming to Great Oak, we find that his sight was that of strange houses in which our people would not dwell. We cannot use the knowledge that he brought. His deed was to tempt another man and goad him by hatred to slay. Blood is upon his hands even as if he himself had slain the victim. His crimson emblem is that of death."

"As for Field Planter, I have little to say. He saw a child speaking to a flower and lifting it to the sun. This is to teach men that all created things are brothers and have ears for each other's words, and hearts for each other's kindness and love. In lifting the flower to the sun was a recognition of the All-Father above. Field Planter saw a message of faith. His deed was to make a friend out of an enemy and even to bring joy to that former enemy's heart. This is greater than slaying thousands. And his gift is that of the purple maize which now feeds us and makes famine a tragedy that is now afar."

The three brothers sprang up in anger. The eldest spoke. "Can it be that we who suffered much and did great things have no reward and no praise from you?" said he. "Do you intend to deny us a sight of the pearls of life that we may become sachems? What stupid folly to praise our youngest brother who plays with cornfields and rambles with callow youths!"

"Let it be as you demand," answered Mountain Peak. "I shall show you the pearls of life, and he who

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has earned them shall not be denied. Each of you shall have a chance to prove yourselves."

"That is better," growled Running Deer, and Stalking Panther waved his hatchet.

"Let all those in the world who have received life and joy and healing from Stalking Panther appear!" called forth the sage, but none appeared.

"Let all who have received life and joy and healing from Running Deer appear!" came the intoned command, but none appeared.

"Let all who have received life and joy and healing from Great Oak appear!" repeated the sage, but none came.

"Let all who have received life and joy and healing from Field Planter, appear!" echoed Mountain Peak, and as he spoke a mighty cavalcade of young and old appeared, singing pæans of joy and waving green branches.

Field Planter stood in the circle that surrounded him, his breast bare, his lips red and parted, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes shining with a strange light.

As the host of young and old moved about him, the day darkened and a light shone down from a hovering cloud, illuminating his face and bosom. Then the miracle occurred. One by one for each deed of kindness a lustrous pearl appeared upon his chest until there were many strands hanging there, each pearl reflecting light from the cloud that sang down its lustrous rays. Not a voice spoke as this happened, and when the weight of pearls seemed about to break their strands, they melted away into the breast of Field Planter and went into his heart, there to dwell.

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"My nephews," intoned the sage, "these are the pearls of life, and he who finds them does not know that he finds them until the light appears, and when it does appear no man may filch one of them, for all are kept within the heart of him who has found them."

The cloud vanished and the sun shone again. The three brothers looked at each other and spoke not, but slunk away. Only Field Planter remained at the door of the Mother of Nations until children clustered about him when he led them away to their games and told them tales of plants and flowers, clouds and rainbows. And where he went he made people live more joyfully, for in his heart were the pearls of life. Na-hoh!

"There is yet another tale that I would have you tell," said Whooping Crane. "I would compare even that with the version I have."

"Proceed, O Uncle," begged Skunny Wundy. "I would hear an ancient tale of wonder and magic."

So, far into the night, Rumbling Wings repeated the ancient legend, known far and wide by the name of "Musquas and His Friend Porky."

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"*It is no joke to be left where you don't want to be.*" Rumbling Wings.

THERE were once two friends who never quarreled, but it was only because they had nothing in common. And because of this as time went on they just left each other alone.

Now, Musquas, the Muskrat, was one of the pair, and Porky, the Porcupine, was the other. Friends were they, and they traveled together over hill and vale, through plain and woods. All was well until Red Fox met Porky one day.

"Hie," yapped Red Fox. "What a strange Porcupine are you to be tramping abroad with a foolish Muskrat!"

"He is not foolish, for he is my friend," answered Porky.

"Well, what do you do for him that he hangs around so?" asked Red Fox.

"It is just this way," replied Porky. "Mink is al-

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ways seeking the throat of Musquas, and Mink is afraid of me, same as you. While I am with Musquas, Mink keeps away, and so we just travel together."

"Ah, I now understand," grinned Red Fox. "You help him keep clear of Mink. Now I suppose he pays you by gathering food that you eat. You must get something to endure his company."

"No, we do not eat the same things," answered Porky. "I like the bark from the tops of the trees, and Musquas likes lily roots and calamus spice. We have no quarrel over what we eat, for each gathers his own food, and we are both satisfied."

"Huh!" laughed Red Fox. "So you protect Musquas and he does nothing at all for you. Does he appreciate what you do?"

"Appreciate?" echoed Porky. "How do I know? Friends do not ask such things; they just chum around and enjoy life together."

"It is all beyond my ken," sighed Fox, "but if I were you I would take Musquas up a tree some day and show him how very nice the bark of the Poplar is. Suppose you do it—well, this afternoon, while I am around. I can't climb a tree, you know."

"Very well," quoth Porky. "I will take my friend up a tree."

When the sun had passed mid-blue, Porky sought out his friend and invited him to feast on the buds and bark of the Poplar, extolling the flavor of the tree.

"I can't climb a tree," answered Musquas.

"I'll boost you up," replied Porky.

So up the tree he boosted Musquas, and together

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the two tried bark and buds. Soon there was a call. Someone was crying for Porky. He listened.

"Come at once," wailed a voice. "Porky, oh, Porky, your children will be killed!"

Porky scampered down the tree and ran in the direction of the voice. Soon he saw Red Fox.

"I heard a strange cry," spoke up Red Fox. "Let us investigate." And at that the two began a long ramble over fen and moor, over the hill and across the valley where rolled a big river. Finally they came to one of the dens of Red Fox. "Come in," said he.

"No," replied Porky. "I came to find out about my children."

"Your children!" roared Red Fox. "Why, that was just a trick to make you leave Musquas up a tree so that he might realize that you had helped him so much. Oh, it is the very way to make Musquas know that he depends upon you for his life."

"I'll return right now!" growled Porky. "But if harm befalls Musquas because of your trick, I'll get you and fill you with quills."

"Catch me," barked Red Fox, darting off at ten times the gait that Porky could take.

And at that Porky, as mad as a bee bent on revenge, ambled away to rescue his friend. Long did he journey back to the tree.

Up in the Poplar waited Musquas, and fear filled his gullet. He could not climb, and he dared not drop. He wondered why Porky had scampered off so, leaving him high and dry in the tree.

Along came Red Fox. "It is nearly sunset," said

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he. "Why stay in the branches when Mink prowls around?"

"I can't get down," moaned Musquas. "Porky has gone."

"Oh, yes, Porky! Hum!" quoth Red Fox. "Why, he is just a mean fellow and no doubt took you up in the tree to leave you as bait for the ravens and buzzards. He'll never come back."

"What will I do?" wept Musquas.

"Why ask Red Fox?" replied the tempter. "I must be going." And at that he leaped away, laughing and swishing his brush.

As darkness came on, Areosa, the Chief of the Squirrels, came along looking for those who were distressed.

"Help me!" cried Musquas.

"I'll help," answered Areosa, and he helped Musquas to the ground.

"Porky has betrayed me," screamed Musquas, anger choking his voice. "Porky is false, he is a traitor. If ever I see him, we'll fight."

"No wise man fights Porky," said Areosa. "Why not first find out why he left you?"

"I know," replied Musquas. "Red Fox told me all about it."

"Red Fox?" asked Areosa, looking surprised. "Do you believe any tale that Red Fox barks to the wind?"

"Well, this time what he says is the truth," frothed Musquas. "I was left up in the tree, wasn't I?"

"You may be still up a tree," replied Areosa,

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wrinkling his brow. "Let your anger cool, and speak not to Porky until you can ask him all about his sudden departure. Good-bye."

But the more Musquas thought of it, the more angry he became. It was a trick—the meanest ever played upon him. As he fumed, along came Red Fox, smiling and picking feathers out of his teeth.

"Oh, so you're down," smirked he. "I should think you would be raging at Porky."

"Yes, I am," snapped Musquas. "But what will I do?"

"Do?" laughed Red Fox. "Why, do to that false friend of yours just what he did to you."

"How'll I do it?"

"Oh, just be friendly and kind to him. Say it was too bad that he was detained. Invite him to swim with you out to your little house in the pond. Take him in and give him some of your roots."

"I don't want him near my house. He can't swim, anyhow."

"Well, well," grinned Fox. "I wonder how it would be if you towed him out, just as he boosted you up the tree."

"What for?"

"Well, I was just wondering what he would think if you left him there as long as he left you, that's all," chuckled Red Fox.

"Ugh!" replied Musquas, opening his eyes. "Ugh, I see!"

"Thought you would," laughed Red Fox. "Good-bye."

The next day Porky limped into camp, tired and

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weary, and most uncomfortably hungry, too. Musquas was waiting for him.

"I suppose you think I deserted you?" greeted he.

"Oh, no, I am sure it was just a mistake," parried Musquas. "I see that you are hungry. Come along to my house in the pond and eat your fill."

"I cannot swim, and I am tired," sighed Porky.

"That's all right, I'll ferry you over on my back," said Musquas.

Far across the wide water swam Musquas, lugging Porky on his shoulders, and then he dumped him on top of his house in the middle of the pond.

"Well, we are here," puffed Musquas. "Let me see now whether dinner is ready inside. You just wait here."

So saying Musquas ducked into the pond and entered his under-water door. Taking a chew of a fragrant root, he smiled to himself as he swam far away to the camp of the Beavers, where he passed a full day, laughing and chuckling over the plight of poor Porky.

Porcupine, meanwhile, was miserable indeed, for the night was cold. His suspicions were deepening as the moments went by. Soon it dawned upon him that Musquas had sought his revenge. It was death to stay on the slippery roof of a muskrat lodge, far out in the water. What could he do?

Over the morass, the jungle, and pond, high rose the moon, shedding a silvery light over the landscape. There was the sound of a paddle dipping into the water, and soon a song burst forth to enliven the stillness of night. Porcupine stood up to see what new foe

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he might discover coming along. To his great relief he saw Red Fox in a canoe.

"Hi, there!" he cried. "Come rescue me."

"Rescue you, Musquas? I should say not, after the mean trick you played on my very dear friend Porcupine—Chieftain Porcupine. Why, he is the finest chief that I know." So replied Red Fox, winking his eyes.

"I am not Musquas, I am Porcupine," shrieked Porky.

"How fortunate," purled the voice of Red Fox, "I am here to rescue you, since I am your friend."

"Most grateful am I," chattered Porky. "I am ready to go."

"And, by the way, do you really wish to go?" asked Red Fox.

"Most truly, my friend," gasped Porky. "That evil Musquas lured me here and then left me to die."

"What a monster! What a traitor!" exclaimed Red Fox. "But, say, what will you give me to take you ashore?"

"What do you ask?" replied Porcupine.

"Oh, nothing very much," reflected Red Fox. "I do not need anything especially. It occurs to me, though, that since you are a friend you will fight my enemies for me."

"I will, Master Red Fox," agreed Porcupine.

"Well, then, I'll take you ashore on the solemn promise that you will never, never speak to Musquas again, but leave him to me. And, also, that you will make dogs like you and then fill their snarling

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mouths with quills. The treacherous beasts, they are always chasing me!"

After the promise Red Fox assisted Porky into his canoe and took him to the edge of the pond and there dumped him out.

"Hereafter," said Red Fox, "you and I will be friends. I will catch the traitors of the tribe of Musquas and eat them up, leaving their bones for you. Likewise I will leave the bones of turkeys and ducks that you may have marrow and fat."

"Hereafter," replied Porcupine, "I will assail your foes, and I will beckon the dog and the wolf, and then fill their faces with quills."

"My good friend," cried Red Fox, smiling and waving his hand. And with that he whisked about and was gone.

"And so I say," intoned Rumbling Wings, "that when friends are led into temptation, being deceived, suspicions will grow. Moreover, I say that when an ill-chosen friend is placed in a position from which he cannot escape, he will sell his friend to his foes, especially when they have nothing in common. Therefore, the philosophers have said that a man's friends should think what he thinks and eat what he eats."

"What good will that do?" asked Skunny Wundy.

"Much good," replied the old story-teller. "Friends who eat the same food, walk the same walks, and think the same thoughts have a common interest, and he who harms one harms the other. Thus, such friends will fight for each other against all foes. A common interest binds friends."

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"Huh!" ejaculated Waynie Aanie, "I see you don't know much."

"What are you saying?" inquired the story-teller.

"I was saying," replied the maid, "that just suppose that *common interest* of which you speak *happens to be the same maiden!*"

"That is a question which you must ask the Fox," answered Rumbling Wings.

"I knew that before," laughed Waynie Aanie. Na-hoh!

Then up spoke Skunny Wundy: "Dangerous as are giants that lurk in the rocks, I have heard that maidens are more to be feared," said he. "The time has come when I would know the truth and deceive me not because of youth."

Then will I weave the tales of old Gus-tan-go, quoth Rumbling Wings. "Long are these tales, and it will take the night, for I must recount the adventures of four brothers, men of Gus-tan-go, and warriors from the Vale of Flint. Attend, for I will sing of maidens and the havoc they wrought, and deny me not the right to wipe my eyes when I pause for breath."

Thereupon he told the tale of "They Who Disguised at Gus-tan-go."

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"Naked truth is a deep disguise, not easily penetrated by those accustomed to deceive." Rumbling Wings.

THERE was a maiden fair at Gus-tan-go," began Rumbling Wings. Her father was Shifting Fox, war chief of the Twisted Tongues. Queer things had happened at Gus-tan-go, and neither medicine man nor sachem could solve them. Who, oh, who, will hear a tale of the naked truth which no man could see?

"I will!" came the united voices of ten good youths and one.

"Then shall you know of sorrow at Gus-tan-go[1], village under the black cliffs of the Cat-ta-rau-gus," spoke Rumbling Wings, taking out his embroidered sack of trophies.

An unknown wizard had been spreading disease

[1]This town is now one where white men live and is in one corner of the Seneca Indian reservation.

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and making men sick and children die, even at play. The arms of mothers were withered, and the feet of warriors grew limp. Many canoes were mysteriously sunk, and granaries were burned at night. A whole village was crying with woe, and the culprit could not be found.

The wise men searched, and the soothsayers consulted their oracles, but none could tell who the weaver of spells might be. Then did the people cry out to Shifting Fox, their war chief, to go forth to trap the wizard, if such the evil might be.

Shifting Fox was crafty and demurred, but when pressed, shut his eyes in the face of those who gazed upon him, and he said, "By my magic I see that Oat-gont is the wizard, and that he lives far, far away at the forks of our river, having a cave midway up on the point of rocks. But, ugh-yah! he who sets forth to find him must do so with a rattlesnake tied to his heart."

Glinting Sun, the wise and brave sachem of Gus-tan-go, listened, and then, with his heart yearning for his people in their distress, he asked, "O Shifting Fox, there will be found men who will go, even as you direct, but what will you proclaim as a reward to him who brings back in bonds the wizard called Oat-gont?"

"He who finds the wizard shall have my daughter, even she whose son shall be sachem of the clan of the Beavers," rasped Shifting Fox, his eyes still averted.

"How shall we test our warriors?—for they must be wise and crafty and fully capable of deceiving the wizard of Oat-gont," pressed Glinting Sun, his eyes

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very bright, and his chest heaving high, for in his heart were many thoughts.

"Let messengers be sent to all the hamlets and towns," replied Shifting Fox, grinning from ear to ear, and his beady eyes lit up with his scheme. "Bid the bravest come hither where they shall see me, and then engage in a contest of disguises. He who remains undiscovered by me shall set forth to fight the wizard. They who fail—ah, they who fail—shall perhaps fail, and the fury of the wizard shall destroy them for their folly," and Shifting Fox wiped his drooling lips.

And so it was that runners went to distant villages with the news. The wit and the beauty of Floating Lily, daughter of Shifting Fox, were themes for song and story in all the towns of the League of the Brother Nations. Brave men breathed deep, and their eyes shone with resolution, for Floating Lily was a rare prize, and he who claimed her should be stamped as a warrior of warriors.

Now it happened that in the village of Ga-no-jah Ha-le, there lived four brothers, lusty youths of rare vigor and keenness of mind. There was Long Bow, the eldest, strong and handsome; Hollow Bone the next, who could wrestle and shoot; Green Blanket, the vain one, whom lorn maidens hopelessly loved; and last there was White Deer, youngest of all—a care-free youth who had never known war yet whose fine eyes and frankness of mien won friends everywhere.

These four of Ga-no-jah Ha-le, alone of all the town, decided to go forth to Gus-tan-go, to enter the contest of disguises, for each had many fine costumes, and many pelts of various hues. To them it was to be a

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rare adventure filled with excitement of the happiest sort. Not one feared the wrath of a wizard, for each had a lucky red hair—a potent charm against black magic, as any magician will tell.

Before making ready, each slept beneath his own wishing tree, to gain a propitious dream, and then all awoke to set forth. Each had his dream save White Deer, and he only had the ill luck to have slept beneath a pine tree dripping with pitch. Thus, when he awoke, his face was covered with warts made by the gum, and no water would wash off the stubborn tar. Alas, his fine face was not one for a maiden to smile upon, but onward with his brothers he went. Dressed in their traveling suits, they followed the setting sun and walked beneath the stars. For four full days they journeyed on, singing and chanting songs of adventurous joy. Then they came to the sand hills that lay across the valley from Gus-tan-go, and in a clear stream they washed their faces and painted anew, and White Deer painted over his blemish of pitch. It had been told that each contestant must pass before the lodge of Floating Lily ere they put on their disguises.

With many others, the brothers appeared in the council lodge and were introduced to Shifting Fox and Glinting Sun. Each man told his name and was inspected for fitness of sinew and sharpness of eye.

The first call drum sounded, and the long, thin line of youths walked slowly to the lodge where Floating Lily dwelt, one by one pausing at her doorway, and then dancing by, that she might look and admire.

When White Deer paused, he lifted his eyes to her,

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and she lifted her eyes to him. They gazed at each other for one brief moment, and then a light went from her eyes to his and from his eyes to hers. Now, all the old people say that when this occurs two souls have mated and are united by the Master of Life. But White Deer was young and knew nothing of the lights that glint from maidens' eyes. He did not even know that Floating Lily looked at him with great pity, noting his absurd-looking warts.

When the reception was over, the contestants marched with shouting to the council lodge, and awaited the drum call of the Master of Rites. And at that time there were counted four and twenty men who had offered their might against the wizard called Oat-gont. Each one knew that only one would be chosen to go, and he with a rattlesnake tied to his heart.

The second drum call sounded, and the contestants went out to little lodges along the wall of the village, prepared as places where they might dress in their disguises. White Deer entered, and sat down to think. As he did, a messenger crept through the tall reeds and whispered to him.

"Here is a pot of grease," said the messenger cautiously. "The beautiful one sends it with the instruction that you are to smear it upon your face to remove the tar that makes you hideous." And then the messenger crept away.

White Deer took the pot of grease and looked at it. Then he fell to smearing it upon the tar and wiping it off with moss. At last his face was clean again, and he began to think of dressing.

"I like not the eyes of Shifting Fox," he mused.

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"They are filled with unspeakable evil. But, oh, the eyes of the maiden of Gus-tan-go! When I looked into them I saw visions of joy."

So, in a reverie, White Deer folded his arms and lost himself in thought. In deep meditation he was dreaming dreams that he could not understand. Then he heard low voices in the thick copse behind his bower. He listened, and knew that evil was astir. The voice of Shifting Fox was speaking to a stranger, plotting against the contest. The stranger's voice answered back, revealing his disguise and the symbols he would carry. Then all was silent again.

The third call drum now sounded, demanding that all contestants come forth for the masquerade. Wild were the whoops and strange the calls as the disguised warriors emerged from their dressing places and crawled through the tangled shrubbery. And with them was one strange entrant who wore the pelt of a black stag with antlers.

White Deer started in dismay, for he had neglected to put on his disguise. Instead, he was naked save for his fringed loincloth and moccasins. His hair was sleek with grease, and his face shining in its unpainted state. He saw that there were four and twenty without him, and thus he mingled with the throng of villagers, wondering what he would do. A hand touched his and a soft voice whispered, "Enter and mingle with the masked ones. If ordered to the benches, sit by the side of Shifting Fox."

So soft and fleeting was the voice that White Deer thought it a trick of his imagination, but looking up he saw that Floating Lily has passed by.

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Entering the council lodge, he walked to and fro, with genial words and play of wit, winning admiring acquaintances. At the call of the fourth drum, the contestants danced about the long benches in the center of the room, and, laughing at his own predicament, White Deer circled the great hall with the rest of the masqueraders. The voice of Shifting Fox was angry, indeed, when it called forth, "The four and twenty will continue, but the young man without disguise will be seated, for he has no right in the line!"

White Deer looked crestfallen at this public rebuke, but his heart was undaunted as he walked up to the war chief and sat at his side, mumbling in an apologetic way that he had surely misunderstood. Then he fell to entertaining the chief with quips of wit and remarks about the contest, until Shifting Fox forgave him.

When the dance of the masked ones was over, each one stepped before the seat of Shifting Fox to be discovered, and though dressed as beasts of the forest, or monsters of magic, the crafty chief called out the name of each and bade him remove his disguise. It was the one dressed as the Black Stag, alone, who remained unguessed.

"And you of the black pelt of a stag," roared Shifting Fox, "you are none other than White Deer, seeking to confound me by contraries." And his voice was discordant, as if he were speaking a lie.

Off came the disguise, and a stranger stood blinking at the crowd. "As I am not White Deer, I have passed the test of defying your guess," he shouted. "It is I

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who am victor, it is I who shall seek the wizard called Oat-gont. It is I who shall carry away your Floating Lily!"

"Not so!" called forth Glinting Sun. "You were not of the original four and twenty. You are a stranger, and we know you not."

"Stay!" shouted Shifting Fox, his eyes gleaming with a ferocious light. "Since White Deer did not appear in the circle nor stand before me in judgment, I shall proclaim you the winner."

Then from the women's side of the long lodge there was a voice. The spokesman of the women arose. "O war chief of Gus-tan-go," spoke he, "I am bidden to say that White Deer did appear and that he did circle the long lodge; that he indeed appeared before you in judgment, and that you spoke to him, not penetrating his disguise. He conformed in all things demanded, and yet remains, under your own orders, to be discovered."

"Who bids you speak?" roared Shifting Fox.

"The maid who is your daughter," came the response.

"Enough," rasped Shifting Fox, "I do recognize the man in the black stag disguise. He came to me privately and conformed. I did not recognize him in his mask, as you have all seen, and therefore he is the winner. Tell this to my daughter."

At this the people began to protest, for Shifting Fox was unfair. There could be no private conformation in contests of guessing disguises.

"Your judgment is unfair," shouted Glinting Sun, plainly angry at his war chief.

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"The speaker is right," called forth the spokesman of the warriors. "The one of the black stag is disqualified."

"Then if White Deer indeed be in this council," hissed Shifting Fox, "let him step forth as winner, but before he may go on his journey he shall wrestle with me." Shifting Fox frothed at his mouth as he roared the last order.

There was a supple movement at the side of Shifting Fox, and a youth arose, quickly casting a tough leathern thong about the chest of the war chief, noosing it to his own breast.

"I am White Deer," called forth the youth. "I circled the long lodge as bidden and then was ordered to a seat. No man knew my disguise, for I am as I am and not as I am not."

"Good, good!" shouted all the people.

"I have confounded Shifting Fox, and I claim the right to go forth to discover the wizard."

"Let it be so," shouted the throng.

"But when I bring him to you, I shall not be able to slay him," went on White Deer, filled with courage, born of Ra-wen-io's help. "I must spare him, for he is the father of Floating Lily."

"The father of Floating Lily!" echoed Glinting Sun. "Youth, be careful in the heat of your victory! I cannot believe evil of my friend."

"Yes, even her father," came the answer. "I now present to you the wizard called Oat-gont, and I have taken him even as he himself has decreed, *with a rattlesnake tied to my heart.* Behold him, even now, thonged to my very bosom!"

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There was a hoarse shriek—the angry cry of a thwarted monster—and Shifting Fox twisted from the grasp of White Deer, wrenching at the thong and striking the youth with his fists. Down upon the floor of the long lodge they halted, tugging at the tough strap that bit into their flesh and bound them together. With a low, darting movement White Deer grasped the struggling chief, lifted him from his feet and crashed him to the earthen floor.

"Men of Gus-tan-go!" shouted White Deer breathlessly. "I have proof that Shifting Fox, your war chief, is a traitor, and that it was he who secretly poisoned with herbs those who have suffered and died. He is a spy for the Hurons and has sought to weaken your tribe that savage foemen may rush in and ravish your homes. I heard him plotting back of my dressing bower, and heard Black Stag offer him counsel. This was the cause of my delay and threw me out of the chance to don my disguise!"

"It is a lie, a base lie," shrieked Shifting Fox.

"Then, if it is a lie, there is no rattlesnake tattooed over your heart beneath the weasel skin that you affect as a medicine pouch. Look!" and White Deer shouted as he tore open Shifting Fox's shirt, revealing the totemic sign of the hated Hurons. "Gaze upon the perfidy of your trusted chief," shouted White Deer.

"I yield, I yield, spare me!" choked the voice of Shifting Fox.

"Spare him not, spare him not," came a wheezing voice at the great arched door. In amazement the multitude looked at the tottering figure of a man who entered. Loud were the murmurs of surprise and

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wonder, for here before them was the very shadow of Shifting Fox, himself.

The emaciated form moved to the center of the lodge and stood beneath the smoke hole that all might see him. "*I* am Shifting Fox, your war chief," he shouted huskily. "I was trapped and made prisoner by the one you have lately hailed as Shifting Fox—a loathsome spy in disguise. I have broken away from the cave on the cliff where he kept me in starvation that I might resemble an evil wizard and be killed by the darts of the winner of this very contest."

Glinting Sun had come forward and held the man in his arms. "Aye, you are Shifting Fox, my friend!" he exclaimed, "but who is this stranger called Black Stag?"

"I speak for myself," came the answer. "Under this stain and this wax, I am War Eagle, clan protector of those who will be the mothers of sachems. I plotted with Floating Lily to reveal this impostor, and even schemed with him in the bushes that White Deer might know, for Floating Lily wanted the young man delayed. I hope I played my part well!"

"But why should White Deer know, above all others?" questioned Glinting Sun, as if hurt.

"Because, O sachem, there were other, and gentler, plots, too, and these I am pledged not to reveal until after the wedding of the maid of Gus-tan-go."

It is told that in due season there was a wedding, and that White Deer went to live in a bark lodge, where he supplied Floating Lily and her mother with meat for a year—yea, fed a whole family and relatives,

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too, for such was custom in the days when a man must satisfy a mother-in-law in gratitude for the gift of her daughter.

And because of this tale, O Nephews, it is still related that naked truth is a disguise not easily penetrated by those accustomed to deceive. More than this, others say that this tale speaks of a deep plot of a maid, but of this there must be no inquiry, for none can fathom the pure limpid depth of such as would claim the one whom she greatly desires. Nahoh!

Long into the night had Rumbling Wings woven his tales. The moon had arisen and sent her soft light down through the smoke hole of the lodge, and as this light appeared, the company seemed to awaken.

"Another tale, O Rumbling Wings," begged Whooping Crane, taking out a new sheet of bark upon which to record by pictures the wonder tales of the old storyteller. "Tell of the wonders of medicine men and how they frighten the demons that bring illness to earth."

Rumbling Wings shifted his position, when off came his moccasin. There it stood in the light of the moon while the old philosopher wriggled his toes.

"Then I will sing of ancient days," answered he. "I sing of wisdom and of that which is not. Attend, for I weave the tale of the Moonshine Moccasins."

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XXXII: MOONSHINE MOCCASINS

"I invented moonshine moccasins—things that are not, but are if one believes they are." White Elk.

RED BIRD was the wife of Red Eagle, mighty sachem of the town on the hill called Squawkie, beneath whose cliffs flows the Jen-ne-see. Red Bird was beautiful, but not so fair as her daughter Star Gleam, who was now old enough to marry.

The thought of this, it has been said by some, caused Red Bird to worry, and as she worried, to imagine many things that never could happen.

"I wish that my husband would return," she moaned. "If an enemy should come, who would defend me?"

"But every warrior must hunt," answered Star Gleam. "My father must provide meat for the winter."

"If he loved me he would remain at my side," wept Red Bird. "Why should he always be away? He might be killed, he might find another home and forget me, he might be captured by foes."

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It was strange that Red Bird should worry, for she was of a noble family that had never known want. Her home was the finest, and her chests were filled with treasures, such as a woman loves. Still, she was unhappy, as if some fell illness had seized her and poisoned her mind.

When Red Eagle came back from the hunt he was filled with grief, for she would not even speak to him. "She must be ill, very ill," thought he, whereupon he said, "I must seek a great medicine man."

So, leaving her in the care of Star Gleam, he went to another village to secure Big Drum, a conjurer of great fame, who would sing songs of healing and drive away the evil spirits that gnaw one's vitals, making one sick.

Thus went Red Eagle away, and when he was gone White Elk, young and brave, came through the glens, scaled the cliffs, and hovered about the doorway of the lodge where dwelt Red Bird—but it was not she whom he sought. Rather he would catch a glimpse of Star Gleam that he might again gaze into her eyes and send his soul into her mind, that she might call for him and not be satisfied until she was his own.

She came down the path with her kettle of clay—clay molded by her own nimble fingers. She moved cautiously over the slippery trail to the spring and then started as she saw the sinewy form of White Elk.

"A greeting of peace," he breathed from his seat on the boulder.

"Truly so!" answered she. "And strength be to you."

"My mother comes with bread," he stated

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"Bread!" she exclaimed, looking into his eyes, and as she did she felt an unaccustomed thrill, as if something new had come into her soul. "Bread?" she repeated. "Is there one in our lodge that you would marry?"

"You!" he whispered.

"Then come another time," she answered. "Red Bird, my mother, is stricken, and my father has gone for a man of cunning songs."

"It may be that I can cure her," he suggested.

"I fear not," said Star Gleam. "Curing is not for one so young. Come, come—another time." And she was gone, the rustling of the hazel leaves only betraying her flight.

Fell the night and dawned another day, followed by darkness, the rise of the moon, starlight, long silent hours, and then again the dawn. The pine trees moaned, the river sang, birds awakened. It was morning. Through the clear air came the sound of a tom-tom, the ringing note of the water drum—"*dum*, dum, *dum*, dum, *dum*, dum!"

Red Eagle was returning with Big Drum, and it was early in the morning when they stood before the moaning form of Red Bird.

"She is sick unto death!" rasped Big Drum. "Only my magic can heal her. Evil spirits gnaw at her bones, making them ache, the worms of death eat into her marrow. In another moon she will fade and die unless you strictly obey."

The tom-tom sounded, hideous wails burst forth from the lips of Big Drum. He leaped, he spun, he whooped, and he blew feathers from his mouth, using

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trickery. Then he sang until the sun had set, when he pulled snakes from his shirt, saying that he had caught these from the air and rendered them visible; that the serpents had brought the sickness. The household gasped and believed. Red Bird should now recover.

Away went Big Drum with a basket of presents in payment for his incantations. But Red Bird grew paler, weaker, and palsy shook her tired frame. She was ill indeed.

It was in the darkness of that night that she heard a voice whisper, "*Find the moonshine moccasins*, O Red Bird, if thou wouldst recover." There was just a movement of the bed curtain and the sound of a soft footfall slipping away, but the words "*moonshine moccasins*" clung to her ears and repeated themselves over and over. Who had ever heard of the moonshine moccasins?

It seemed as if daylight would never come, but when it did it found Red Bird murmuring, "Moonshine moccasins, I must find the moonshine moccasins lest I die!"

Red Eagle heard and wondered what new witchcraft had cast itself over his wife. Her request was a strange one, and the old warriors whom he consulted shook their heads, saying that they had never heard of such impossible things, whereupon Red Eagle believed that his beloved one had lost her true mind, and that an evil one had come causing her to babble of things that were not.

Red Eagle now wondered what should be done, and, wondering, sent for a lonely hag who brewed witch potions in her cave. Perhaps she might have a decoc-

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tion that would bring a cure. So she came with toad grease and anointed the face and the feet of suffering Red Bird, and departed, leaving a fetid smelling broth to drink. Yet the cure did not come, but there did come a stranger in the night who silently drew aside the bed curtain and whispered, "Moonshine moccasins! Only get them and wear them and thou shalt walk in health once more."

When morning came Red Bird was screaming for moonshine moccasins, but instead there came an herb doctor brought by Star Gleam. The doctor who used herbs might know a healing potion. Star Gleam faithfully watched her mother and gave her a drink of slippery-elm bark, mixed with bitter roots, but Red Bird only moaned, "O daughter mine, send thy father that he may find the moonshine moccasins, lest in another moon I die."

Red Eagle went forth on his journey, hoping against hope. Everywhere he inquired for one who knew of the moonshine moccasins.

He came to the Otter village and cried in the council lodge, "Who, oh, who has seen the moonshine moccasins? Tell me, for only these will cure my sick wife."

Spoke the Otter chief, saying, "I have not heard of the moonshine moccasins, but I have a strong thought that if you do find them, you will find a cure."

Again Red Eagle took up his journey, coming to the Beaver village, wailing as before. And in answer the Beaver chief replied, "I have not heard of the moonshine moccasins, but I have a strong thought that if you do find them you will find a cure."

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On his way again Red Eagle came to the Muskrat village, and in reply the chief spoke as did others, whereupon Red Eagle said, "They believe that if I find them a cure will be found. She believes, they believe; therefore I believe. I am resolved to find them."

After a weary journey up the mountains to the south, far in the land of the Allegans, Red Eagle came to the village of the Fox. He cried his mission, whereupon the Fox chief received him, saying, "Be at peace, weary one. I have the moonshine moccasins and will give them to you, if you will pay the price."

"Price!" cried out Red Eagle. "My Red Bird is above price. Name what you will."

"I am a great chief, a sachem of a powerful clan," began Fox Chief, "and I would wed your daughter. Only that."

"Be it so," answered Red Eagle. "Give me that for which I came."

Fox Chief smiled and responded, "Let my father-in-law be at peace. To-night, when the moon gleams in the blue, she will look down upon us, and as she does she will walk over the earth. I will lie cunningly concealed in a pit covered with grass. She will step upon the pit, and I, even Fox Chief, shall rob her of her moccasins and give them to my father-in-law."

And it was done as he said. The pit was covered, the darkness stole over the earth, the trees sighed as they do at evening, and then the glory of the night, even our grandmother the moon, rolled up from her couch. She was fair and round, and she moved slowly upward. Her soft light suffused the sky and sifted

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down to the earth. One radiant beam filtered through the tall elms and fell upon the grass over the pit in which Fox Chief lay concealed.

With a triumphant whoop, he leaped through the grassy covering, his hands clutching something, and away he sped to his lodge. Soon he emerged, bringing a folded sheet of rawhide with painted designs upon it. Carefully opening the skin he beckoned to Red Eagle.

"I have caught the moonshine moccasins," said he. "I have them here for you."

"Where?" asked Red Eagle. "I do not see them."

"What, you see them not! Look at the gleam upon the parfleche. See the moccasins woven of moonbeams. Look, look, for no man ever saw them before!"

"Are they there?" questioned Red Eagle, willing to believe.

"They are there," affirmed Fox Chief. "I will fold them in this case and give them to you. Keep them dry, and do not open the case until you are ready to place the moccasins upon the feet of Red Bird."

"I go!" said Red Eagle.

"I will come when Red Bird is healed," answered Fox Chief. "I will then come for Star Gleam."

"If Red Bird is truly cured, you may come," responded Red Eagle, fading into the gloom.

When morning came Red Eagle was at the bedside of his wife, and he hugged his treasure tightly.

"To-night, my beloved," breathed Red Eagle. "To-night, when the moon rides high, I shall open the rawhide case and show you the moonshine moccasins, and then you shall be made strong."

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Night came once again and the moon rode high. She was not angry at the loss of her moccasins, finding others, perhaps, for the legend is that she had many, with which her little dog played to amuse himself; thus she had many and missed not those that were stolen.

Red Eagle sat beneath the great smoke hole of the lodge and waited for the moon to gleam through. It gleamed, and then he opened the rawhide packet, exposing its inner side to the shine of the moon. "There!" he exclaimed. "There, my beloved, are the moonshine moccasins."

"I see them not," wailed Red Bird.

"Look, my beloved, they are there, and you *must* see them," urged Red Eagle. "See, there they are, white and gleaming. Put them on."

Red Bird stretched forth her feet and, leaning upon her husband, took hold of the rawhide case and laid it upon her bed. Then she reached for the moccasins and put them on.

"I feel better," she said.

The next morning she dressed and walked about the lodge, even preparing food for her husband, who looked gaunt and tired. With a wisp of soft moss she bound up the wounds that gaped sore and festering, where he had stumbled over rocks and torn himself with thorns while on his mad journey for her. Yet he had not complained, nor uttered a word revealing his own pain.

The morning grew toward high sun, and then Fox Chief came. "Is Red Bird healed?" he asked.

"Aye, healed," answered Red Eagle.

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"Then I come for Star Gleam," announced Fox Chief.

"By what bargain?" came the voice of a man from behind a boulder. White Elk stood forth.

Fox Chief eyed the newcomer. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am White Elk."

"I know you not nor know your right to question," hissed Fox Chief. "I only know that I have healed Red Bird, and that I have the promise of Red Eagle that Star Gleam shall be my wife."

"You did not heal Red Bird."

"I did, and none dares say not. One word from me and she shall die."

"Not so—you shall die if you make any evil magic."

Fox Chief turned to Red Eagle. "What say you to this?" he asked. "You made the bargain, and by my craft I gave you the moonshine moccasins by which your wife was healed. It was by your promise that Star Gleam was plighted me."

"It is so," moaned Red Eagle, "I wanted my wife to live. She has lived, and what I have said, I have said."

Fox Chief turned to White Elk with a grimace. He lifted his brows and then spoke. "I go for Star Gleam," he said.

"Not so," came the answer, and White Elk grasped his adversary by the throat, flinging him aside.

"Not so," came the voice of Star Gleam. "While my father was away my mother gave me to White Elk. I am his."

"Then give me back the moonshine moccasins,"

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shrieked Fox Chief, anger flaming his face. "Give them back, give them back, and Red Bird shall die. Either Star Gleam comes with me or Red Bird shall give me back the moccasins."

"Red Bird shall live, Red Bird shall live," shouted White Elk. "O all who hear my voice shout with me, 'Red Bird shall live!'"

At this a great croud of people gathered about and took up the refrain, "Red Bird shall live!"

"I give back the moccasins," came the voice of Red Bird. "I shall live. Here are the moonshine moccasins —I take them off and again place them in the case." So saying she stooped to her feet and seemed to remove something which she placed upon the opened parfleche.

"Where are they?" growled Fox Chief. "I do not see them."

"Do not see them?" questioned Red Bird. "They are there. Look, look, and let all who witness my act testify that I have delivered back to you that which was upon my feet."

"You seek to deceive me by trickery," snapped Fox Chief.

"I give you back what you gave me, even the moonshine moccasins which my husband brought to me," affirmed Red Bird. "Take them and depart!"

"White Elk told you what to do," rasped Fox Chief. "Soon we shall fight."

"Then come to the river," commanded White Elk.

"I come, and we fight alone," hissed Fox Chief.

And so it was that alone they struggled at the edge of the precipice, where the high banks loom above the

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Jen-ne-see. Long they struggled, until by an unfair trick Fox Chief caught his opponent, threw him, lifted him high, and flung him toward the gorge. White Elk swished through the air, and without a cry fell.

Fox Chief now paused for breath and then began his war song, singing long and loud that the village might hear, and, indeed, warriors came down the path to listen and wonder, for White Elk was strong and could not have been easy to conquer.

When the song was finished, Fox Chief stood upright, and then walked to the precipice and looked over, hoping for a glimpse of the mangled body of his foe, but saw only the swaying trunk of a red cedar on the nose below. No mangled victim was to be seen. Then, with an uncanny feeling he turned around, and there at his back stood White Elk.

"I know my river, Fox Chief," said White Elk, "and I know its deceiving, sloping bank. I know where the trees grow to receive me should I fall, by accident, or by—such as you." Then he smiled again.

"What, you—you didn't—didn't die?" gasped Fox Chief.

"No, did not die," smiled back White Elk. "I just walked back and am ready to resume the fight. I thought you were fair, but now I will watch out."

Fox Chief stealthily drew forth his long flint knife and with a spring was upon White Elk, but White Elk saw what was coming and with a crash of his fist caught Fox Chief under the side of his jaw. There was a crashing sound, a muffled groan, and Fox Chief was lifted high and toppled over. He regained his feet,

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staggered, and then reeled backward over the cliff. Down slid his body until it reached the water into which it crumpled. And no one went to rescue him.

That night in their lodge, Star Gleam spoke to White Elk. "What were the moonshine moccasins?" she asked.

"Hush, beloved," answered White Elk. "There were never any such things. Your father only believed there were, and Red Bird believed."

"But they did cure Mother," persisted Star Gleam.

"No, Red Bird's own belief in them cured her. I dared not tell her the truth, but told her what to do to save you."

"But she did give them back—everyone saw her."

"Ah, beloved, she gave back exactly what she had received—nothing."

"Then why did not Fox Chief confound her by saying that he had given nothing, and so lay her low again with distress?"

"Because he dared not admit he was but an impostor."

"But Mother *is* truly cured, and there must have been something!"

"Yes, your mother is cured of *herself*. She was cured when she arose to bind Red Eagle's wounds. She had no disease but herself."

"But what of Fox Chief and his promise to cure? He did make my father see the moonshine moccasins!"

"Your father was willing to see because he thought he needed to see, that your mother might live. Fox Chief was cunning."

"Then, if Mother was made sick by herself and no

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evil gnawed at her heart," questioned Star Gleam, "tell me of what the moonshine moccasins were made."

"Of moonshine, just moonshine," replied White Elk.

"Then I think that it was you who came into the lodge and whispered 'moonshine moccasins' into my mother's ear."

"It was I," answered White Elk.

"Then it was you, indeed, who cured Red Bird!" exclaimed Star Gleam.

"No, not exactly I; it was because I invented the moonshine moccasins—things that are not but *are* if one believes they are."

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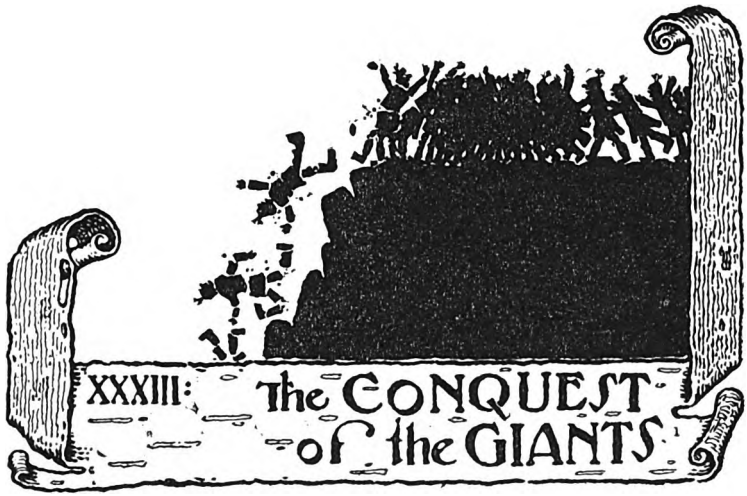

"It is better to fight against great odds and possibly win than to flee in panic and certainly lose." Rumbling Wings.

THE pleasant town of Onagee, back from the shores of Canandaigua, was basking in the sunshine of late autumn. Birds were flocking, and little gnawers were gathering nuts for their winter stores. Even men had gathered their crops of maize, melons, squashes, and tobacco. The children were playing around the bark lodges, and older youths sported in the village square, practising lacrosse and stone-ball hockey.

From the east there was a darkening cloud, then a long-drawn, dismal cry. A broad antlered deer sped by with a look of terror in his eyes, then came a pack of howling wolves, yelping as if pursued by hunters

[1]This is an ancient legend of Onondaga and of the famous Green Lake in the Clark reservation park, near Syracuse, N. Y. The great seam in the rock is on the Indian reservation.

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with fire. This was followed by the shouts of men and the trampling of many fleeing feet.

A runner sped into the village and shouted, "The Stone Giants are coming, a full nine hundred strong. Flee, flee, for your lives!" Then onward he sped.

Out came Rumbling Wings from his long lodge. "Where is Skunny Wundy?" asked he.

The people all gathered about him wondering what to do, and the women began to moan, "We are lost, we are lost."

Skunny Wundy then appeared and asked, "What seems to trouble my people of Onagee? Has bad news been heard?"

"Bad enough," answered Rumbling Wings. "Giants are coming."

"Oh, I thought some real danger threatened!" laughed the young chief, toying with a ball of clear white stone.

"It is of little use to run," said Rumbling Wings. "The Giants are many and would only catch us sooner or later. We must make ready."

"Truly spoken," said Skunny Wundy, his lips drawn very firmly. "We must make ready. The Giants are coming, their intent is to slay us. I propose that we wait here for my uncles to come. They will come from the four brother nations and tell us how to escape."

"The boy speaks wisely," announced Rumbling Wings. "Delay and deliberation when peril threatens means panic averted. No good comes from hot-headed judgment."

Night came, and with it runners from many tribes,

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and when the evening fires were lighted the long lodge of the Turtles found five uncles of Skunny Wundy gathered within it. That the Giants were coming there could be no doubt; even the animals were fleeing.

"This being established as true," spoke Rumbling Wings, "what shall we do? Shall we flee or shall we fight?"

"Fight! responded Skunny Wundy, before anyone else could answer.

"Fight?" gasped the warrior chief. "Humans can't fight Giants."

"Fight, I said," shrilled Skunny Wundy.

"The boy is right," announced Rumbling Wings. "It is better to fight against great odds and possibly win than to flee in panic and certainly lose. Let us hear the plans of my brothers."

"I propose that we fight them like men," came the word from War Canoe of the Gweyugwe tribe.

"But they are not men," retorted Skunny Wundy.

"I propose that we drive them into the great swamp," came the word from Two Moons of the Onon Da-ga Nation.

"But they always avoid swamps," replied Skunny Wundy.

"I propose that we drive them off the high cliff," came the word from Great Oak of the Oneida Nation.

"But they never go to the edge of a cliff," replied Skunny Wundy.

"I propose that we drive them into the deep lake," came the word from Flint Hill of the Mohawk Nation.

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"But they never go into water save from the face of a cliff, where a path runs around," replied Skunny Wundy.

"Then *what* shall we do?" asked Rumbling Wings.

"We shall drive them around the swamps, into a cliff, and from thence into a bottomless lake," answered the young chief, tossing up his ball of clear stone and causing it to shed a glinting light throughout the lodge.

"How shall we induce the Giants to enter a cliff?" asked Rumbling Wings.

"By going into it first," replied Skunny Wundy. "Let us return to the east and go to the rocks of On-on Da-ga, near the place of stone. Here I shall find a deep seam in the cliff. Into this let all of us go and emerge far on the other side near the green lake of mystery. Those who follow me will live, and those who flee shall perish."

"We go," cried all the warriors.

"Follow," commanded Skunny Wundy, and for three days a great concourse of people marched the back trails for On-on Da-ga.

At length they came to the little cliff and found a seam that pierced it. "By entering this cleft in the rock we shall give it the scent of humans," explained Skunny Wundy. "The Giants will seek after the meat of men and follow us to the rock. They will enter to pursue us, but we shall be on the other side and up on the heights, and when they emerge they will stand on the path on the face of the cliff, not daring to look upward. When they stand thus, *watch me!*"

And so all the people went through the great crack

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in the rock of On-on Da-ga and came out on the other side, climbing a cliff that overlooked a beautiful little lake with dark green shadows upon it. Then did all the people know that Skunny Wundy had taken them to the mysterious lake of Okwarri where the under-earth turtle lifts her head to breathe.

Here they waited until from the terrible rumblings in the cavern beneath them they knew that the Giants were coming. Soon they heard the guttural cries, "We are after you; you cannot escape!"

With a great rushing, as if the wind had begun to blow, the Giants burst from the cliff and stood upon the path below the people. The tall, warty, stone-coated Giants at last were all in a row on the path that skirted the middle of the cliff. Here they growled and snorted, rolling their eyes, but not daring to look up for fear of cracking their necks.

Skunny Wundy looked at his people, many of whom were trembling with fear. "Attend!" he cried. "I am here—I, Skunny Wundy, master of Giants."

"Garroom!" bellowed nine hundred and fourscore and one Giants, and all the earth trembled as they stamped their feet and snapped their jaws. So terrible was the roar that the cleft in the rock closed with a bang.

"Garroom!" roared the Giants again, seeing that their retreat was cut off.

"And now, Giants," called out Skunny Wundy, "I have in my hand the clear ball of Os-to-se-ra. I shall throw it up into the air, and it shall then descend into the lake, taking my wish with it, down through the waters to the Mother Turtle who holds up the earth."

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"What are you wishing?" boomed the voice of the chief Giant.

"Only that Mother Turtle may move one of her feet," answered Skunny Wundy.

"Garroom!" bellowed the Giant. "We are lost, we are lost!"

The lad of Onagee now threw up his ball of clear white stone, calling out, as he did, "O Mother Turtle, move your foot."

Into the air like a dazzling star went the crystal ball, and then it curved downward, striking the surface of the lake with a sound like a bell, then gurgling down into the mysterious depths of the water. Down, down it fell, until it struck the realm of the under earth, and rolled upon the back of the Mother Turtle, resting upon her head and bringing her Skunny Wundy's wish. Then something happened.

The earth began to quake, it trembled with an ominous rumble and, with a booming sound, the face of the cliff where the Giants stood fell crashing into the lake. There was a mighty splash that threw a foaming spray over the nine hundred and fourscore and one Giants that fell into the liquid depths.

In this manner was drowned the host of Giants—the host that infested the land and made all the world fear. A great shout went up, followed by a song of victory. The chiefs grasped Skunny Wundy and placed him upon their shoulders, carrying him to the long lodge of the On-on Da-ga Nation, there raising him to the rank of High Sachem of the League of the Five Brother Nations, yet allowing him to hold his title of War Chief of the Nunda Waga.

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And no greater sachem or wiser leader in battle ever lived in the Long-Ago days than Skunny Wundy, conqueror of wizards and giants. To the end he lived in a great bark lodge, filled with treasures and rare belts of wampum, more precious than gold. And, should one ever discover the forest of Onagee, Skunny Wundy would still be there listening to the tales of Rumbling Wings. Na-hoh!

THE END

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